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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

RHETORIC is possibly—nay, even probably—of all the sciences ("arts" if you prefer the Aristotelian epithet) the most intimately human, the most vital; since by its aid alone can one man know the hearts and minds of other men, or reveal himself to friend or enemy. Not the least interesting aspect of rhetoric is that of so-called "usage": the attitude of a nation or a tribe to a given word, an attitude that shifts and alters as the national or tribal attitude to the thing defined shifts and alters. Often the fate of a word is fortuitous: it falls on evil or good days by accident. Generally speaking, however, the use of a word reflects the spirit of the time, and an investigation of "connotation," as the rhetoricians call it, is really an excursion into social science.

Take, for example, the word "gentleman." No one except a philologist cares about its derivation, or its adventures before the nineteenth century. There can be few people, however, who have not had, at some time or other, to meditate passionately and profoundly on its true significance. There are dramas of which some man's being a gentleman or not a gentleman is the whole crux, since the solution depends wholly on it. The word, indeed, is not often used lightly. However people define it, they mean by it something significant, revealing, ultimate; something on which they can base their own actions, stake their own destinies. "Being a gentleman" ("gentlemanliness" is not quite a synonym) constitutes moral solvency: a state which makes it possible for other people to do human and social business with you. Yet, though its significance (on which depends its correct implication) is immensely important now and then, if not constantly, to all of us, it is extraordinarily difficult to define. Indeed, I do not think it is much discussed. To speak paradoxically, it is too important for discussion. There is always the danger of wounding someone else by the statement of implications that we ourselves find resident in the term. Each of us thinks fondly that he numbers no man among his intimate friends who is not (according

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to his private definition) a gentleman. But of course each of our intimate friends has friends whom we should not admit to be such, and we may be sure that we are in like position when our own friends are classified by him. Moreover, we use the term empirically, defining it, if at all, by example. X is a gentleman, and Y is not, and from such statements you must infer what a gentleman is. We all keep a "gentlemen's agreement" not to call names; which precludes, as I say, discussion, and, perhaps, complete elucidation.

There have been many much-quoted definitions of "gentleman"; but, so far as I know, no perfect one. Cardinal Newman, we recall, had a famous page on the subject; and Newman's tentative definition is as often quoted, surely, as any. "Hence it is," he says, "that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain." I remember once hearing a brilliant Englishman comment on this to the effect that Newman omitted a necessary adverb: that a gentleman is one who never inflicts pain unwittingly; who is never objectionable unless he wishes to be. The proposition covers a lot of cases, but it does not cover the case of the man whose instincts are impeccable yet who may wound people through his fundamental stupidity. Newman's definition, I fancy we should all agree, is too finicking. We all know cases where a gentleman has inflicted pain, though he may have done it with distaste or regret. How, otherwise, should any of the ends of justice be served?

In considering the term, there is no point in burdening ourselves with foreign definitions. The average Englishman puts into it certain connotations that America cannot accept. It is part of our social creed, for example, that a man either is or is not a gentleman, regardless of his social inheritance. We reject it as a class-name. The people who use it as a class-name only are apt to find themselves constantly challenged. Careful individuals, indeed, are more likely to say "a man of breeding," or "a man of good family," than "a gentleman" when they are excluding all moral implications.

"A man in whom gentle birth is accompanied by appropriate qualities and behavior; hence, in general, a man of chivalrous instincts and fine feelings," says the Oxford Dictionary; and elsewhere, "A man of superior position in society . . . often, one whose means enable him to live in easy circumstances without engaging in trade, a man of money and leisure."

Neither definition helps American questioners much. We have no heraldry of our own to determine "gentle birth"; our heraldry is purely derivative, and if a man brought no coat-of-arms from Europe, he could find none here. The search for "heraldic status" is, in any case, fairly modern in America, and many of the "gentlemen" who came to the New World to found families were careless, if not scornful, of the falcons, boars, and wyverns, salient, rampant, combattant, that were legally, though mystically, theirs. If an ermine couchant with a Latin tag above was supremely important to you, you did not exile yourself to an unconventional wilderness. In the wilderness, anyhow, full of real beasts, heraldic ones became absurd. The griffin bowed to the grizzly. Every man bore arms, whether his remote ancestors had been entitled to or not. As for not engaging in trade, the requirement is as alien to us as the ordeal by fire or membership in a leopard society.

That England, too, finds less technical definitions is proved even by Newman. Yet it is true that a man's class is less easily shaken off in England, and even democratic Americans often reluctantly say of an Englishman that he is not quite a gentleman when they know that in America he would have had the opportunity to become one. Our inaccurate assumption that all men are created equal has the compensatory

virtue of permitting a man to assimilate himself to his natural group. There is no one to say him nay, if he can reach it. We have, in the strict, the Hindu, sense of caste, no caste-marks, whereas the British have; and it is easier for the Englishman to make a fortune or become Prime Minister than to rid himself of his caste-manner, the whole social inflection of his class.

II

What, then, do we mean by this important, this almost sacred term? That, alas! it is difficult to say; for we mean different things, each according to his temperament and tradition. There are those who mean by it, like Oliver Wendell Holmes, "three generations of portraits in the family"; there are those who mean by it the habit of literate speech; others who mean having money in one's purse, or being able to wear evening clothes without looking like a waiter, or being sexually virtuous. The gentlemen who prefer blondes are a different category from the gentlemen who prefer grammar. In some groups it means willingness to put up a fight with your bare fists; in some it means having a pew in church. I once knew an eminent scientist who had a way of saying—not simply in the interests of humor—"a geologist, and, therefore, a gentleman." And so on, indefinitely. To find a common denominator for the myriad definitions would be well-nigh impossible.

Yet I think we can say that to every group the word "gentleman" expresses a certain ideal of masculine bearing. When it is used satirically it is only someone's else definition that is being satirized—never one's own. We can also say, I believe, that in spite of the loosening use of the word, it has never lost its importance. Usually, when a word comes to be used loosely, inexactly, it becomes discredited. "Gentleman" as a term has never lost caste. We—the great body of the people—agree less than ever on its meaning, yet we do not cease to carry it, as a kind of gauge, in our private consciousness. The same, indeed, might be said, in all reverence, of the word "God," which has never before been so variously defined, yet never more reflected upon. If few of us can demonstrate God to the satisfaction of the infidel, they are scarcely more numerous who can explain why they consider a man a gentleman. We do not so much know, as apprehend the matter mystically. We do not so much possess a fool-proof definition as realize inwardly whether or not a man satisfies our tacit demands. Curious that we should accept as final an epithet so difficult to expound! Curious that we should express our ultimate judgment of a man in terms that we cannot precisely explain! Yet so it is.

It is not, for most of us, a matter of external manners alone. I can think, as can you, of men born in such purple as America affords, adequate to the whole gamut of social exigencies, concerning whom I have no information that they have ever done a questionable thing, whom, none the less, I cannot bring myself to call gentlemen. I have known, though more rarely, men born with no social advantages and possessed of no innate social gift to whom I should find myself readily applying the term. Nor is it a matter of external morals, though both manners and morals somehow count. Shelley was a gentleman and Swinburne was a gentleman, both much more certainly than Wordsworth or Keats; yet the balance of morals, as they are popularly appraised, is heavier on the side of the two latter. Some of the best work in the political and social world has been done by men who were not, very certainly, gentlemen; some of the greatest harm has been done by those who indubitably were. Look at Cromwell and Charles I. It was the gentleman who made the thug necessary. Lancelot's honor rooted in dishonor stood, and faith unfaithful kept him falsely true, yet is there anyone to maintain that Lancelot was less of a gentleman than King Arthur?

One can jot down these appraisals with impunity, since, as we were saying, there is no perfect definition of the term, and each man can always retreat behind his own sense of its meaning. For it is a "sense" rather than an intellectual conception. I have called it ultimate, final, revealing; yet we must admit that there are cases where it becomes useless. I can imagine pedants making out a very pretty case for Shakespeare's not being a gentleman, or Abraham Lincoln, or Alexander the Great; though I cannot imagine being interested in their arguments. Something in each of these men transcended such classification. It is not, in any case, of much importance when a man is once dead. For you will notice that we use the term less as an appraisal than as a prophecy. In the last analysis, we apply or withhold it with reference rather to what a man would probably do in circumstances that have never arisen, than to what he has actually been known to do. It is an expression, chiefly, of confidence. We say more often "He is a gentleman; he would not do that," "he is a gentleman; he will certainly do this," than "he is a gentleman; he did this." Though we build up our opinion partly on past experience of a man, we do not hesitate to determine for or against the person whom we have never crucially tested.

What it really amounts to, for most of us, is almost the dumb brute's feeling about a human being. Something within us—that "sense" we have been referring to—is the counterpart of the dog's delicate nose. When we say of a man that he is gentleman we mean that in a trying situation he will act in a certain way—not always predictable even by us. Not necessarily a pious way, or an intelligent way, or a gentle or a graceful way; but in a way that will show us that his instincts perceived immediately in which direction his greatest loyalty was due. The greatest good of the greatest number does not come into it. The gentleman, at the moment when he is proving himself, is not acting "socially." Being a gentleman, indeed, may make it imperative for him to lie, to steal, even to kill—though fortunately such exceptional cases belong to fiction rather than to life. He will do none of these things for his own sake, to save his own skin, but it would be ill setting limits to what a gentleman might do to save another's skin if he felt himself peculiarly responsible for keeping it intact.

No: you cannot define it. Yet each of us "feels" it, as some individuals "feel" the north. A certain inflexibility is always implied, something in a man that is not to be swayed by tempest or melted by fire; a certain selfishness, also, an orientation of the spirit away from his own mere advantage. A gentleman will never let you down. Yet, bearing in mind those who have, in their time, been let down by men indubitably gentlemen, I would add that the gentleman has to make his own estimate of any situation, and that we may, deceived by our own egotism, be making invalid claims upon him. It is not our summing up of the evidence, but his, that must control his gestures. Who is to say, except the man himself, where his greatest loyalty lies? And what is the use of confessing that you cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs if you are going to cry out, as soon as you are broken, that it is no omelette? Calling a man a gentleman is an expression of high faith.

"Yea, though thou slay us, arise and let us die." It is a registered confidence in his judgment, even though his judgment should not agree with ours; a confidence that transcends information.

All of which is flung into the discussion only by way of showing that calling names correctly is not easy. Rarely, rarely, do we have all the evidence. A man who behaved like Sir Galahad last month may, to our poor vision, behave like Dick Turpin, the next. That is why I contended that the term is rather an expression of ultimate confidence than a comment on past behavior. No gentleman has ever lived who has not done

things that to some honest person or other may have seemed ungentlemanly.

For the days of any strictly defined code are gone. There is not, as there may have been, in a smaller, tighter world, a given set of motions by going through which a man may prove himself. A gentleman, in these days, may even turn the other cheek; and not so long ago that would have been ethically impossible. No gesture, one might almost venture to say, is absolutely prescribed to-day for a gentleman. We have left the minuet behind, and the best dancers improvise their steps. There is, none the less, a controlling rhythm, and disloyalty to it is bad dancing. Those who misuse the term through ignorance of its implications, and those who scorn it because to them it reeks of the old, imperfect centuries, have alike failed to discredit it. That "a perfect gentleman" is apt to be a bounder does not make a real gentleman one. That people who might have been gentlemen have preferred neither to be nor to call themselves such, does not mean that the breed is destroyed. In the heart-searching solitudes, we are bound to come back to it, because even the clever iconoclasts have given us no other way to sum a man up.

III

There is also the word "lady." With the utterance, the Crinolines are upon us. Ten times harder, "lady" is than "gentleman"; and I think we must admit that if "gentleman" is a word whose significance is to be felt rather than expressed, "lady" is a word whose significance it is very hard even to feel with assurance. All periods have been periods of transition, and ours has been a period of really violent transition in the affairs of women. I am told that they still use "lady" seriously in the South. I do not know the South socially, and about it I must hold my tongue. They use it in certain parts of the West, where it is, I take it, an archaism. "Woman" is not, in some sections of our land, the dignified term that it is in others. "Lady" is not a word that my generation ever had much use for. We knew perfectly what our mothers meant by it; but we were so busy varying and enriching the type that we disdained the limitations of the word. We, too, were—not so long ago—the younger generation, and, like all younger generations, we revolted. We did not want to be ladies; we wanted to be gentlemen; and when, in intimate talk, we wished to pay tribute to the gallant or honorable qualities of one of our own sex, we called her a gentleman—not a lady. We were hoping to develop, in our new freedom, some of the masculine virtues, and the feminine term did not cover them. We perceived with disdain that a lady was sometimes capable, for example, of reading other people's letters; whereas a gentleman was not. We perceived that ladies sometimes told lies for their own ease or profit; whereas gentlemen did not. Meredith was the novelist of our revolt, as Wells, I suppose, was the original novelist of the present one. I do not know that our plight can be better illustrated than by the question once put to me by a Princeton professor. Under the honor system, each undergraduate must sign, on his examination, a statement that reads: "I pledge my honor as a gentleman that in the course of this examination I have neither given nor received assistance." My ill-natured friend asked me how such a statement could be phrased in a woman's college. If a girl said "I pledge my honor as a lady", would it mean the same thing? Her honor as a woman could hardly be brought into it, since a woman's honor means, traditionally, simply her chastity. My friend—who is no feminist—meant, I perceived, to make me unhappy; and he did. Not because "lady" itself carries no honorable implication (I am not of the age to love the word overmuch) but because there is no term as yet to describe the large group of women who are honorable in the masculine sense.

Individuals will not be lacking to de-

fend "lady" in the old sense; yet theirs is a lost cause. "Gentleman" has often been sneered at by a certain type of pietist because its significance is not—never has been, and probably never will be—exclusively moral; as it has been sneered at by the apologists of awkwardness and "Nature's noblemen." The significance of "lady" was never, I think, moral at all; and Willa Cather was right, no doubt, in calling her lost lady a lady, in spite of her more than questionable behavior. Mary, Queen of Scots, was a lady, too, as far as one knows. Being a lady, that is, was a matter of manners—of those minor manners that have no very profound significance. If her bearing was fine, her heart might be black. She must have tact but, under the bland surface, treachery might lurk. "Lady" loitered behind its period, while "gentleman" was being actively molded by the spirit of the time. A moral element got into "gentleman" long before it got into "lady"—if, indeed, it ever got into "lady" at all, which I incline to think it never did. The chances were all against a lady's sinning socially, since she lived and moved within conventions as tight as her own stays; but there was nothing in her ladyhood to prevent her being furtively mean and quietly disloyal. The truth was not necessarily in her. Socially speaking (in the narrower sense) the word still has its uses; it is shorthand for a whole group of pleasant attributes. But it does not give assurance as to what lies beneath the surface, behind the manner. Beneath, behind, beyond, may be the wilderness. In so far as morals are a matter of external manners, the lady will be moral. She will not often do things to shock her social group—therefore, she will usually keep the purely social law. Her selfishness will be wreaked, her blows dealt, in privacy, in such a way that her victims cannot complain. An excellent person to invite to a party, but not necessarily to live with.

Be it understood, I beg, that I am not saying that all, or most, ladies were, or are, like this; only that being a lady did not exclude these possibilities. The curious limitation of the lady's virtues was no doubt an inheritance from darker days, when good breeding was all that men felt they could reasonably ask from a creature whom religion, philosophy, and law united in deeming inferior. When Sir Austin Feverel wrote, "Men have rounded Seraglio Point; they have not yet doubled Cape Turk," he implied the standard set by gentlemen for ladies in other than sexual matters.

Perception of these limitations led our generation to revolt, as I have said, against the use of the word in any but the narrowest social sense. We saw it also becoming absurd even in the social sense. For "lady" came very near implying, when we were young, a certain physical context. There were honest activities a lady might not engage in, respectable places where she might not go, gestures of the purest that she might not make, decent costumes she might not wear. She might not act on the stage or work in an office; she might not go alone into a men's business district or along any street after dark; she might not speak to any stranger, or wear bloomers, or refuse to wear corsets. If, that is, she did any of these things, she endangered her ladyhood, and for doing each of these one has known women to be refused the honorific term. What cruel conclaves sat in the case of each gentle pioneer! And if a woman maintained that some unconventionally behaved sister was none the less a lady, she felt the proud glow of the epigrammatist.

No wonder the bottom dropped out. For within a few short years—a decade or two at most—women rushed into academic, professional, commercial, social, physical liberty, less in the manner of a Roman legion than of a Hunnish horde. It was neither siege nor pitched battle; it was an undisciplined, irresistible, arrival, at once a seeping and a surge. Briefly, suddenly, they were everywhere, and only prejudice said them nay. They

did so many unladylike things all at once that categories shivered and fell. Once a lady could not be a stenographer or a shop girl, and now stenographers and shop girls are almost the only people who call themselves ladies. So much dross had been welded into the word that even the gold of it was not worth keeping.

As there is no gain without some loss, we may as well admit that we have lost something, both actually and verbally. I know plenty of women for whom the old term is no misnomer, and if, to myself, I call them "ladies," I mean by it something, something, moreover, lovely and desirable. But the term has become curiously useless in dealing with society at large. Virtues and graces have redistributed themselves, re-combined into new types, with new predominances and new emphases. "Lady" always indicated a combination, and that combination, in the younger generation, has gone. Young things are differently assembled; in the finest creature, the proportions are other. Mr. Canby has recently implied, in *Harper's*, that the truly modern author cannot write a novel about a gentleman, because "gentleman" is rather an historic than a contemporary term. That "gentleman" has altered its complexion since the days of Thackeray, as Mr. Canby says, does not mean that it is not still a living word, or that the gentleman himself perished with the people who conceived him in a certain way. "Dickens never drew a gentleman" was once a commonplace of criticism, yet according to Mr. Canby, the type was going strong in Dickens' time. Personally, I have never agreed about Dickens, since I have always held Sir Leicester Dedlock to be a gentleman, but the point has been ably made by better critics than I. In any case, if Dickens never drew a gentleman, it was not because there were not plenty of them, but because he was personally uninterested or incapable. Similarly, the fact that Mr. Wells, Mr. Dreiser, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Anderson do not (according to Mr. Canby) draw gentlemen proves only that they are uninterested in gentlemen, or incapable of drawing them—not that there are no gentlemen. It might be said, too, that if Mr. Canby knew his Kipling as well as some of us do, he would not declare that Kipling's gentleman must pass as the public-school mold is broken. While the "public-school type" was in its day a convenient summing-up of certain qualities and defects, there is unstinted evidence in Kipling's work that he knew it was not the sole synonym for "gentleman." It is peculiarly dangerous, indeed, to generalize about Kipling, for there is always apt to be something, somewhere, in the vast and varied volume of his work—no English author since Shakespeare is so parti-colored or so polyphonic—which confutes any generalization, even the neatest and most timely.

> Confound Romance! . . . And all unseen
> Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

"Gentleman," like "Romance," is a self-perpetuating term. In so far as is carries implications of character not tribal but truly basic, it keeps, like romance, under changing guises, a residuum of indefeasible validity. Both more plastic and more vital than "lady," it has a better chance of survival.

IV

As a middle-aged woman, looking over my acquaintance, I find that some of the most objectionable women I know are ladies, and that if I had to describe them to a stranger, I should clutch at that helpful term. Yet even admitting my own indifference to the word, I do not find myself applying it carelessly. I once had a cook concerning whom a former employer who was very fond of her said to me, "Z— is really a lady." I often pondered it while Z— was in my household. I thought at first I knew what her former employer had meant; I decided, after many months, that I probably did

not. I wondered in the end if I was not wrong, and the other woman right. Was not my tacit refusal to apply the term to Z— due to my tendency to import into "lady" for my own satisfaction certain of the moral implications of "gentleman"? This, although I had known for a long time that to do so is to be rhetorically inexact. "Lady" is—must needs be—a less integral term than "gentleman." Can a lady do a really unladylike thing and still be a lady? Can a gentleman do a really ungentlemanly thing and still be a gentleman? Yes, to both questions, no doubt, since no individual achieves the perfection even of his own type. Yet surely ladies may betray their type oftener in the course of a lifetime than gentlemen; for it is harder for the lady herself to know what being a lady consists in. The social implications of the noun have been shot to pieces in the last decades; the moral implications were ever undetermined. I like immensely a lot of young women whom I should not think of calling ladies—they post-date the word. And when I most want to call a woman a lady I hesitate because the word is not good enough for her.

The term "gentleman" is probably better left to the men. Women use it, perhaps, more often than men do, and, I daresay, with less chance of accuracy. Women use it, I seem to have noticed, chiefly to define a man's attitude to women, which is no small part of the word's significance, yet by no means the whole. In the matter of calling a man a gentleman, a woman is more apt to agree with her mother or her sister than with her husband or her brother. We women sidetrack the word, I think, into the channels of our own purpose. There are many cases where class is more important than sex; subjects more easily discussed and agreed upon by men and women of the same social group than by men apart or women apart, if they have different backgrounds. Sex itself, notably; and the rights and wrongs of many things. But bring "gentleman" into the discussion, and the sexes are better segregated. "Lady," too—only, does anyone discuss "lady"?

Among the many French terms that we have taken over, "grande dame" has had one of the most curious adventures. Our recent puristic tendency to anglicize all foreign words and phrases has turned it into "great lady," which does not (as so often the native equivalents that the purists find for us, do not) say quite the same thing. I doubt if "great lady" or "great gentleman" need detain us in this particular bit of social research. They are romantic intensifications, and, like all such, must be sparingly used. Miracles of breeding are as rare as other miracles. Not long ago a woman of my acquaintance, much admired by many of us, referred to another woman—now dead, and known to me only by reputation—as a great lady. My friend made out her case very ably; and by the time the portrait was built up, out of reminiscence, anecdote, and descriptive phrase, I, too, felt the dead woman to have been, in all probability, a great lady. I doubt if either of us—the one who knew her or the one who did not—would have called the deceased woman a lady. A lady, I judge, she rather dramatically was not—any more than Queen Elizabeth was. A great lady, for example, may be ruthless; a great lady, in the slang of yesterday, can get away with murder. Shakespeare's Cleopatra was perhaps a great lady; a lady, she certainly was not—any more than her imagined prototype in "The Craftsman":

> Saying how at an alehouse under Cotswold
> He had made sure of his very Cleopatra
> Drunk with enormous, salvation-contemning
> Love for a tinker.

The great lady may be salvation-contemning; the lady is not. "Great gentleman" we use even more rarely; perhaps because "gentleman" itself suffices where "lady" does not; perhaps because it implies an even greater and, therefore, rarer, degree of mundane magnificence.

Both phrases are, in any case, as we were saying, romantic intensifications, and romantic intensifications of the franker, nobler sort are not popular at the moment. Nth powers and sentimentalized superlatives are restricted, at present, to the lower forms of human life. *La beauté de la laideur* has come into its own. Even the Founder of Christianity is being vulgarized constantly in sermons, histories, and fiction.

Mr. Thomas Beer ends one of the chapters of his exciting *Mauve Decade* with the question: "Is it matter for such wonder among critics that only satire can describe this American of our time who drifts toward middle age without valour, charm, or honour?" Which is as much as to say that Babbitt is the only way in which the modern American male can be expressed. One is all with Mr. Beer in most of his brilliant characterizations, though one would perhaps blame Louisa Alcott's contemporaries more than poor Louisa herself. That valor, charm, and honor, in the mediæval, and slightly later, sense, have gone out, no one, I suppose, will deny. Gentlemen according to those definitions would be anachronisms. Romeo and Juliet, Rodrigue and Chimène, find themselves nowadays quite differently situated. The social fabric has changed, and we have become more individualistic. Even the gentleman of the late eighteenth century is no longer with us. Mr. Hergesheimer's Bale of Balisand might be late Minoan instead of early American, for all the kinship the contemporary world can feel with him; and it is not without significance, I think, that such comments as I have heard on that very interesting novel have all concerned themselves, not with the remarkable portrait of Bale himself but with the incidental horrors of the "gouging" fight. Yet abolishing the duel, and suppressing the point of view that made the duel reasonable, have not changed everything. "The Titaness"—whom I loathe quite as much as Thomas Beer does—has not changed everything. The word "gentleman" is still useful, and, I fancy, will continue to be. Three quarters of the human and social situations that our boys and girls must meet are different even from those we met. Public opinion has changed, and public opinion is the arbiter of manners and customs. Yet with all our tolerant perplexity we still mark a difference between the truth and a lie, between loyalty and disloyalty, between sticking and not sticking. A great many centuries went to build up the gentleman, with his fortuitous and his fundamental virtues alike. You cannot junk a type in one decade or two, or three. And as the gentleman has always had a little way of being "a man of this world," he was ever capable of evolution. As for "lady," I have enough faith in my sex to believe that either the word, amended and rehabilitated, will come back to its own, or that a new term will be found. As long as we discriminate at all, some nouns must be set apart to distinguish the people who play the game from those who do not. We may, it is true, disintegrate so far as to lose all power of making distinctions. But in that final blurring of all types, controversy would die, and without controversy we, too, perish. The race is not going to slay itself by drinking either boredom or hemlock.

OCCUPATION: JOURNALIST

A SOUTH SEA EPISODE

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I WAS at a loose end that spring, in common with hundreds of thousands of other men, most of them just out of the demobilization camps, with the ink on their army discharge papers scarcely dried. Day after day there had been a shrieking of sirens and a tooting of whistles in New York harbor as the troop ships returned from France.

There were parades up and down Fifth Avenue, regimental reunions, public receptions, innumerable addresses of welcome. But the most memorable sight to me was the line of soldiers filing eagerly in and happily out of every shop where ready-made civilian clothing was sold. I remember vividly my own keen pleasure as I came from one of these places with my uniform in a paper parcel under my arm. That chapter of experience was definitely closed.

The March days were lengthening, but for all that they were not long enough by half for the enjoyment of the blessed sense of freedom one had. A week passed, and during this time I was as idle as it is possible to be. I rose late of a morning and had breakfast in my room. Then, with a book in my pocket, I would seek out the quietest places I could find. But it was impossible to find solitude in New York, and one wanted it badly after the experience overseas. I felt that I could never have enough of it now, even though I were to spend the rest of my life on some uninhabited island a thousand miles from the nearest steamship route. "I might seek out such an island," I thought as I stood in a subway train wedged in a solid mass of humanity. "There must be many of them scattered over the seven seas." I had some money, not a great amount, but enough to carry me to the other side of the world if I wished to go so far. The more I thought of an island sojourn the more the idea appealed to me, and the upshot of the matter was that after many imaginary journeys I decided to set out in reality for a year of wandering among some of the remote archipelagos of the eastern Pacific.

A friend, resident in New York, went with me for purposes of identification to the passport office. The clerks were being harassed with questions from a dozen applicants at once, and had reason, I thought, to be out of patience and temper. My turn came at length, and a young woman, seizing an application blank, said, "I'll make this out for you. Save time." She did it very rapidly: name, description of bearer, distinguishing marks or features, place of birth, date of birth. I answered with alacrity until she asked, "What occupation?"

"I haven't any," I replied, "unless 'ex-soldier' is considered one."

"What were you before the war?"

"Oh, various things, but none of them will do now. Why not leave the space blank?"

"No," she replied. "Must write in something." She waited with pen poised. A drop of ink gathered at the

point and splashed on the paper. She blotted it impatiently.

"Can't you please hurry?" she said. "There are others waiting."

There were many others waiting. I heard behind me a nervous tapping of feet and several exasperated sighs.

"Why don't you put down 'Journalist'?" my friend suggested. "Didn't you use to write things for the magazines?"

"Yes, but only occasionally," I said. "It was never an occupation. I couldn't be called a—"

"It doesn't matter; 'Journalist' will do," said the young woman writing rapidly. "Have you your photographs? The fee is ten dollars. Next please!"

II

Several months later I was sitting on the deck of a sixty-ton schooner, eating a dish of rice and red beans. The schooner was called the *Toafa*. There were six of us on board, a Chinaman named Chan Lee, captain and owner of the vessel, four Polynesian sailors, natives of the Low Archipelago, and myself. We were carrying out a cargo of general merchandise to be exchanged for copra and pearl shell. The tiny cabin was alive with cockroaches and copra bugs, and day after day for many weeks we had been sharing with them our rice and red beans. But although I was conscious, at moments, of a wistful longing for the flesh-pots of New York, I wouldn't have gone back there, not for any consideration, and at this particular moment I had only to lift my eyes to see on the port bow an island so lost in the immense waste of the Pacific that it may be truthfully called one of the authentic ends of the earth.

Its Polynesian name is Hopéaroa, which means "The Farthest Land," or more literally, "The Very Last." This is not quite true, however. Another crumb of land lies one hundred miles farther to the south. After calling at Hopéaroa, the *Toafa* was to proceed to this other island and return to Hopéaroa for cargo and a supply of rain water before continuing the homeward voyage. I decided that an island called "The Farthest Land" was far enough. Furthermore, I was tired of rice and red beans, so I decided to go ashore here and wait till Chan Lee came back.

Hopéaroa was smaller than most of the atolls I had seen, and Chan told me there were but forty inhabitants. In shape it is an almost perfect circle, three-quarters of it barren reef enclosing a lagoon some five miles across. Four small islands are threaded on the reef, the largest of them where the village is, about a mile and a half from end to end. Another lies to windward across the lagoon. There is a good pass through the reef where the water shoals to three fathoms over a magnificent forest of coral of every conceivable variety of shape and color. We came abreast of it shortly after noon and, as the current was favorable, the *Toafa* was carried gently past two islets on either side of the entrance, into the quiet waters of the lagoon. We crept slowly along with a light breeze, skirting the shore of the main island which was so narrow in places that it looked like a causeway rather than an island. Through the trees I could see the surf piling up on the outer beaches; but there was no other sound than this, and we moved along in the midst of a silence that seemed never to have been broken.

Presently, rounding a point of land, we came within view of the settlement, and I was surprised to see another schooner, considerably larger than the *Toafa*, at anchor about one hundred yards off shore. The paint on her top sides, once white, was now a dirty yellow, blistered and peeling. The seams gaped; thick streams of rust extended from her chain plates to the luxuriant growth of marine vegetation which covered her bottom. The standing rigging hung slack, and the ends of the springstay which had parted, dangled from the masts, swaying gently with the imperceptible motion of the

vessel. An awning made of bits of rotten canvas and pieces of copra sacking stitched together was stretched over the main boom, and lying asleep in the shade of it was a native who looked as ancient and weather-beaten as the vessel itself. Another, a lean old man with white hair, naked except for a wisp of cloth about his waist, stood amidships with his back to us, working the handle of a ship's pump. He too appeared to be asleep, for his head was sunk on his breast. Nevertheless, he moved slowly back and forth with the regularity of a pendulum, and a stream of clear water, its flow keeping time with his movements, gushed over the ship's side.

We approached so noiselessly that he was not aware of our presence until the anchor was let go. The long rattle of the chain was a profanation of the noonday stillness, and at the sound of it the old man turned in amazement. The one asleep under the awning raised his head, too, and both of them gazed at us without speaking.

"What in the world is this old wreck doing here, Chan?" I asked.

"Stay long time, hlee, four year maybe," said Chan. "I come Hopéaroa once year. Always see old mans pump, pump, alltime pump. No pump, go down below with fish."

"Why don't they let her go down? That's certainly where she belongs."

"She got *popaa* captain." ("Popaa" is the native term for white man.) "He say fine ship, only want fix up little bit. Bimeby maybe he get some money, make more better."

"What do you think about it?"

"No good. Captain dlink, dlink, alltime dlink. Pretty soon he finish, too."

The village was quickly astir. They were the most primitive islanders I had seen. All of the children were naked, but the men and women wore European clothing of a sort. The men were bare to the waist, with dungarees in all stages of raggedness for nether garments. They were a healthy, happy lot, and it was evident from their excitement and pleasure that the arrival of Chan's schooner was a great event in their lives.

On the beach in the center of the village there was one house of European construction, covered with a roof of corrugated iron. Although not large as houses go in other parts of the world, it towered like a palace above the huts around it. A French flag hung from a staff slanted out over the doorway. I asked Chan whose house it was.

"Flenchman, half-caste—got native mamma," he replied. "He belong government. Get dless up now. Bimeby he come."

When he did come the *Toafa's* small boat was lowered, and Chan and I were rowed ashore. My host—at least I hoped he was to be my host—awaited us at the end of a rickety landing stage. He was a man of fifty, a giant in stature, swarthy in complexion, with iron-gray hair, and kindly blue-gray eyes. He was dressed very warmly for the tropics in a double-breasted serge suit, a white shirt with an old fashioned "choker" collar, a black derby hat, and yellow shoes. The shoes, evidently, were much too small for him. He kept shifting his weight from one foot to the other. The sweat streamed down his face, and made short work of the stiff collar. He had a gentle, deprecatory voice and manner, and his smile was so friendly and engaging that my heart warmed to him.

He shook my hand cordially and presented me with a card which read:

Monsieur Raoul Clémont,
Administrateur,
Hopéaroa.

At first he greeted me in French, but when Chan Lee made some remark about my being a "Melican man" he immediately changed to English which he spoke with a quaintness I cannot hope to render here. I asked whether I might stay at the island until the return of the *Toafa*.

"You wish to do so?" he said, beaming upon me. "Then it shall arrange! You shall stay in my house! This is the greatest honor for me!"

Immediately he gave orders to one of Chan's sailors to fetch my sea chest. Chan went aboard again, for there was some merchandise to be sent ashore, and he wanted to get away as early as possible. I followed my host to his house.

The loud squeaking of his shoes seemed to give voice to the pain they caused him. I was relieved when he asked if he might remove them.

"Please do," I said. "It is very warm. Make yourself comfortable."

He excused himself and returned a moment later, barefoot, but he had put on another stiff collar which melted at once as the first had done. I was tempted to suggest that he remove his heavy serge coat, but he seemed to feel that his position as "Administrateur" demanded both the coat and the collar.

My arrival caused him an immense amount of concern, but he was so pleased at having some official business to transact that, clearly, no apology was necessary. He conducted me to his "bureau" where he spent nearly two hours over the business of getting me registered as a "Temporary Resident" at Hopéaroa. He transcribed my passport word for word in his ledger, beginning with the "Notice" on the inside front cover, and ending with the six abstracts from the passport regulations at the back.

"I wish to have everything in due process of law," he explained. So I waited while he wrote everything out in a neat Spencerian hand. While copying the "Caution" on the inside cover, which tells what is to be done in case a passport is lost, he stopped and read aloud this sentence: "New passports in such cases can be issued only after exhaustive inquiry."

"Exhaustive, exhaustive," he said. "I have forgotten this meaning. But no! I remember! When I am tired I say I am exhaustive. This is true?"

I explained the sense of it and he thanked me with warmth and sincerity as though I had done him a great service. Upon reaching the "Description of Bearer" he again paused and looked at me with an expression of deep respect.

"My guest! You are journalist! You write, and many people read what you write! This is the greatest honor for me! What journal in America have you the duty to be their writer?"

"Oh, I'm not really a journalist," I replied. "As a matter of fact—"

He thought I was being modest.

"But you *shall* be!" he insisted eagerly. "Your government says you are journalist. The *Secrétaire de l'Etat* of your great nation"—he turned for reference to the passport—"insists that your value be known. You are journalist, he writes; you must be safe and free and have all lawful aid and protection."

I wish I could convey an idea of the deep seriousness with which he said this. Had I been carrying a personal letter from the President of the United States, it could hardly have made a more profound impression than my passport. His belief more than half convinced me that I was a journalist after all. Of a sudden a new light dawned in his eyes.

"Here too you must write," he said. "You must meet my friend, Captain Handy. He has had a life of great deeds. I am sure of it! But himself alone knows of this and he wishes his memoirs to be written in a book. How glad he shall be if you will help him with this history!"

"Who is Captain Handy?" I asked. "Is that his schooner lying offshore?"

"Yes. He is an aged man. We shall go to see him. He shall be happy."

Nothing would do but we must go at once. I had, I confess, a good deal of curiosity to see the captain of this ancient vessel which looked as though all the waters of the Pacific had been pumped through her. What was he doing at Hopéaroa? I made some inquiries as we were paddling out, but my host merely told me what I already knew, that the vessel had been a long time at the island. He gave me to understand that I should hear everything from the captain himself.

The canoe leaped across the water. At every stroke of the paddle my head was flung back and I expected to see my host's serge coat burst into tatters. We were alongside in no time, the canoe was made fast, and we clambered aboard. The old native who had been asleep when the *Toafa* came in was now taking his shift at the pump. He looked at us with a worried expression and said something in the native tongue to Monsieur Clémont who then turned to me.

"All day the captain sleeps," he said in a low voice. "Perhaps he shall be uneasy that I speak to him now, but your coming is a great reason. He should know this. I shall try to be bold to tell him."

I followed him down the companionway into a cabin as dilapidated and dirty as the rest of the vessel. There was a small table in the middle of the floor and stacked upon it piles of old newspapers. A tin lamp with a rusty shade hung above the table. Against one wall was a curtained recess. Monsieur Clémont stopped irresolutely before it, then, with the air of making an heroic decision, he put back the curtains, revealing a bunk over a chest of drawers. There lay Captain Handy, asleep.

He was naked to the waist, incredibly thin, with a body no larger than that of a boy of ten or twelve. His chest and the outer surface of his arms were covered with thick white hair. The head was enormous, long and lean and angular. The temples were deep hollows, and the skull quite bald on top, but the hair of his beard mingled with the growth on his chest and reached almost to his waist. I could divine rather than see the bony jaw beneath it, which looked even longer than it was, for his chin had fallen down and he was breathing noisily through his mouth. The skin was of the color of fungus, as though it had not been touched by sunlight in many months. I was conscious of a feeling of uneasiness as I gazed at this gnomelike little man. He seemed scarcely human.

"Should I awaken him?" Monsieur Clémont whispered, looking at me anxiously.

"I don't see why not now that we have come," I replied. "Would he object?"

"Only once before have I done this," he said. At length he called in a low voice, "Captain!" There was no response. Then with one huge finger, nearly as thick as the old man's arm, he touched his shoulder and called again.

"He's a sound sleeper," I said. "You'd better shake him, hadn't you?"

After a good deal of hesitation he did so, very gently, and immediately looked at me with a frightened expression, as though he had committed a sacrilege.

The mouth snapped shut and the captain made a frightful grimace as though he had bitten into something nauseating.

"All right, all right," he said with a petulant intonation. His voice was amazingly deep and resonant. It was hard to realize that so great a volume of sound could come so easily from such a wraith of a man. Then he opened his eyes, glassy blue and cold, and looked at us blankly. The light of recognition came into them slowly, but once it had, he raised himself on one elbow.

"What's this?" he roared.

"Captain! You will excuse me? The *Toafa* is here. We have a—"

With an effort the old man grasped the edge of his bunk and got to his knees, and immediately Monsieur Clémont was pushed backward as though with hands to the companionway where he paused for the fraction of a second, gave me a frightened apologetic look, and disappeared. The baleful light died from the captain's eyes. The muscles of his face relaxed, his head drooped as though its weight were too much for his strength; then he toppled over on his side and lay still. I waited for a moment until I again heard his regular breathing, whereupon I went quietly out. Monsieur Clémont was already in the canoe.

"Well!" I said as I climbed in. "He wasn't so happy to see us as you expected."

He looked at me sorrowfully.

"I was too bold," he said. "In the daytime Captain Handy sleeps and he is uneasy to be awakened."

"Is he always like that?"

"Oh, no! You shall not think of him by this meeting. In the evening time when he has had his breakfast, you shall see! I shall tell him you are journalist. He shall be glad. And he plays the zither. Sometimes he permits me to listen. It is beautiful! I am never tired to hear."

Chan was awaiting us on the beach. The breeze had freshened a little, and as the current was now running out of the lagoon he planned to sail at once.

"Come back two, hlee week," he said. "You stay allsame? You not come along me?"

I was still content to have a brief respite from the *Toafa's* cockroaches and copra bugs, so I told him I would await his return. When the schooner was gone my host showed me my room. I saw at once that it was his own, but he insisted that I should occupy it.

"I have not often a guest from the great world," he said. "Not since ten years has a visitor come. This shall be a souvenir for me."

"Have you always lived at Hopéaroa?"

"Yes, I am born here. My mother is of this island. But you have understood that I am of the French blood by my father? He was an honored man of that great nation. See! He is there!"

On the wall over a table was a framed photograph of a French naval officer in full dress uniform. The resemblance to his son was evident at once despite the full black beard. One hand rested on a pedestal and the other was clasped lightly about the hilt of his sword. Across the bottom of the photograph was written:

A ma petite Manukura,
Souvenir affectueux de nos promenades sur la belle isle de Hopéaroa.
Raoul Clémont,
Capne. de Frégate,
Le 5 Aout, 1875.

"I wish to have known my father," he said wistfully, after a moment of silence. "His ship of war came but once to Hopéaroa. Manukura is my mother. She loved him but she heard of him no more. She gave me his name. But you shall see a beautiful picture of my father I have had made from this one. It is in my mother's room. Should you wish to meet her?"

I said I should like very much to do so, and he led me down a narrow hallway. He paused at the door.

"My mother has lost her health since five years," he said. "Now she remains in her bed."

He rapped gently, then opened the door and motioned me to follow. We entered a large chamber filled to overflowing with furniture upholstered in faded red plush. A brass lamp ornamented with innumerable glass pendants hung from the center of the ceiling, and the walls were covered with a great variety of shell ornaments, hat wreaths, necklaces, and the like, But at first my attention was drawn to the bed where my host's mother lay, propped up by pillows.

She was of the finest type of full-blooded Polynesian, rarely seen in these days except on such remote islands as Hopéaroa. Her face was full of beauty and character and it was easy to imagine how lovely she must have been as a young girl. Although now a woman of seventy, her hair was but lightly streaked with silver. It was parted in the middle and lay in two thick braids on the counterpane. As we entered she turned her head slowly, and her face lighted up with pleasure and surprise. Her son spoke to her in native, explaining who I was. Then he turned to me.

"My mother says you are welcome

here. You shall be our guest as long as you should like to stay."

She took my hand in both of hers and spoke to me direct and, although I did not understand, I was in no doubt of the sincerity of her welcome. She again addressed her son, speaking eagerly and at some length. When she had finished, he said:

"My mother wishes to know if you have heard in other lands of my father, *le Capitaine de Frégate*, Raoul Clémont?"

I confessed, reluctantly, that I had not, adding that no doubt I should have heard of him had I been of French nationality.

The colored enlargement hung on the wall facing her bed. With its huge gilt frame it must have covered twelve square feet of space. The cheeks and lips were red, the hair and beard a bluish black, the uniform a bright blue, and the sword, buttons, and epaulettes, gilt. Every line and wrinkle had been smoothed out of the face which looked like that of a wax figure.

When we had returned to my room he again suggested a visit to the schooner after we had had supper. I made an evasive reply and, in order to change the current of his thoughts, I spoke of the books on the shelf above the table. As a matter of fact I was surprised to find them there. He had a complete edition of Tennyson's Poems, Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Holy Dying*, and a volume of *Selected English and American Poems*. All four volumes had been well thumbed, and a copy of a French-English conversation manual had been worn to tatters with use. He told me they had belonged to a missionary of the French Protestant church who had died at Hopéaroa years ago.

"He was so good to me," he said gratefully. "He gave me the lessons in English. Since then I am aptly self-taught. I know how to say many poesies in your language. Should you wish to hear one?"

He then recited with fervor and with many vehement gestures and quaint mispronunciations:

> Come into the garden, Maude,
> For the black bat, Night, hath flown.

It sounded so odd that I had difficulty in maintaining a grave face, but I managed it, and commended him warmly at the close. He was much pleased.

"Yes, I speak the English very well, but the writing I cannot. How I should wish to do this! Then I should have pleasure to compose. Perhaps I should help Captain Handy with his history."

"Has he written much of it?"

"Oh, yes. He says it shall be printed in a book and he shall be a rich man when this is done."

"Chan Lee told me that he drinks rather heavily."

"It is true, he has too much of the drink," he replied sadly. "He had many barrels of rum in his vessel when he came here four years ago. It is still not exhaustive."

"Did he have a supply of food as well?"

"No, he had forgotten to bring this. It has been my duty to—"

He broke off abruptly and regarded me with a curious expression as though he had said more than he meant to say. He was much embarrassed and went on to tell me of the captain's zither playing which was so beautiful that he sometimes wept to hear it. I asked no further questions, but, as Monsieur Clémont was the storekeeper as well as the administrator at Hopéaroa, I concluded that he had been furnishing the captain with food and, judging by the appearance of the schooner and the length of time she had been there, he had not been paid for it. I was more than ever convinced of this later in the evening, when at my host's suggestion I took a walk to the far end of the island. He suggested that I should go along the ocean beach, but instead I walked down the lagoon side, stopping now and then to enjoy the beauty of the after-glow in the still water. When it had faded to a faint ashy light I saw a small fleet of

canoes stealing out from the village to the schooner. As they came alongside I heard Captain Handy's booming voice "What's this? My supplies?" Then there was a thud of packing cases set down on the schooner's deck. I was sure, then, that my host had suggested the walk so that he might send the captain, unobserved, some of the provisions he had received by the *Toafa*. If he had been doing that for four years it seemed to me that he was paying rather heavily for the captain's zither playing, however ravishing that might be.

I went on to the extreme end of the island and did not return to the village until well past midnight. Light was streaming from the cabin portholes of Captain Handy's schooner. I listened intently for the sound of music, but all I heard was the faint creaking of the pump and the rhythmical splash of water over the side. But in the settlement there was much coming and going. The natives stood in a line before Monsieur Clémont's store, a small building adjoining his house, and he was hard at work passing out tins of corned beef and salmon, and dishing out of casks, ladles of sour pickles, a quart at a time.

"My guest," he exclaimed. "I have searched for you. I have seen Captain Handy. He wishes to greet you."

"Has he come ashore?"

"Oh, no. Not since two years has he come to the land. But I have told him you are journalist. He is pleased. He wishes to offer you to prepare his history. Soon I shall be ready if you will go."

"Hadn't we better wait till to-morrow?" I suggested. "I'm rather tired."

He regarded me with an expression of compassion.

"Of course! You wish for your sleep. To-morrow evening we shall go. Now you retire to your bed."

But I was not really sleepy, so I said I would wait until he had finished his work. He had laid aside his European clothing and was now dressed only in a waist-cloth. The natives crowded forward for their provisions. Case after case of bully beef was disposed of. The mere sight of those familiar tins with their familiar labels, made me feel squeamish at the stomach. It brought back the very feel of the war, the rending roar of nine-inch shells, the smell of lyddite, gas, decaying human flesh. No ex-soldier, surely, can ever again look with complacency at a tin of beef. The expression of eager anticipation on the faces of Monsieur Clémont's customers convinced me that there were no ex-soldiers at Hopéaroa. But it was not only beef they craved. Four already emptied casks testified to the demand for sour pickles. I saw one old man eat a quart of them within five minutes, whereupon he ordered a second supply which he carried outside. No money changed hands, nor was there any bookkeeping. Monsieur Clémont told me there was no need to keep a record of his sales. Everyone knew what he had bought and would pay for his purchases in copra before the return of Chan Lee's schooner.

"I keep store only these few days each year when the *Toafa* comes," he explained. "Then no more European food. All is finished."

Certainly an immense amount of it was being finished on this first evening. Soon the whole population had gathered in the vicinity of the store, around fires of coconut husks. I never again expect to see a beef and pickle orgy to be compared with this one. Some of the natives, having eaten to repletion, were lying with heads pillowed on their arms, asleep. Others who had overestimated their capacity for sour pickles, were sitting cross-legged, rocking back and forth, groaning with faint dolefulness. But their misery had not the slightest deterrent effect upon those whose pickles were yet to be consumed. Monsieur Clémont himself was not at all alarmed. The same thing happened each year, he told me, with the arrival of the *Toafa*.

"They like so much these delicacies," he said, "and they are not useted to

them. Always afterward there are stomach pains."

He left me at the door of my room.

"Good night," he said. "I hope you shall sleep with comfort."

And as I had eaten but a small fragment of one pickle, I did sleep soundly until morning.

III

As a matter of fact I didn't awake until nearly ten o'clock. My host had slipped a note under the door. "Good morning!!" it read. "Your coffee shall be waiting for you when you wish it. You shall find me at my store." And there it was I found him, half an hour later. He had just opened another packing-case and had arranged along his counter a dozen large funeral wreaths of imitation flowers made of colored glass beads strung on wire framework, the kind one saw during the war in every French cemetery back of the trenches. All the wreaths bore ornate beaded inscriptions twined among the flowers: "*Mort Pour La France*," "*Mort Pour La Patrie*," and the like. Monsieur Clémont stood before them, lost in admiration.

"These shall be so beautiful in our cemetery," he said. "They were very cheap, only twenty-five francs each."

He carried one to the doorway to examine it under better light, and immediately turned to me with an exclamation of astonishment.

"Look! Captain Handy is coming! Never he comes to the land! My guest! He wishes to greet you!"

He stuffed the funeral wreaths back in their box, moved it to one side, brought out another chair, and placed a small table before it. Then, excusing himself, he hurried over to his house and returned with a pitcher of water and two tumblers which he placed on the table. Meanwhile the captain, who was being rowed ashore by one of his retainers, had almost reached the wharf.

"Way enough!" he boomed, and then, "Stern all!" as though in command of at least a score of rowers. The old native backed gently on his oars and made fast at the end of the pier. The captain climbed the ladder and, with the sailor following at a respectful distance, came slowly up the beach. Under an enormous sun helmet with his white beard streaming out from under it, he looked even more gnomelike than he had the day before. Monsieur Clémont went out to meet him, but he waved him aside without speaking and entered the store. He gave me a nod, sat down, and with his hands braced on his knees and his head drooping forward, breathed heavily for some time, puffing out his cheeks as he exhaled. It was plain that he was all but exhausted.

"Warm," he said at length, and again I gave an inward start of surprise at the deep sonorous voice coming from the corpselike body.

I agreed that it was.

He turned his head slightly, and the ancient retainer who was standing behind his chair, stepped forward and put a bottle on the table.

"Have a drink?" he asked.

"With pleasure," I replied, and he poured out two half tumblers of rum. He drank his own at a gulp.

"Well, sir!" he said, smacking his lips and sucking in on his beard, "I understand you're going to make us a visit? This your first trip in the Pacific?"

"The first," I replied. "I came six months ago."

"Hmm! I've been out here fifty two years."

"As long as that! You must know these islands pretty well."

"I'd like to meet the man, white or kanaka, that knows 'em better. But they're not what they were. You ought to have been here in the seventies. Then you might have had something to write about. Our friend here," with a contemptuous nod toward Monsieur Clémont, "tells me you're an author."

"Oh, no, hardly that," I replied. "I'm merely traveling."

He poured himself another stiff drink.

"That's right. Keep your business to yourself. That's been my practice. I reckon story writers are like the rest of us—they want a free field if they can get it, and no competition. Ever hear of a man named Becke?"

"Becke? Do you mean Louis Becke, the writer?"

"That's the one."

"Oh, yes, I've read many of his stories."

"They say he made a pile of money out of 'em?"

"It may be," I replied. "His work is popular in America. Did you know him? I believe he spent most of his life in the Pacific?"

"Know him! I've got the best of Louis Becke many a time trading through these islands. But I wouldn't have thought he had it in him to be an author."

"His stories have the stamp of truth on them," I remarked, "and they're written simply. Readers like that."

The captain snorted contemptuously.

"Truth? I can tell you more truth about the South Seas in ten minutes than Louis Becke could tell you in twenty years. And that's what I've come to see you about," he added. "I've got an offer to make you."

Again he turned his head, and the old native who watched his every move placed before him a parcel wrapped in a newspaper.

"As I said," he went on, "I've been fifty-two years in the Pacific. I know it from the Carolines to Easter Island as well as you know the back of your hand. Romance? Adventure? I've had more of it in a day than most men have in a lifetime. Well, the last two or three years I've been writing out some of my recollections. I've got 'em in the back of this old ledger, not everything, of course, but the most interesting ones. Now then, what I want you to do is this: take this book, read it over, print it out for me on your writing machine on nice paper, put in any fancy work you want to about waving palms and blue lagoons, and when you go back to America get it made into a proper book for me. Here's a chance you won't have again in your whole life. It'll sell, you needn't worry about that, and I'll go halves with you. We'll split fifty-fifty. Fair enough?"

I tried to excuse myself but it was useless. He thought I was merely holding out for better terms. By that time he had more than half emptied the rum bottle, and he went on at great length to assure me that I should have little to do except to make a fair copy of his manuscript and carry it to some publisher.

"It's all there," he said, laying his hand on the parcel, "and better as it stands than any story Louis Becke ever wrote. Wait till you read it! Man! There's a fortune in it! But mind! I want my share! I'll go fifty-fifty and not a penny above it!"

"It's not that," I explained again, and so it went on. I was astonished to see that frail old man—he looked as though he might drop dead at any moment—carry his liquor so well. I had had but the one drink. He alone finished the rest of the bottle, and the only apparent effect was to make him more loquacious and argumentative, to accentuate the bell-like quality of his voice, and to deepen his conviction both that he had a masterpiece here and that I wanted the lion's share of the proceeds from the sale of it. At last I agreed to read it. He pushed it across the table and keeping his hand on it, drew down his bushy eyebrows and regarded me suspiciously.

"I can trust you?" he asked.

"You'll have to," I replied, "if you leave it with me."

He weighed the matter in his mind, and decided at length that the risk must be taken. Then he tried to pour himself another drink. Noticing that the bottle was empty, he rose.

"Time to go aboard," he said.

He grasped the corner of the table, swaying slightly. The ancient retainer gave him his helmet, and made a timid offer of assistance, but the captain threw off his arm and walked gingerly to the door. I watched with concern as he went along the rickety wharf and down the ladder to his skiff. He managed it, however, took the tiller, and ordered his oarsman to push off. When halfway out to the vessel he ordered his man to stop rowing. He turned with difficulty in his seat and looked back, holding his helmet against the sun. I was standing in the doorway of the store.

"I'll trust you," he called, and his voice carried as though he had spoken through a megaphone. "But mind! Fifty-fifty! Not a penny more!"

IV

Monsieur Clémont, who had gone on to his house, called to me that lunch was ready. We were served at our meals by his maternal aunt who strongly resembled his mother, although she was some years younger. I was conscious of a feeling of disappointment when she set before us a soup tureen filled with rice and red beans. My host gave me a large helping, took another for himself, and ate with keen zest.

"It is long since I have had this food," he said. "My supplies are finished since four months. But my guest! You are not hungry? You do not enjoy the beans and rice?"

I didn't like to tell him I had been eating them for months, so I merely said that I had no appetite, having had coffee so late that morning. There was no bread at Hopéaroa. The island substitute was a preparation made of dough rolled into a ball and boiled in sea water. These balls were of the size of large grapefruit and weighed five or six pounds. We each had one and Monsieur Clémont consumed all of his. For dessert we had some dried bananas, and these I ate with relish.

Everyone at Hopéaroa slept during the heat of the day. In fact repose was the principal island occupation. The natives could lie down anywhere, at any time, and go to sleep at once as dogs and cats do. After lunch, observing that my host was getting drowsy, I excused myself, went to my room, put on my pajamas, and lay down on the bed to cool off. It was a good time, I thought, to examine Captain Handy's memoirs, so I propped the ledger against my knees and opened it.

It had a bouquet like that of an empty rum keg, and there was no doubt that a great deal of rum had been spilled on its pages. It was redolent too, of coffee, fish, tobacco, and salt beef. The memoirs filled about two hundred pages in the back, written in pencil, in a quavery hand. I began with page one:

FIFTY YEARS IN THE PACIFIC

Or

The Life of George C. Handy

There's been a lot of books about the South Sea Islands, and most of them are not worth the paper they're printed on. I ought to know. I've traded in the Pacific for fifty years as my title shows, and if anybody knows the ways of kanakas, I do. I've decided to put down some of my recollections, and, reader, when you've finished this book you'll know a lot of things you didn't know before.

I'll begin at the time when I was supercargo of the schooner *Manaura* that belonged to Wyatt & McClintock of Papeete. That was in 1876 when the kanakas would take anything you'd a mind to sell them and pay anything you'd a mind to ask. They didn't pay money of course they didn't have any, but they'd give you pearls and pearl shell and copra which is as good as money any day.

Old Joe Cheeseman was captain of the *Manaura*. All we had for cargo was some cheap laundry soap, some kegs of salt beef, some calico and overalls and about ten cases filled with bottles of physic pills. Well, this trip we went first to Tikehau. There's a good pass into the lagoon at this island and we anchored in front of the village. The natives paddled out and we said we'd give them two bars of soap, three pairs of

overalls and six yards of calico for every ton of copra they brought us. We laid up there till we had fifteen tons then we went to Rairoa. That's a big island with several villages. They had a lot of pearls. We got a tobacco sack full, A-1 quality, and all we paid for them was a case of physic pills. We said the medicine was good for anything from sore throat to rheumatism. We had good luck all that voyage and went back to Papeete with 110 tons of copra and pearl shell and a cigar-box full of fine pearls.

The next trip we went to the south'ard. We carried the same cargo but instead of physic pills we had mouth organs. Kanakas are a lazy lot as everybody knows who has had to deal with them but when you've got something they want they'll work for it. In these days of course trading is nothing to what it was in the seventies and eighties. We loaded the schooner again in no time and most of the cargo was paid for with five dollars worth of mouth organs.

I read for a dozen pages, then dipped into the record farther along, and it was all like this. It seemed incredible that a man who had spent half a century in the Pacific should have found nothing worthy of record but his trading ventures. There was something awe-inspiring in his singleness of interest and purpose which was to get as much as he could from the islanders and to give as little as possible in return. Occasionally there were such passages as the following: "We landed at Puka Puka and found a big powwow going on, singing and dancing and all that," but no mention of what "all that" was—nothing but long diatribes against the natives who could not be tempted at such times, with laundry soap and overalls. I searched diligently for an hour, and the only passage I found to relieve the bleak monotony was this:

When we were coming up from Manga Reva Joe (Cheeseman) got sick. We didn't have any medicine aboard but I found one of the bottles of physic pills we'd been passing off on kanakas. I asked Joe if he wanted some and he said he guessed he could get along without. He got worse and worse and was out of his head a good deal of the time. He kept saying "Put me ashore George put me ashore" so when we came to an island we took him over the reef in the whale boat and came one of getting swamped. It was a god forsaken place no people on it. He was thirsty for coconut water and I gave him some but he kept getting worse and the next day he died. Just before he died he said "Don't you bury me at sea George. Leave me here." So I did. We got to Papeete two weeks later.

I put the ledger on the table and took down one of my host's English books—but because of the sultriness of the afternoon, perhaps, the text soon blurred before my eyes and I fell asleep.

I was awakened by a knock at the door, and was surprised to find that it was quite dark in the room. "Come in!" I called, and Monsieur Clémont entered.

"My guest! I have aroused you!" he said apologetically. "But the food is nearly ready. We have fish for the evening meal. Should you like that?"

After a plunge in the lagoon I felt greatly refreshed and did full justice to a supper of delicious baked fish. We were in the midst of the meal when a note was brought in from Captain Handy, asking us to come out to the schooner that evening. He said he had something important to tell me.

We found him perched in a sort of child's high-chair at the cabin table, with a bottle in front of him. He took it for granted that I had spent the afternoon reading his story.

"Well, what did you think of it?" he asked at once.

He awaited my reply so eagerly that I couldn't find it in my heart to disappoint the old man. So I said, which was true, that I thought it a remarkable document.

"Didn't I tell you?" he replied, triumphantly. "But I haven't told the half of what I might. That's what I want to see you about."

Then he began a long account of some experiences which he now believed should be included in the history, and I sat there, again marveling at his ca-

pacity for rum. I asked some questions, hoping to get him started on something interesting, but I might just as well have saved my breath. An hour passed and still he rambled on. Finally, Monsieur Clémont, who had not spoken a word all evening, said, "Captain, should you wish to play on the zither?" I warmly seconded the suggestion, and the captain told him to fetch it from a drawer under his bunk. We waited while he tuned some of the strings. Then, tucking his beard more carefully under the table, he began.

I thought I was prepared for anything, but certainly I was not prepared for the performance which followed. At first he played some simple pieces, schottisches, waltzes, and the like, to limber up his fingers, but each number was more difficult than the one preceding. When he gave us "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls" and "Listen to the Mocking Bird", his fingers were all but invisible as they flew over the strings. Monsieur Clémont sat on the extreme edge of his chair tightly clasping his shoulders, and I felt little thrills racing up and down my spine. But "Larboard Watch" was the most remarkable performance of all. He sang this, and when he came to the refrain,

Larboard watch, ahoy!
Larboard watch, ahoy!

his virtuosity with the instrument at the end of each line was truly wonderful. And for depth and volume, his singing voice surpassed his speaking voice.

Had he continued singing and playing in the manner of "Larboard Watch" I could have listened with pleasure all night; but he soon became very muddled, which was not surprising, considering all the liquor he had consumed. He tried other songs but made sorry work of them. At length he pushed back the instrument in disgust.

"No use," he said, "Can't sing an' more."

Then he began calling me Joe, and it was evident that he thought I was his old trading partner, Captain Cheeseman.

"You gwan with that bus'ness, Joe," he said. "Lot of money in it—both of us. I'll trust you, but mind you don't try any your monkey tricks! Fifty-fifty, fair enough ain't it? Sfars I'll go anyway."

Presently his glazed eyes rested on Monsieur Clémont. He pointed a limp, skinny finger at him.

"Hey, Joe! Whas that kanaka doin' here? Owe 'im anything? Give 'im bottle physic pills, tell 'im run along."

His utterance became thicker and thicker, and a few moments later he passed out completely. He would have fallen over in his chair had not Monsieur Clémont sprung forward to catch him. He carried him to his bunk and covered him with a soiled sheet, tucking the edges gently around his shoulders. Then he extinguished the light and the faint radiance from the last-quarter moon, streaming through the porthole, fell on the captain's face, silvering his beard and the snowy tufts of hair at his temples. He was in a profound stupor, but he looked like some ancient holy man sleeping peacefully after a supper of herbs and water.

"Does this often happen, Monsieur Clémont?" I asked, as we were paddling back to shore.

"Yes, but to-day is more unusual than before. He is not useted to come to the land. He has failed his sleep."

We had no farther speech, but as we were walking up the beach to his house he sighed deeply.

"I should wish to play on the zither like Captain Handy," he said.

V

I supposed that we should see no more of the captain for a day or two at least, but late the following afternoon he again came ashore. It had been raining during the early part of

the afternoon and, having nothing better to do, I had been writing some letters, to be posted at Hopéaroa with the curious island stamp. The natives had never before seen a typewriter, and every man, woman, and child in the village had assembled in front of the veranda where I was at work. Monsieur Clémont was as deeply interested as any of them. He thought it a marvelous instrument; which it is, in fact. After watching for a while, he asked whether I would mind letting the others come up to see how it worked. I was glad to comply, so he lined them up and led them forward, one by one, to look over my shoulder for an instant. He made them keep absolute silence, and finding it difficult even to compose letters under those circumstances, I wrote and rewrote, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party." I had covered three pages with this immortal sentence by the time Captain Handy appeared.

He thought I was transcribing the history, and was greatly disappointed to learn that I had not yet begun it. Being in an indulgent mood, I decided that I might as well make a day of it, so I copied his first chapter to show him how it looked in print. This was a great mistake as I soon realized, for he came again the following day, and the day after that, and the day after that, always followed by the old retainer, carrying the usual bottle. He looked more and more haggard and disheveled, for the loss of his daylight sleep and the increased consumption of rum were telling on him severely. Then a curious thing happened: the ledger disappeared.

We searched high and low, without success. I confess that I was glad. I knew that the book couldn't be lost, and meanwhile I was relieved of the dreary task of copying it. But the captain became increasingly suspicious, and one day when he had been drinking even harder than usual, he accused me of stealing it. His opinion of the history, never a modest one, had risen enormously since its disappearance, and he really thought I meant to smuggle it away with me and rob him of his fifty per cent. I tried to reassure him and only succeeded in thoroughly convincing him of my guilt. At last he made an official complaint before Monsieur Clémont, *Administrateur*.

His position was a delicate one. Here was I, his guest, and a Journalist—for whom the Secretary of State of the United States of America had asked a safe and free passage through foreign lands, and "all lawful aid and protection"—accused of theft by Captain Handy who had had a life of great deeds, and who played so beautifully on the zither. He informed me of the accusation with a delicacy and tact which would have done credit to a French ambassador.

"But, Monsieur Clémont!" I said, "You don't believe that I have stolen his ledger, do you?"

"My guest! I should never believe this! But Captain Handy exacts you. I am Administrateur. It is my duty to accept his complaining. But you shall see! You shall be excused by due process of law."

So he made out the complaint, in French. It was an interesting document but far too long to be transcribed here. I had the honor of copying it for him on my typewriter. But to my great regret, before the trial took place the ledger was found. It had slipped down at the head of my bed and worked in under the mattress.

To prevent any possible further complications I decided to make an excursion to the island five miles away across the lagoon. I took some fishing tackle, a pillow, and a light blanket, and nothing in the way of provisions but some salt, for I wanted to see whether I could support myself for a few days, something in the fashion of the islanders.

Monsieur Clémont carried me over in a sailing canoe. The island was a mere crumb of land, three hundred

paces long by about one hundred wide. No one lived on it, but there were two or three thatched shelters used by the natives when they came over to fish or make copra. Monsieur Clémont spent the afternoon with me, showed me where to find hermit crabs for bait, and the best places to fish. He left me at dusk, and I asked him not to return for me until the end of the week.

I had a gloriously lonely time, without doubt the happiest week I have ever spent anywhere. My only fear was that Monsieur Clémont might come too soon or bring Captain Handy over. Fortunately, on the second day the wind began to blow very hard, and it increased steadily, so that it would have been impossible for anyone to cross from the village island which was dead to leeward. It was an awe-inspiring sight, particularly at night, to see the surf piling up on the reef. The great swells rose, higher than the land, it seemed, and fell with a thundering shock which shook the little island to its foundations. I thought my thatched hut was going to be blown away and, in fact, one of the empty ones was demolished. Despite the wind it was bright clear weather, and I should not at all have minded sleeping in the open.

On Saturday the wind moderated, and to my great disappointment I saw the canoe returning. I gathered at once from Monsieur Clémont's manner that something unusual had happened. I was not mistaken. Captain Handy was dead.

It had happened three days before. One of his sailors had found him in the morning, lying on the cabin floor. He had been dead for some hours.

"It was needed to bury him at once," he said. "I should have wished to come for you, but this was prevented because of the great wind. We gave him the funeral that afternoon."

The old schooner looked even more forlorn than usual, I thought. The soul had quite gone out of her now, but one of the ancient sailors was still at the pump. I wondered whether he would ever be able to stop pumping, having done it for so many years. We passed close alongside, and through the clear water I could see innumerable rusty tins and broken bottles lying beneath her.

"Monsieur Clémont," I said, "I wish you would tell me something."

He looked at me inquiringly.

"It's none of my business, of course, but have you been providing Captain Handy with provisions all these years?"

"He was my guest," he said. "And he was an aged man. This was my duty."

He volunteered no further information and I did not press him for any; but as we were walking out to the cemetery he said, "Should you think I might have Captain Handy's zither?"

I told him that I thought he was fully entitled to it.

The cemetery was on the ocean beach, a quarter of a mile from the village. A wooden cross had been erected over the captain's grave, and leaning against it was one of Monsieur Clémont's beaded funeral wreaths which bore the inscription: *Tombé Sur Le Champs d'Honneur.* We removed our hats.

"He was a man of great deeds," said my host, gravely. "He is sleeping now."

I nodded, without speaking.

"Should you wish to continue with his memoirs?" he added, after a moment of silence.

"Oh, I don't know," I replied. Then for the first time I felt the prompting of what must have been the journalistic instinct.

"I wonder whether I could make something of the captain's history after all?" I thought. I had very little money left after my long journey. If I could write a little story perhaps I might be able to sell it to some editor.

Then I heard, or thought I heard, a deep, muffled, sepulchral voice issuing from the newly made grave:

"Now mind! Fifty-fifty!"

REMARKS ON THE PERFECT STATE

BY ELMER DAVIS

IT CAME like a Voice From the Past, that gleefully vindictive drawl from the trolley seat behind me, "Yes, sir, we've got rid of the liquor and we're goin' after the tobacco next. We'll make this country fit to live in yet."

Here, I reflected, was optimism; not in several years had I heard anybody boast that we had got rid of the liquor; and the promise that tobacco would be done away with next, though heard often in 1919, reflected an optimism as to the possibility of making the citizenry perfect by statute which has rarely been met with since the honeymoon days of the Eighteenth Amendment. Yet I suppose there are still plenty of people who believe that tobacco and bobbed hair and the Charleston can be got rid of by passing a law; that prohibition can be perfectly enforced by passing a few more laws.

Well, how has this theory of government worked? To argue from current instances would be unprofitable; the famous facts about prohibition are too much a matter of opinion. But luckily history does offer an example of what happens when the government sets out to make the citizens spotless by law. Ancient Sparta carried the practice of legislating virtue into the population to an extent that would shock even the Anti-Saloon League; so far as "Thou shalt not" can accomplish it, Sparta was the perfect state. Probably no commonwealth in the world's history has been so much admired as Sparta; Spartan virtue is proverbial. And fortunately Sparta has been extinct long enough to enable us to investigate it somewhat dispassionately and find out what those Spartan virtues really were.

Sparta owes its modern reputation—if any ancient state can be said to have a reputation in a world which is industriously trying to forget classic antiquity—to the political theorists of the eighteenth century. They admired Sparta for the same reason that they admired the Noble Savage—because they knew nothing about it. They knew that Sparta was poor, frugal, and simple (in theory); poverty, frugality, and simplicity were virtues apt to be overvalued in a world whose standards had been set by the court of Louis XIV, and few eighteenth-century philosophers took the trouble to read deeply enough to find out if the theory corresponded with the fact.

But Sparta's fame did not originate with the eighteenth century; it began with Sparta's contemporaries, with the other Greek states. Why did they admire Sparta? Because Sparta could beat them all in battle; because, when every other Hellenic state had to count on the chance of a revolution every year or two, Sparta went through centuries without a successful revolution. Sparta, in other words, was organized on an efficiency basis. Judge Gary and other great men favor prohibition because it will make Americans efficient; so far Sparta, where prohibition was carried to the limit, can be set down as an argument for the affirmative. The Spartans were certainly efficient; the only question is, efficient for what?

II

As every schoolboy used to know, the Spartan constitution was laid down by one Lycurgus, far back in the mists of antiquity. Now let us consider, first of all, who the Spartans were. They were a tribe of warlike invaders that had conquered a large and fertile country. Some of the inhabitants, the *perioikoi* as they were afterwards called (the people who lived round about) were merely conquered; they had to submit to the political control of the Spartans, to help fight their battles, but they had modified home rule. They were subjects, but the rest of the conquered population, the helots, were slaves. Slaves and subjects together outnumbered the Spartans, perhaps eight or ten to one. Obviously, then, the first business of the state was to keep down the discontented servile population—the first business and pretty nearly the last. In seven or eight hundred years of independence Sparta managed to do nothing well but that. Which must be set down to the credit of Lycurgus.

This gentleman's true nature and doings have become somewhat veiled by legend. Doubtless much that was ascribed to him was the work of later ages, but it makes little difference; the men who completed his work had been trained in his spirit. Since this article aims at moral edification, it will do no violence to historic truth to use the word "Lycurgus" as the ancients used it, denoting not so much a personality (though Lycurgus was no doubt a real person) as a state of mind.

At any rate, it appears that this Lycurgus was a public-spirited citizen of a type all too common to-day. He saw that the machinery of state was not running to his satisfaction and decided that he was divinely appointed to set it right, at any cost and by any means. For some reason long forgotten, Sparta had two kings, of different families, equal in power. Lycurgus was a king's brother and afterward guardian of a posthumous nephew; he could have been king himself, and his refusal to accept the throne was much admired by the ancients. All credit to his abnegation; but surely it is no great discovery that it is less onerous to be the Power Behind the Throne, who gets the glory when things go well and escapes the blame when they go badly. Who would not rather be Wayne B. Wheeler than General Andrews?

Lycurgus tried to be the power behind the throne, but his nephew evidently made some trouble for him. So, with a heavy heart, Lycurgus proceeded to straighten things out and reorganize the state. He had considerable support from the Delphic oracle, the Supreme Court of the time; but in all candor it must be set down that he actually persuaded the citizens to accept his new constitution by the means so successfully employed by Lenin and Pilsudski. He got his gang, armed them, and seized the state by force. Behind the constitutional laws that he laid down—and they regulated the citizen's behavior with a completeness and stringency which the most radical of our reformers would hardly dare advocate now—he got the authority of the Delphic oracle; these were not human laws but divine, they came not from Lycurgus but from Apollo; to disobey them was not merely a crime, but sin and blasphemy. Still, the fact remains that the constitution was put over, not by religious sanction, still less by popular vote, but by illegal force. Lycurgus will be excused, however, by the best ethical thought of our time; for he used illegal force for a Worthy Purpose. To the business man that argument justifies Mussolini; to the radical it justifies Lenin; to the moralist it justifies Carrie Nation and the Ku Klux Klan. Let Lycurgus, too, be counted among those who to do a great right did a little wrong. Both his objective and his method will be approved by the efficiency enthusiasts of our time; for, says Xenophon (who admired the Spartan system highly)

"seeing that those who wanted to practice virtue were not numerous enough to make the state powerful, Lycurgus compelled everybody in Sparta to practice all the virtues."

In one respect it must be admitted that Lycurgus was not enlightened—he did not see in liquor the root of all evil. Like other ancient worthies, he found that in the love of money. What then was to be done? The answer was obvious—prohibit money. Lycurgus prohibited gold and silver as rigidly as the Volstead Act prohibits liquor. Sparta was an agricultural state, pretty much self-sufficient in that simple pre-industrial day; yet even in Sparta there had to be some medium of exchange for local transactions. Lycurgus accordingly permitted a sort of one half of one per cent money—bars of pig iron, which no citizen could possibly possess in sufficient quantity to be intoxicating. Naturally, this prohibition kept down foreign trade, but your Spartan was an isolationist; "what have we to do with abroad?" was a sentiment of which he thoroughly approved.

Another thing which Lycurgus found destructive of that efficiency for which states and their citizens exist was home life; but, with a moderation which modern reformers have not always been wise enough to imitate, he did not attempt to prohibit home life altogether. Here he followed the method which the British have lately adopted in handling the liquor traffic—he limited home life to certain hours and rigidly enforced the closing laws. Male citizens belonged to dining clubs—not by the exercise of free will as male citizens do now, but under constitutional command; if a man did not belong to a dining club, or could not pay his dues, he lost his civic rights. Inasmuch as most of the adult male citizen's time when he was outside of the club was taken up in athletic exercises, military drill, or the service of the state, he had little enough leisure to spend with his wife and family; there was small danger of his becoming too much attached to the comforts of home.

The control of the state over the citizen began at birth, when the magistrates looked at the baby and decided whether or not he was strong enough to keep. If he survived he was taken from home at the age of seven, and for a dozen years he went through the famous Spartan discipline, intensive and arduous beyond any known in our time. The nearest modern approach to it is the intellectual discipline which boys of the better classes had to undergo in the German Empire; in Germany, as in Sparta, many of them cracked under the strain, but Lycurgus, like Bismarck, felt that those who survived it would be tough enough to make the failure of the weaklings a cheap price to pay for the welfare of the state. And in Sparta, even more than in Prussia, the citizen was the slave of the state; private life, private thought, were nonessential industries in a nation which was always on a war basis.

For the Spartan was a soldier—that and nothing else. He existed to keep down the discontented slaves and ward off foreign enemies; he spent all his life till he was sixty years old, either getting ready for military duty or fulfilling it. He did not work; his slaves worked for him. To make sure that they worked and spent no time meditating insurrection, a secret rural police watched the whole country; any slave who began to show signs of thinking well of himself was promptly put to death. And in order that no man should incur the blood guilt of murder by these executions, the magistrates, upon their inauguration, always began by declaring war on the helots. They were *ferœ naturæ*, and the whole year was the open season; a helot had no more rights in Sparta than a conservative in Russia or a pedestrian in the United States.

The system was admirably effective; in seven centuries the helots often revolted but never revolted successfully. The *perioikoi*, on the other hand, never

revolted. They escaped the savage severity with which the helots were treated—and they escaped, also, the heaven-sent regulations which made of the Spartan citizen the Perfected Prohibited Man. Those laws applied to the citizens only; Lycurgus had set out to make Sparta a state fit for heroes to live in and he succeeded, for only heroes could stand it. The *perioikoi*, in the state but not of it, had to serve in the army and pay taxes, but they could engage in business and make money; they had local self-government; they could in a measure live their own lives. Why should they revolt? The most amazing feature of Spartan history is that the citizens, the beneficiaries of these purifying laws, so rarely revolted. But they rarely had spirit enough, for the state caught them young.

The boy's education began at the age of seven, and from the age of seven he was taught to obey orders and refrain from unnecessary thought. He was also exposed to every sort of hardship. To make him resourceful he was compelled to steal much of his food; if he were caught stealing he was punished, "not," says Xenophon, "for stealing, but for stealing inefficiently." (Perhaps in this respect we are approaching the blessed perfection of Sparta; the warden of Sing Sing has lately observed that under our judicial system criminals are punished not for murder or robbery, but for killing or robbing carelessly.)

Any citizen who thought that any boy was not behaving as he should could whip him; if the boy told his father, father whipped him too. This was only a foreshadowing of the system of rewards for civic virtue and punishments for civic dereliction under which the Spartans lived all their lives. In a state organized like an army every man was constantly under the watchful eye of a superior. Every now and then prohibition directors urge us all to spy on one another for infractions of the prohibition laws. Sparta did better than that. Every citizen was constantly spying on his neighbors, looking for infractions of all the laws; and in ascending hierarchy there were snoopers and super-snoopers till one came to the Inner Circle, the Old Gang, the oligarchy that ruled the state.

III

Not the kings. Lycurgus had pretty well clipped their claws. Theoretically, all power rested with the sovereign people (meaning the adult male citizens, a tiny fraction of the entire population). But the sovereign people could only answer yes or no to questions laid before it by the Senate, and Lycurgus had added the prudent qualification that if the people seemed to the Senate to have "decided crookedly" the whole transaction could be annulled.

Actually, the state was governed by the ephors—overseers—five men whose duties are indicated by their title. They oversaw everything, especially the kings, who were inclined to show restiveness under a constitution which left them "much honor but little power," as Fustel de Coulanges succinctly puts it. It was very much as if the United States had two Presidents overseen by five Wayne B. Wheelers. The ephors were elected, and Aristotle says that "almost anybody" might get the job. But, observes Fustel de Coulanges again (the most penetrating and illuminative of modern commentators on Sparta), a man who was almost anybody—that is, almost nobody—if he were elected to this important office for the short term of one year, would be inclined to think chiefly of two things: What he could get out of his office in that short term, and how he could be reëlected.

Reëlection usually depended on the favor of the ruling oligarchy, the Senate; so an ephor was apt to stay on the reservation. Failing anything else, if he happened to be a poor man he could be bought. (How could he be bought when there was no money? Ah, we are coming to that.)

So the real power lay in the Senate. Senators were elderly men selected—prepare yourselves for a shock, readers who know the Senators of this degenerate age—selected for their preëminence in virtue. This has seemed admirable to the political theorists of all ages; what could be nobler than to have the state ruled by the most virtuous citizens? But the virtue in question was civic virtue; and the Spartan concept of civic virtue, says Xenophon, was "τὰ νόμιμα διαπονεῖσθαι"—to work hard at obeying the laws. Hard work it certainly was, for law observance in Sparta meant what law observance in the United States is only beginning to approximate—meticulous obedience to an infinity of petty rules. A man who had a silver coin in a locker was as much of a lawbreaker in Sparta as a man who has a bottle of whisky in his kitchen cabinet in Indiana. If he spent too much time at home the Spartan was a lawbreaker; indeed, it must have been harder to go through a specimen day in Sparta without breaking some law than it is in the most advanced states of this union.

Moreover, every Spartan was constantly under observation; if he broke the law he was apt to be caught. The man who saw him might not mention the fact at the time; he might save it up till election day, when it immediately disqualified the lawbreaker. Indeed, the laws of Lycurgus, like some of our state prohibition laws, were so severe that almost everybody was a lawbreaker; and the penalties, accordingly, were enforced only on persons who were on bad terms with the organization.

It might have been supposed that any man who lived sixty years in Sparta without breaking a law deserved a Senatorship; but the evidence indicates that a man suited to the inner organization got into the Senate no matter what he might have done—so long as he had not been publicly exposed; just as in our time a man may drink wet without moral turpitude so long as he votes dry. In fact the whole Spartan system might have been condensed into the first and great commandment, "Thou shalt not get caught"—a simplification of constitutional law which we have only approximated as yet.

But I am getting away from theory to practice, always a dangerous thing in constitutional studies. Let us return to the theory, which, as any reformer will tell you, is much more important. Theoretically, Sparta was the Perfect State. A man spent his whole life at the great task of Law Observance. Moreover, the constitution not only commanded the citizens to be virtuous; it commanded them to be prosperous, under pain of ceasing to be citizens. The right to vote and hold office was restricted to those of pure citizen ancestry who had survived the terrific educational system—and who had money enough to pay their club dues. Originally the land seems to have been fairly evenly divided, and under a sort of entail; it could not be sold, given away, or willed out of the family. In theory, everybody had enough to live on (the helots, of course, doing the work). If a man were a poor manager, unable to make both ends meet, the state had no use for him. He had failed in the citizen's first duty, Efficiency; he sank into the class of *hypomeiones*—the lesser men underneath; he could carry a spear in the wars, he continued to enjoy the sublime privilege of obeying the laws, but he was a citizen no longer.

Lycurgus was not so foolish as to suppose that he had eradicated all lawless tendencies overnight, so he devised a simple method of detecting potential lawbreakers. The ephors, on coming into office each year, issued a general order to the citizens to "shave their upper lips and obey the laws." Failure to shave the upper lip might seem a trivial oversight; but Lycurgus knew that disrespect for one law means disrespect for all laws, that a citizen who refused to shave his upper lip was capable of murder and arson. The

upper lip thus became a criterion of law observance; a man who grew a mustache was marked as a scofflaw and the authorities could take action accordingly.

Such was the Spartan system—at home and in peace time. But on military service, contrary to the custom of other countries, discipline was greatly relaxed. Accordingly the Spartans were always inclined to give three cheers when war broke out; they went to the front in high spirits. They might be killed, but at least they would enjoy a brief vacation from Law Observance.

IV

In one respect Lycurgus seems to have fallen short of the rigorous virtue of our time; he was weak enough to allow a safety valve for the repressed emotions of the citizens, and that in a field where modern theory would most inflexibly refuse it—in the relations of the sexes. But this appears to have been largely accidental.

To the average Greek his wife was something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse. Athens was worse than the other states in this respect; Athenian women lived a sort of harem life, restricted to the bearing of children and the management of the household; any good Athenian would have regarded a barbarian slave as his intellectual equal sooner than his wife. Naturally, women so treated were apt to be feeble, timid, and stupid creatures; what the system made them almost seemed to justify the system. Even in Athens there were rumblings of feminist discontent; they are hinted at in the plays of Euripides and have lately been brilliantly if conjecturally restored in Mrs. Mitchison's excellent historical novel *Cloudcuckooland*. But to the average Greek women simply were not people.

In Sparta they were. To begin with, Spartan women, for purely eugenic reasons, underwent a vigorous athletic training; like Spartan boys—indeed, the boys of any Greek state—the girls exercised and played games, danced and paraded in public, stark naked. Exercise made them strong, eurhythmics made them beautiful, pitiless publicity gave them self-possession. Willful bachelors and men who had funked their civic responsibilities were not allowed to look on at these undraped processions—a notable improvement over the standards of our time, for probably these classes would include most of the occupants of the front rows at Earl Carroll's revues. Sparta, then, bred "fierce, athletic girls" a good deal more attractive than the shrinking inhabitants of the women's quarters in Athens; they were as strong and agile as the men; they may have been rather stupid, but there, too, they were the men's equals. Sex equality was perfect in Sparta except that women could not vote; but women were as good as men only because neither men nor women had ultimately any rights at all. Male or female, the Spartan citizen was the slave of the state.

A depressed commentator on our time has lately remarked that we are approaching the Spartans in our "deliciously naked bi-sexual athleticism" and that this is making us as unromantic as the Spartans. The gentleman is in error. Athletics in deshabille did not make the Spartans unromantic; almost all the real love stories in classic Greek history come from Sparta. These Spartan girls were desirable and they were desired; and neither the law nor public opinion interfered—unless any given amour seemed to run counter to the interest of the state. Then it was stopped in short order. But there seems to have been a good deal of friendly promiscuity; a man might lend his wife to a friend, with the lady's consent; and where the lady consented but not the husband public sentiment seems always to have been with the lovers.

The law also ordered the young husband to live at his club for the first year or so after marriage, visiting his

wife only by such stealth as he would have had to employ in visiting some other man's wife. Apparently this too was ordained for eugenic reasons, but naturally it worked as an admirable preservative of emotional intensity. The Athenian had a choice between his dull wife and the polished but mercenary hetaira, who might be an Aspasia but was more apt to be a Lorelei Lee. The Spartan got his emotional interest from women of his own class, strong and beautiful, and at least as intelligent as he was.

But this was the one bright spot in Sparta; and, as George Moore or one of his parodists says (the distinction is not always easy to remember), "there are times when one is not thinking of girls, are there not?" Lycurgus foresaw that; he foresaw that life in Sparta would sometimes bore the Spartans, difficult as this may appear to have been. All the more would it bore them if they had a chance to contrast it with anything else. It occurred to him that a Spartan who spent any length of time abroad was not likely to come back to Sparta.

Here our time has failed lamentably to live up to Spartan standards. It is several years since we have heard anything of the dream, once cherished by the Anti-Saloon League, of keeping American citizens out of Cuba and Canada. Lycurgus was more successful; on the ground that the citizens of pure Sparta must not "acquaint themselves with the habits of ill-educated people," he virtually prohibited all foreign travel except on military service or business of the state. But there were ill-educated people even in Sparta, foreigners who lived there on business, or because political warfare had exiled them from their home towns. For fear their behavior should set an evil example of frivolity before the purified and single-minded Spartan, Lycurgus drove them out—all but one or two foreign poets who were allowed to remain on condition that they write "hymns to obedience and concord"—that is, administration propaganda.

And this practice was followed from time to time forever after. The Spartan standard of morality was admitted (by the Spartans) to be perfect; but it was feared that the citizens might not stick to it if they had a chance to hear of anything else. So every few years the ephors would hold a "foreigner drive" and purge the state. We deport aliens who violate our laws (or some of our laws). In Sparta only the citizens were adjudged worthy of submission to the divinely inspired constitution of Lycurgus; but every now and then all foreigners were deported for having had the bad taste to be born foreigners. In early years naturalization seems to have been easy; Sparta needed to fill up gaps in the citizen body caused by war losses. But presently, as the divine system swung into operation, naturalization ceased. No man not born a Spartan was worthy to become a Spartan. Indeed, as time passed fewer and fewer Spartans were judged worthy. Inequalities of property reduced more and more citizens, unable to pay club dues, to the rank of "the lesser men beneath"; others were degraded for breaking under the strain of the educational system or infringing on one or another of the laws of Lycurgus. Once the citizen body—that is, the adult males who had worked hard, and successfully, at obeying the laws—may have numbered anywhere from five to ten thousand. After seven centuries under the constitution of Lycurgus there were only seven hundred, out of a total population, citizen, demi-citizen, subject, and slave of perhaps half a million—seven hundred simon-pure stalwarts who in a state of spies and sneaks and snoopers had managed, by virtue, influence, or luck, to survive the laborious and hazardous occupation of being a Spartan.

V

How did it work? Well, it certainly promoted efficiency—of a kind.

Sparta lived for the art of war and nothing else. There was next to no

Spartan art in historic times. Back in the dawn of history, before Lycurgus, there had been the beginnings of a native school of poetry; after Lycurgus poetry was suppressed like all other nonessentials. When the government needed a poet for propaganda purposes it hired one from abroad, who could be counted on to understand the terms of his employment and write what he was paid to write and nothing more. Other arts, too, had been making their beginnings; Sparta, before Lycurgus, seems to have been human. After Lycurgus it was organized on an efficiency basis; it grew human beings occasionally, despite the system, but they were usually driven into exile or died early and violent deaths at home. The Spartan was a standardized type; if any individual differed from the pattern out he went—out or down.

Sparta, in short, was the business man's dream of a state where nothing was allowed to interfere with business. Its business was war, and there it was notably successful. For three hundred years no Spartan army lost a major engagement, unless you count the stand of Leonidas and his single battalion at Thermopylæ. The system devised by, or ascribed to, Lycurgus was the most tenacious and durable that Europe has ever seen. Other Greek states had continual and ruinous revolutions; in Sparta uprisings were few, and till the very end, when Rome was already overshadowing the horizon, they were never successful. Pericles himself confessed that other Greeks, at war with the Spartans, were only amateurs against professionals; citizen armies composed of short-term-service men had little chance against the Spartans who were making war or playing war all the time.

And this success naturally gave Sparta an enormous reputation—the sort of reputation that the United States enjoys in Europe to-day. In our time economic strength has replaced military strength as the criterion of national power; we have not been quite so single-minded as the Spartans but we have had a good deal of luck and have done well the one thing we chiefly set out to do. Accordingly, people admire us and envy us as the other Greeks admired and envied the Spartans; and even as the Spartans admired themselves, so do we.

But they are still our models; as yet we merely approach them. Bad manners and peevishness are not yet so common in American diplomacy (though visibly increasing of late years) as they were in Sparta, but we are learning. Envoys from another Greek state came to Sparta for food in a season of famine; they brought bags and, trying to emulate the famous Laconian bruskness, they merely observed, "The bag wants bread." The Spartans told them they were too verbose; the sight of the bag would have permitted the rest to be inferred. It sounds rather like our dealings with a debt-funding commission; but nobody dared talk back to the Spartans, as nobody dares to talk back to us. Eventually the envoys got their bread, as foreign debt-funding commissions usually get their debts scaled down; but the Spartans, like ourselves, managed to do it as ungenerously and ungraciously as possible.

But why should not the Spartans have admired themselves? Everybody had to admire them—in public; and they had to admire themselves, in public, to silence a growing private uneasiness, a feeling that all was not well. For the Perfected Prohibitions of Lycurgus had made a happy state of unhappy citizens; and so, wrote Xenophon at the height of Spartan prestige and power, "all the other Greeks admire the system, but none of them would like to adopt it."

So Europeans of to-day admire our prosperity, but few of them would like to live here.

The system worked well—too well; its own success brought about its ruin. For it depended on keeping foreigners out and keeping the Spartans at home; and after Sparta had won the Peloponnesian War and had acquired an

empire both became impossible. Spartans abroad had long been notorious for their bad manners and rapacity; fortified by the self-esteem that sprang from the consciousness that they were the Chosen People, living under divine laws, they regarded themselves as above criticism (especially as they had the Spartan army behind them); but after they won the war they became insufferable.

And how they went abroad! "All the chief men," says Xenophon, "are eager to spend their entire lives as governors of the overseas possessions." Why? Because abroad they were freed from the necessity of Law Observance; and when they had put the laws of Lycurgus behind them they usually threw overboard the laws of ordinary human decency as well. Naturally enough; ordinary human decency had been ignored at Sparta because observance of the statute law comprised the whole duty of man. A Spartan governor overseas could have given points in misbehavior to a Kansan in Paris.

But only the wider opportunity for misconduct was new; Spartans abroad had always been easy victims for the puniest of temptations. For the cardinal point of their system was money prohibition. At home the Spartan knew only pig-iron money, non-intoxicating in fact; when he went abroad he was willing to take anything offered him. Bribery was common enough among all the Greeks, but what distinguished the Spartans was their cheapness; a Spartan general could be completely intoxicated by an amount of gold or silver that would have no effect at all on an Athenian who had been used to taking gold and silver in moderation all his life, who could take it or leave it alone.

Show a Spartan a few drachmas and his mouth began to water. History is full of instances. King Leotychidas, commanding an expeditionary force in Thessaly—a king, commanding the most powerful army of the time—was actually bought off by a gloveful of gold, a few hundred dollars' worth. It is as if Ludendorff had agreed to give up his offensive of 1918 for a suitcase full of francs. King Cleomenes, one of Sparta's greatest generals, failed to take Argos, the ancestral enemy; he laid the blame on Apollo who had given him a misleading oracle, but that was an old story—Apollo was blamed for a good deal in those days which was the result of mere human frailty. Conceivably he had sound political reasons for sparing Argos, but back home everybody believed he had been bribed; evidently that was always the most obvious explanation. King Pleistoanax, marching on defenseless Athens, was bought off by Pericles. He at least got a fairly decent price, but Sparta later had a twenty-seven years' war as a result of this display of easy virtue.

This was not the only result of the bone-dry prohibition of money. Prince Cyrus of Persia put up the funds which financed the latter part of the Peloponnesian War for Sparta and her allies. When the war had been won there was a good deal of money left over, and Lysander, the Spartan commander-in-chief, sent it home to the government—public money belonging to the state. It was in charge of Gylippus, a man who had won the decisive battle of the war, who held much the same position in the Greek world of the day as Marshal Joffre in modern Europe. But Gylippus, when he got his hands on those bags of money, felt and behaved like a dry agent in charge of a carload of confiscated liquor. He unsewed every one of the sacks, took out some of the money, and sewed the sacks up again. . . . Unfortunately Lysander had sent an invoice along with the money, so Gylippus was discovered and fell from his high estate. Some people blamed him, some blamed Lysander for trusting him; but nobody blamed Lycurgus for writing prohibition of money into the constitution.

This money caused another crisis in Sparta; for it was the first money that

had legally been imported in four or five hundred years. Not that gold and silver were unknown in Sparta, despite the constitution; there had long been a lively bootleg trade. Foreigners from just over the border were persuaded to lend their names as dummy owners of gold and silver which somehow or other happened to be possessed and consumed on the premises by Spartans. But this was the first time that money had come in openly and in full view. A fraction of bone-dry zealots wanted to pour the vile stuff out into the sea; but the rulers of Sparta were politicians and they had learned the great political lesson that, so long as you respect the constitution in theory, it matters not how you behave in practice, that you may drink as you like so long as you vote right.

So they decided that money could be possessed for a public purpose, though not for private use; and before long Sparta was simply dripping with gold and silver which was all possessed for a public purpose, at least when anybody asked about it. Land could not be sold, according to the constitution; but some ingenious person tacked on an amendment to the effect that it could be given away. Before long inequalities of wealth were as great in Sparta as anywhere in Greece; the Spartans became known as the greediest and most money-loving people of their time. And this when money had been absolutely prohibited in Sparta for six hundred years, and was absolutely prohibited still.

The laws of Lycurgus were never repealed till a conquering invader ordered it when Rome was already at the door; but in the last century or two of Spartan independence the divinely inspired constitution was regarded much as Samuel Butler says the Christian religion was regarded in Victorian England: people would have been equally horrified at hearing it criticized and at seeing it practiced. Eventually there arose in the state a reformer (a king, like most Spartan reformers) who proposed that the heaven-descended laws of Lycurgus which were still theoretically in force should be enforced in practice. And the citizens, says Plutarch, "were as alarmed at the name of Lycurgus as a fugitive slave about to be returned to his master."

This rash young optimist who tried to make prohibition prohibit was promptly snuffed out. Emulating Lycurgus, he too got an oracle from Delphi; but he was up against politicians of the old organization who knew too much about oracles to take them seriously. Failing in that, he copied Lycurgus once more, got his gang, and set out to take charge of things by force; but the Spartans had been clubbed into virtue once and did not propose to let it happen again. The protagonist of strict enforcement was done away with, like everybody else who had tried to shatter the Spartan system.

But even then the constitution was not repealed. Too many vested interests had grown up under its assorted prohibitions; many of the citizens, and all of the politicians, were satisfied with things as they were. There came another reforming king who succeeded for a little while; but he was beaten in battle and with a sigh of relief Sparta went back to the old ways.

Strict enforcement had been tried—tried for centuries—and it would not work. Like Russian Communism, it could not have succeeded unless all the world had been converted to it, and probably not then. So long as there survived lesser breeds without the law of Lycurgus, the Spartan's uprightness lasted only till he got across the frontier.

Sparta had done as much as any state can, more than any other state ever tried, to change human nature. It had accomplished much. It had bred a nation in which envy and jealousy, lying and deceit were all but universal, a nation of spies and snoopers in which everybody was watching everybody. It had produced a standardized type of citizen which had no equal in Greece for dulness of mind in everything but strategy and state-craft; an unimaginative type which

would have endured the laws of Lycurgus if any human being could. It had abolished the refinements and the graces; even when Spartans did a courteous act, as in the famous instance of the ambassadors to Athens rising to give their theater seat to an old man, they managed to do it ungraciously.

But apparently there are limits beyond which no education can change human nature. Sparta had not made men so unnatural as to withstand temptation abroad when they had never been exposed to temptation at home. It had not enabled them to improvise character to meet sudden exigencies; for the law had gone into infinite detail with the precise object of making character superfluous. Lycurgus had swept away previous laws, but he had not been able to repeal the law of nature that virtue and temperance and self-control are acquired only by practice, that you cannot say a man is good until he has had, and rejected, the option of being evil. So long as there was a temptation anywhere within reach, the average Spartan was sure to fall.

VI

But even in the last days of decadence nobody dreamed of repealing the constitution of Lycurgus. It was a national distinction—almost the only national distinction now that Spartan armies composed of freed slaves and grumbling bankrupts had developed the habit of losing battles. Sparta's glory had faded but all the citizens still enjoyed the sense of virtue, the reputation for virtue that belonged to all who lived under the divine statutes of Lycurgus.

Spartan virtue was already proverbial; and as Rome drew nearer and nearer, thoughtful Spartans—if the educational system had left any Spartans capable of thought—must have realized that this was about all that Sparta would leave behind her when she passed into history. The Lycurgan efficiency had been entirely too efficient; whatever Sparta might have been, under his prohibition laws Sparta had actually turned out to be a state which kept down the slaves, and nothing more. (A brief experiment in empire, yes; but that ended in disaster.) Politically Greece was dying; Athens, Sparta's great rival, was already as good as dead, as a political entity. But, visibly, there was something in Athens that would never die.

And Sparta? Sparta had no Parthenon; Sparta had produced no Æschylus, no Aristophanes, no Socrates; even the history of her own great age would be passed on by Athenian hands. Sparta would be remembered only as the paradise of prohibition—the state where constitutional amendments had compelled everybody to practice all the virtues. To that reputation, and the constitution to which they owed it, the Spartans clung tenaciously. It was all Lycurgus had left them; it was their one ewe lamb, and they cherished it the more tenderly because there was no need to practice the virtue so long as they had the reputation.

We are a long way yet from Spartan virtue; and it seems rather less likely than it seemed half a dozen years ago that we shall ever reach it. But there is no harm in seeing just exactly what lies at the end of the road; though it is perhaps too much to hope that citizens of this great and prosperous republic, moving on, divinely guided, toward sterilized efficiency, will be very passionately excited about the lessons of history.

THE LAST TENTH

A STORY

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

MY DEAR Miss Eversole:

My husband tells me that you have been commissioned to do an article on his work, and I am writing to suggest that instead of a hurried office interview, you come out here to us at Willowbrook for it. People are always more interesting in their home setting, don't you think? And it will be pleasant to renew our old acquaintanceship. Will next Saturday at four be agreeable to you? I hope so.

Yours cordially,

Jessica Heath Hamilton

The little perfumed note slipped from Ann Eversole's fingers, and her whole being gave a disintegrating swirl of revulsion. Go and have tea with Jessie Heath—the woman who had wrecked her life—see her and Victor together with their children—there were children, two of them—impossible! How did the woman *dare* to invite her! Didn't she know—of *course* she knew! Perhaps now after six years of married life her triumph had dimmed a little, and she desired to revitalize it by dragging Ann at her chariot wheels. Yet at the very moment that her whole being cried out its impossibility Ann knew that she would go. Her creed was that of the old Chinaman's: To walk the impassable way, do the impossible deed, think the ineffable thought. To see Victor Hamilton in his home with his wife was for her to walk the impassable way, therefore, she must do it, even though there was scant likelihood of its producing any ineffable thoughts.

Going over to her desk, she drew out the photograph of Doctor Hamilton which she kept hidden there because she did not dare have it where her eyes might seek it too often. Now, however, staring at it, she deliberately invoked the old pain. This was the man she should have married. No other had ever awakened in her what he had, no other ever would. His nature had played upon hers, bringing forth a latent beauty which it had not known before. That aspect of her was as completely Victor Hamilton's as a work of art belongs to its creator. As much and no more, for when he went out of her life it did not vanish with him, but remained to her an enduring possession. And as he had brought out beauty in her, so she knew she had done the same for him. In their companionship they had both literally become new people. There had been no engagement, indeed very little love-making between them. He was a young doctor then, far too poor to think of matrimony; but that they belonged to each other, and would some day be married, it never entered her head to doubt, and she supposed, nay, she *knew* that he had felt the same way. Then the flaming comet of Jessie Heath in all her amazing beauty flashed across their orbit. Many men had desired her, and suddenly she desired Ann's lover. In an astonishingly short time it was all over. Possibly if they had been forced to wait, his infatuation might have passed, but she had money, there was no reason for delay, and on a high tide of passion they

were swept into matrimony, leaving Ann's delicate bark broken upon the shores of life.

How does one weather such disasters? One thing alone kept Ann from being entirely shattered. That was her conviction that life was bigger than one incident, even though that one was the most overwhelming she was ever likely to encounter. She believed she had lived before, her whole nature cried out she would live again. Existence was infinitely larger than the present mere wink of life could show, therefore, she would not let herself go under. She would not —she would not. She did not, but only God and her inner self knew how near she had come to it. Her house of life had been demolished, but the dweller therein had power to reconstruct it, and the new edifice arose upon a deeper foundation. Fortunately out of her devastation came an "inner spaciousness," wholly unlooked for, large enough to admit humility and compassion, and also an occasional stab of beauty which left her breathless with astonishment.

As Ann stared now into the pictured face of Victor Hamilton, insensibly the walls of her tiny hard New York apartment fell away. All about the outer fringes of her vision was a softly flowing landscape, mountains in the distance, near-by shining fields of red soil, over all a beneficent October sun; and straight before her Victor's eyes looking into hers, while he told her eagerly of his hopes. "Ann, I believe I'm on the track of something big!" he had cried. "I'm not certain yet—just groping—but I *think* I'm on the way to finding a cure for one of the most baffling diseases that we eye-men encounter. Oh, if I only can!"

"You can," she had said and, to set the seal of confidence on his endeavor, had laid her hand on his.

He flung his arm passionately about her. "If I ever do anything, Ann, it will be because of you—your faith—your eyes inspiring me!" he had cried.

And now he had done it. He had made such remarkable discoveries that he was in the front ranks of his profession; but the inspiration of her eyes had had nothing to do with it. At that very instant the Heaths, Eleanor, and her cousin Jessica from New York had come to call. Ann's romance ended that afternoon, and Jessica's began.

With a little shiver Ann came back to her present surroundings. The country landscape faded, and she was left staring at bleak walls. She dropped the photograph back in its drawer and, dipping her pen, wrote an acceptance to Mrs. Hamilton's note—her first step on the impassable way.

As Ann put on her hat on Saturday afternoon, she paused a moment to look closely at her reflection in the mirror. What changes would Victor find in her? Undoubtedly she had matured. Her look was deeper, more understanding, and she was more lovely. Yes, she knew it, although the seriousness of her face might mask its beauty from the casual observer.

As she hung there, trying to look at herself impersonally, she seemed suddenly detached, split into two people. The reflected Ann looking gravely at her appeared to have a distinct and aloof personality. Her own eyes regarded her half ironically, as though they said, "I am yourself, and yet not yourself. You think you own me, but I have a life beyond what you know. Every thought, every act of yours is stamped upon me, yet I am more than you."

"Who are you?" Ann cried. "I see you often, but I do not understand. You sit there behind my eyes watching everything, greater than I, wiser than I, but there is a veil between. Oh," she burst out, stooping closer, "you are my older self, wiser than the Sibyl, more compassionate than the mother of all, you, and only you, know what I have suffered —help me to-day! Show me a light!"

For a moment longer Ann hung there, seeing the tears blur her eyes as she confessed herself to herself, the only one in

whom she had ever confided. There was no lifting of the veil, but as she turned away a flash of comprehension came upon her. "We are all bigger people than we ever guess," she said with complete conviction.

The Hamiltons lived elaborately. Their house was large, and the man-servant who ushered Ann in was stiff with the importance of opening the door. This was Jessie Heath expressing herself, and her money which made it possible. Imagine Victor caged so elaborately! A wink of laughter shot through Ann at the thought. She had need of any mirthful alleviations she could muster, for as she waited in the golden drawing-room she was all too aware that her hands were tremulous and cold and that her heart thumped breathlessly. No doubt it was merely a drawing-room, but to her it appeared much more the other woman's triumphal car rolling imperiously along the roads of life.

She waited some time—all a part of the game of dragging her at the chariot wheels, she told herself bitterly—before her hostess glided in, holding out a very soft hand. She was sumptuously dressed, and there never had been any doubt of Jessie Heath's beauty. It was always the first thing—frequently the last—that one noticed about her. Now, however, there appeared to be more of it than formerly. Unquestionably her curves were more generous, and surely even *her* hair had never been quite so golden, nor her cheeks so pink. With a flash it leaped upon Ann that the woman was frightened and was clutching desperately at her beauty, over-emphasizing it in a panic.

"*So* good of you to come!" Mrs. Hamilton gushed, her jewelled hand clasping Ann's slender unadorned one. "Let us come into the library and have tea first, then I will turn you over to my husband."

Their hands still joined, although their spiritual antennæ did not even brush each other, they crossed the hall together. Ann was stifled, all her inner being suffocated by the other's near presence. Oh, what a fool she had been to come! She took sanctuary in silence, fearing that her voice might betray her with a tremor.

"Here is my husband," Jessica said, as they entered the library. "Doctor Hamilton, Miss Eversole— But of course, I forgot—how silly of me! You and Victor knew each other in the South."

Jessie Heath introducing her to Victor—maliciously pretending she had forgotten they had ever met! A flashing retort leaped to Ann's lips, but she rejected it and, still in silence, accorded him a remote smile as their hands met. Heavens! How cold his was! Then he too had dreaded the meeting!

"Of course we have met before!" he said hastily. "Why, it was at your house that I first saw my wife."

How like him to come clumping in with the bald truth like that! Spoiling all his wife's little fiction of forgetfulness.

Still holding herself aloof, Ann sat down, and the little function of tea drinking began. Lemon—cream? One lump or two? Ann made no effort to emerge from her shell. Jessica had invited the meeting, let her bear the burden of it then! Gradually, under the outward composure, her tension began to relax sufficiently for her to perceive with some malicious amusement that her silence was causing Jessica to dash herself frantically against it in an increasingly nervous flood of chatter. And all the time under the cover of talk, she was watching Victor's reactions to Ann. Could it be then that she was frightened, and had wanted to drag her fear out into the open and there look at it?

Victor was almost as detached as Ann, only throwing in an occasional remark to tone down some statement of his wife's, or even to contradict her flatly. For the most part he sat silent, his great bulk half in shadow, but Ann was dreadfully conscious that his eyes were constantly upon her in a slow appraising inspection. And what was he to her? Well, there was no denying that he was,

what he always had been, the one man for whom she had ever cared, or ever would. In a lull of his wife's chatter, he emerged suddenly with a direct question.

"Have you been South lately, Miss Eversole? How are they all in Albemarle?"

"They are all very well, thank you, Victor. I was there most of the summer," she returned, scorning his formal address.

"How *nice* to hear you call him Victor! So few people do nowadays," Mrs. Hamilton gushed.

"Ah, the penalty of greatness! I must remember, then, that you are removed to frozen peaks of distinction, Doctor Hamilton," Ann said, and out of her sheer unhappiness, she permitted herself to shoot a sardonic flicker of mirth at him over her raised teacup.

Victor flushed, as Ann had known he would. Never would be a man more shy and uncomfortable over his achievements. "Heavens, no! Not that—never that!" he stumbled and trailed away into an uncomfortable silence, well aware that the situation was brittle, but unable to relieve it.

Jessica, who had detected Ann's look, raised her head with a sharp jerk, alert and defiant.

"How we are all torturing one another!" The words leaped up in Ann's mind, and suddenly she was sorry: repentant of her own flirt of malice, sorry for Victor's discomfort, sorry indeed for all three of them, caught in an emotional tangle which meant unhappiness for each. Heavens! She *must* come out of her shell and try to play the game more kindly.

With this in view, she picked up the delicate teaspoon in her saucer. "What a beauty!" she said, turning to her hostess. "I hope you don't mind my admiring it. I have a weakness for rat-tail spoons. Surely this one has a history."

"Yes, it has," the other returned, and Ann was rewarded by feeling her unbend to a genuine interest. "Such a bargain! I got six of them from an old lady in the country some years ago, before the value of old silver was generally known. We were on a motor trip and stopped by chance for water at an old house. I invited myself inside to nose about for bargains— Don't you *love* a bargain, Miss Eversole?"

"Oh, yes!" Ann responded, mustering what enthusiasm she could, although she began to fear that this bargain was to prove one that she could not possibly love, especially as she thought she detected an antagonism to the subject on Victor's part.

"Well, I went into the house," Jessica flowed on. "And when the old lady trotted out to the dining room for the water, I trotted right after, and *there*, laid out in state, were these six luscious little spoons! I guessed they were heirlooms and that it was going to take diplomacy on my part if I was to get them at all, more still, if it was to be any kind of a bargain, but—"

"Have some tea, Ann!" Victor interrupted suddenly.

"Miss Eversole has just declined a second cup, Victor."

"Oh, I didn't notice. How do you like living in New York?"

"*Victor!* You're interrupting my story—please let me finish!" his wife protested sharply.

"Oh, all right!" he capitulated, flinging himself back in his chair with a shrug of annoyance.

And thus, having obtained sufficient rope, Jessica proceeded to hang herself before Ann's very eyes. "Well, as I say," she went on, "it was plain the old lady treasured the spoons—you see they have a crest on them—but luckily she had no idea of their real value, and besides needed money just then for an invalid son. So in the end I got them—and for just about *one half* of what they were really worth!" She ended with a flash of triumph.

Involuntarily Ann glanced at Victor, but hastily averted her eyes from the unconsciously confessed shame of his. She was acutely uncomfortable, aware

that he was watching her, awaiting her response, that he might discover if his wife's thirst for bargains was natural to all women.

Again Jessica caught Ann's look, and was instantly and jealously alert. "Don't you think I was lucky, Miss Eversole?" she challenged.

"Luckier than the old lady," Ann returned, forced by the direct question to give an opinion, but trying to disarm its criticism by a lightness of tone.

"Oh, the old lady was lucky too!" Mrs. Hamilton retorted defiantly. "She needed the money, and probably would never have got a chance to sell the spoons at all if I hadn't happened along."

"And I suppose she never found out their real value?" Ann questioned.

The color flushed up in Jessica's face, and her lips tightened for an instant. "Well, she did, as a matter of fact. Some officious friend informed her—and she wrote me an insulting letter—actually threatened to sue me! I was quite willing to fight it out, but Victor was so soft, he sent her the extra amount at once!"

"Oh, you did!" Ann cried, forgetting herself, and turning to him with a flush of gladness.

"It was a perfectly silly thing for Victor to do!" Jessica cried angrily, beginning to lose her self control. "The old woman had absolutely *no* case. I had her signed receipt—I always make a point of getting a receipt—also I had the spoons!" She broke off with a little hard laugh. Suddenly she looked at Ann, and shot her next words straight at her. "I had the spoons, Miss Eversole, and *possession* is nine tenths of the law, you know." For a moment the lovely eyes opened wide, and Ann caught in their depths such malicious significance that it rushed upon her the words were meant to apply not alone to the rat-tail spoons, but to the possession of Victor Hamilton as well—a challenge and a defiance.

The other's anger had betrayed her into such an amazing, such a crude revelation of jealousy that for one instant Ann was dumfounded. Then suddenly, under the moment's pressure, a barrier within herself appeared to break, a swirling flood of illumination poured in, and she was swept into a place of spaciousness, where the currents of life ran at more profound depths, and where all values were readjusted. Her larger self, the watching personality behind her eyes, had drawn the veil for an instant.

"Yes," she heard herself saying quietly, yet with absolute conviction, speaking out of this revelation. "Yes, possession is *nine* tenths, but sometimes there is a last tenth, not possessed by anyone, which is yet of more value than all the other nine."

The words came into the waiting intensity of the room clear and detached, almost like a child moving among wrangling grown people, and unconsciously speaking wisdom. Ann listened to them as though a voice other than her own had uttered them. In a blaze of insight she knew that what she and Victor had had together in the past was an everlasting creation, something which neither of them possessed, but which no circumstance could ever take from them, a thing beautiful and immortal, stamped forever upon their souls. In the light of this last tenth, she also perceived the amazing pathos of humanity, so futilely and tragically snatching at what was of no value, what one flash of insight could reduce to ashes.

She came back to the outer world to hear Jessica say sharply, "I'm sure I don't know what you mean!" and to be aware that Victor's eyes were blazing at her in passionate interrogation.

"I hardly know what I mean myself," Ann returned. "It was a sudden intuition that—that what we *possess* is the least of life, only its imitation, so to speak, that the real things, the enduring ones, are quite different, something else, something more—" she fell away into silence, unable to find words for what she had seen. "But now," she went on

after a moment, turning to Victor and forcing herself to meet his eyes, "I must get down to business. I hope you don't mind talking about yourself a little. I wrote you that my paper is running a series of articles on the work of distinguished physicians, and that you had been selected to represent the eye-men. Of course we make it entirely clear that it is all our doing, so there shall be no suggestion of advertising on your part. I did not know until I began these interviews how scrupulously you doctors avoid the limelight—most lions seek it."

"Then I suppose I must leave you to *my* lion," Jessica said, but made no effort to rise.

It flashed upon Ann then that this was the reason for her being invited to the house. Mrs. Hamilton wished to be present at the interview, and would not leave her husband alone with her if she could help it.

"Oh, please don't go! Unless it would bore you too much," Ann cried hastily, being quite as anxious to avoid being left with Victor as long as his eyes continued to hold that tremendous question as his wife was to prevent it.

"Nothing in connection with my husband's work could possibly bore me, Miss Eversole," Mrs. Hamilton returned heavily. "I think you can hardly realize—single women don't, I suppose—how completely I throw myself into all his interests. I only feared my presence might embarrass you."

"Oh, I'm far too hard-boiled a journalist for that!" Ann returned. "I'm quite used to lions under all circumstances, with or without their keepers." The last unfortunate words slipped out quite unintentionally, and Ann threw a hasty smile after them, hoping thus to draw their sting. The smile perished, however, in Jessica's icy reception. To make things worse, Victor burst out with a sudden gust of laughter, so poignantly reminiscent that Ann's heart lurched.

"*Ann!*" he cried delightedly. "You're just the same little old—" He caught himself up, and ended rather flatly, "You're just the same as ever."

The same little old devil, Ann knew well he had been on the verge of saying. It was an old phrase of his, and now was a sudden happy remembrance of all their past intercourse, which even in its gravest moments was apt, through some twist of hers, to flash away into laughter. Ann was painfully aware that he was rediscovering her moment by moment. Jessica was aware of it also. "I hope you don't think I regard myself as my husband's keeper, Miss Eversole," she bristled.

Ann suddenly found herself upon the edge of hysteria. The situation, like life itself, was so ludicrous, and yet so tragic that she was seized with a desire to give way to great gusts of laughter which could end only in tears. She controlled herself, however, and managed to answer lightly, "Aren't all good wives their husbands' keepers?" Then, determined to disarm the other's resentment if possible, she said with unmistakable earnestness, "I really wish you would stay, if you don't mind. I don't doubt I can get more from you than I can from Victor himself."

Jessica unbent in spite of herself. "Of course I can tell you things he is not likely to mention—Victor never will make the best of himself," she conceded with a thinly veiled eagerness, which suddenly revealed itself as pathetic.

"Please do," Ann urged gently. In the revelation of the last tenth she could afford to be generous, and also, to her own astonishment, she found herself all at once feeling sorry for this woman who had almost wrecked her life.

Thus mollified, Jessica plunged happily into a recital of her husband's successes. Victor still sat in the shadow, his eyes watching Ann, and only throwing in an occasional absent-minded, "Oh, I say, Jess! Draw it mild!"

As she talked, all of Jessica's beauty, which her moments of fear and jealousy had dimmed, came back to her, warming itself in her happiness, like an iridescent

dragon-fly in the sun. There was no doubt that she was passionately and proudly in love with her husband and, in her eagerness to display him, she let the barriers of self fall, and Ann became more and more conscious of her pathos. She had caught Victor in the net of her beauty, but now was fearful of its power to hold him; and on him her whole life depended.

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Hamilton, you have given me just what I wanted," Ann said at length. "And now," she added, again forcing herself to meet Victor's eyes, "I must ask you one or two questions. Had you been working long on this main discovery—when did you first begin to hope there might be a cure for *retinitis pigmentosa*?"

"You know, Ann!" he burst out.

"I?" she questioned, startled.

"Don't you remember," he rushed on, "the last time I saw you in Albemarle, I told you then that I thought I was on the track of something big?"

Did she remember! It was only with the utmost effort that she held herself in her present environment, keeping the blue mountains and the red clay fields from flowing back upon her.

"Why, yes, I do remember!" she cried, making her tone bright and casual. "Let me see, that must have been six or seven years ago."

"It was exactly six years ago on the eighth of last month," Jessica broke in. "Don't you remember, Victor," she dropped her voice a little, "it—it was *our day*—the one on which we first met."

Oh, horrible, to go plowing down into the past to turn out that day of all days! And how alive and near the surface it was! How ready to leap out in all its poignant beauty! And the tragedy of "Do you remember?" "Don't you remember, Victor?" his wife appealed, but he had said, "Don't you remember, Ann?" And Ann was fearfully aware that at this moment it was more vivid in his mind that the eighth of October was the last day on which he had seen her rather than that it was the first on which he had seen his wife. Ann's heart beat furiously, but again, out of all the pressure of her emotion, there emerged that unexpected stab of compassion for Victor's wife. This was the penalty of vision which cannot be restricted. As the veil lifted far enough for her to perceive the alleviation for herself in the beauty of the last tenth, so at the same time it forced her to look down below her rival's assured exterior, to where her small soul clutched at her possessions like a frightened child clutching his toy, and causing Ann to respond with a compassion that was almost maternal. Oh, why could she not be left to suffer merely her own tragedy! her thoughts rebelled. Why must she be faced by Jessica's as well? "Bear ye one another's burdens" walked fantastically, almost ironically, across the chaos of her thoughts, as out loud she heard herself saying, still in that carefully light tone, "Six years ago—that's very interesting. *Retinitis Pigmentosa*, is that right? There! I don't think I need trouble you any more. Of course you have a photograph on file somewhere that we can get? You haven't? Oh, Mrs. Hamilton, you should see that he is not so neglectful of the sacred limelight!"

"I will!" Jessica promised with that pathetic eagerness. "But I have a good photograph of Victor upstairs—I'll get it!"

"Oh, please don't bother!" Ann cried out hastily. But before she could prevent it, Jessica, her jealousy momentarily in abeyance, had flashed out of the room, leaving Ann alone with Victor.

The moment the door closed upon them he turned to her, his eyes blazing.

"Ann!" he burst out. "Ann—" and stopped dead, choked by emotion.

She kept her eyes resolutely upon her notes, making no reply.

"Ann!" he broke out again. "Do you know how beautiful you are?"

A great wave of emotion in response to his was rising in her, but she fought it back, making herself look up and smile.

"I have been told ere this that in my quiet way I had some claims to good looks," she answered, lifting a mirthful eyebrow.

"*Good looks!* Heavens, no, not that! Something else—more even than beauty—the spirit showing through," he cried confusedly. "Ann, what did you mean by the last tenth? Something opened in your eyes when you said it, and light came out—what did you mean?"

She rose breathlessly, stifled by his passionate nearness, and moved over to the window, seeking an escape, but he followed.

"What did you mean, Ann? You must tell me," he persisted.

She knew that her hand on the window sill was trembling, but she kept her voice steady, and forced herself to give an impersonal definition. "I meant something that has nothing to do with the snatch and grab of life, that is aloof from all of it, a thing that is most yours when you least possess it. I don't make it clear, I know, but it was what Christ meant when He said you must lose your life to save it."

He brushed her stumbling impersonal words aside, his eyes still blazing at her. "Did you mean by it our friendship—what you and I had together?" he demanded.

The color blurred her face, then fell away, leaving it startlingly white. Tears that she could not help forced their way into her eyes and she knew that what she had most hoped to hide was all confessed. Nevertheless, she looked at him steadily through the tears. "Yes, that was what I meant, Victor," she said, with a faint delicate gesture of acquiescence. "I understood all at once that what we had had, our—our friendship—"

"*Love!* Our love, Ann! You know it was that—I knew it too late!" he interjected in a shaken voice.

"Our love, then," she amended gently, since all was confessed. "Our love and complete understanding could never be lost. It was a perfect thing, which must last forever, though neither of us possessed it. I seemed to see that its very perfection and its freedom had swept it through into the spiritual, stamping it there forever where it could never perish." For a moment longer she stared at him, her eyes very wide, seeing beyond him now, her spirit so close to the surface that her face was luminous. "This is real, Victor," she ended with profound conviction. "The truth—not something imagined."

He bowed gravely. "I do not doubt you, Ann," he answered, his gaze upon her transfigured face. Alas! That was what made it so difficult! That he was able to understand these fleeting insights of hers which made up her life, but which by most people were so little understood, that there were as yet hardly any adequate words with which to convey them.

"I understand," he went on after a pause. "But that is not enough. I need you now, Ann, I want your friendship—let me come to see you sometimes."

With a shock Ann came down from the heights to look straight into the desire in his eyes. Instinctively she drew a little farther away, pressing back against the window casing.

"Ann, I need you!" he rushed on. "I need your inspiration. I was different when I had your companionship—more alive. Almost all the ideas for my work came then. When you went out of my life something vanished with you—but you can bring it all back."

She knew that was true. How could she help knowing that her personality had played upon his and inspired it? And how very easily it might all be theirs once more—just the turning of a hair's breadth, the slipping of her cold fingers into his, a whispered word, and the doors into the old ecstasy would open again.

"Just friends, Ann," he pleaded. "Just to see you—talk with you sometimes."

Ah, but was it possible for them to be just friends? No matter how impeccably they might keep the letter of the law, would she not inevitably be taking some-

thing, the best part of him, from his wife? But then, had Jessica a right to this aspect of him which she did not even know existed?

"Down, Toby! *Down!* Now be good!" Suddenly a child's excited, laughing voice broke upon her ears. Turning, she saw through the window two children of three and five, laughing and remonstrating with a fox terrier who danced upon his hind legs, trying to snatch a cookie from one of them.

"Those are your children," she said abruptly.

"Yes! Ann, let me come to see you."

"No! Look at your children."

The tension and uncertainty within her snapped, and she came into a place of complete confidence and serenity. Again she paid the penalty of vision. She could no longer see for herself alone, as do the near-sighted souls; she must perceive now, must feel for his children, and even his wife, as well.

She put her hands lightly together, leaned back a little against the window, and smiled at him. "Your children are your answer," she said.

He knew that he had lost her forever. In the moment of her going she touched a plane of beauty that was beyond anything he had ever perceived: a creature of flame and spirit, within reach of his arm, yet utterly and forever aloof. "*You* are the last tenth, Ann!" he cried in a choked voice. "You are the perfect thing that is revealed in the instant of its loss."

Tears came again to her eyes at that, but she kept her smiling look. "Jessica," she got out a little breathlessly. "Oh, Victor, she cares so! *Don't* make her suffer."

As her words died in the warm stillness of the room, Jessica re-entered with the photograph. Ann received it absently. "We have been looking at your children; they are lovely," she said.

Her eyes as they rested upon the other were so warm and luminous that Jessica was melted. "*I* think they are the most beautiful things in all the world!" she cried with a rush of feeling that swept her real self so near the surface that for a moment she was completely revealed, a woman small, and even at times mean, perhaps, but with her whole life centered in her husband and children, and infinitely capable of being hurt through them.

Ann caught Victor's eye, and directed it urgently toward the other. She *would* make him see his wife in this appealing moment, make him realize how utterly she was at his mercy. He caught understanding from her, and as his eyes turned to Jessica they softened with comprehension. When Ann held out her hand in farewell, he gave it a quick pressure. "Good-by—thank you," he said. Then releasing her, he reached out toward his wife, who caught his hand eagerly, passionately.

Ann turned away, knowing that it needed only the closing of the door upon herself, for them to embrace. She was infinitely exhausted, so drained of vitality that she even wondered if she could get home, nevertheless, she was conscious of a flicker of rueful mirth. "Bless you, my children," she said to herself. "Live happy ever after. I have saved you from the villain who was myself."

For herself she was content that her portion should be the last tenth, that residue of life which rarely emerges until all else seems lost, but which when once perceived is completely satisfying.

EQUALITY OF WOMAN WITH MAN: A MYTH

A CHALLENGE TO FEMINISM

BY JOHN MACY

MERELY to buttonhole the Woman Movement for a moment and ask it a few questions is to bring down upon one's head a cataract of abusive and irrelevant retorts, to be accused of oldfogyism, of misogyny, of disappointment in love, of wearing the scars, or the bleeding wounds, of the pecking hen. To give tentative answers to the questions, to suggest that woman has insuperable limitations, natural inferiorities is to be charged with the heinous crime of being a "mere man," or to be dismissed with a derisive jibe as impertinent, though probably not so witty, as Max Beerbohm's punning description of the suffragette parade as the "army of the unenjoyed."

Well, this article is the view of a mere man, because a man writes it. Everything written must be written from the point of view of a man or of a woman, since, obviously, very few neutrals and children write for publication. I may say, however, that much of my information and emphatic corroboration of my opinions come from women, their conversation and their published writings. In discussing this article and a possible book with several women of various social grades and ages, staid matrons, flappers, cocktail-drinking radicals, school teachers, working women, intellectual idlers, home-bodies, and ladies of the world, I found to my surprised delight that almost all the women with whom I talked approved my ideas and were eager to pour oil upon my typewriter. This attitude could not be wholly accounted for as female flattery of the male parading a pet idea. Our sisters do not like one another. It is not simply a matter of jealousy or envy, for many of my charming friends have beauty or talent or social position which lifts them above mean rivalry. Perhaps some of them have a sense of superiority. At any rate there is an intrasexual antagonism, a critical hostility among women more sharply and dentally feline than the animosity and irritable friction between the sexes.

It was no mere man but a lovely, wise, and fully emancipated woman, a musician and teacher, who after a discussion of her girl pupils and her older contemporaries, concluded with the desperate generality "Oh, women are a mess!" And when I was searching for a word which should analogously match "feminism," it was a brilliant woman, a talented sculptor and poet, who coined the word "Masculism," a word which is not in the dictionary but I dare say will be in the next editions. If I am making an attack, there is an amusing irony in the fact that some of the explosive shells are being fed into my battery by fair hands.

But I am not making an attack. I am issuing a challenge to the feminist movement, as it is at the present hour, to give an account of itself, to indicate clearly its future course and ambition, to make an honest inventory of its powers to go forward to some definite destination worth striving toward. And I am also

proposing the development of a counter corrective movement to be called "Masculism"—lady, I thank thee for that word!—a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Men. This new movement or cult will seek to restrain the wild women from losing themselves in the woods and perhaps to help them along some desirable road.

"Masculism" is not misogyny, not woman-hatred. That is as insane, as morbid as misanthropy, the hatred of man as a sex or of man as Mankind. All we have to work with is men and women, and all we who are past redemption have to work for is children, the men and women of to-morrow. Human nature may be feeble stuff, but it is the best we have; and most intelligent healthy-minded people seem to believe that, though it contains capacities for disastrous error, it contains also latent unrealized possibilities for good, and that some of its faults are transitory, remediable, eradicable.

II

Let us see what the woman movement has accomplished up to date. During the past fifty years America, and most European countries except the Latin, have witnessed the progress, the partial triumph, of Feminism. Women have won victories which every intelligent person must applaud or at least concede without blind reactionary opposition.

Equal suffrage is now an old story in thirty countries, America, Germany, Russia, the Scandinavian nations, England, though in England the equality is not quite equal, since women may not vote until they are thirty, a manifest injustice which progressive men and women are trying, with certain ultimate success, to remove. The practical political question, the answer to which would require a longer article than this, is what good the vote is doing women and what good are they doing with the vote?

Aside from the franchise, and much more important, certain economic and social disabilities which women suffered for centuries have been rectified, largely through the efforts of enlightened men. There was a time, a long time, when, whether a woman could or could not call her soul her own, she was absolutely forbidden to call her property her own. And the man had exclusive proprietary rights in her children. In Italy as late as 1917 a woman had no free and clear title to her houses and lands. To sell an estate she had to make the transaction through her husband, brother, or other male representative. In almost every country to-day the man's right in the woman's property, the "courtesy" right, is balanced by the dower right of the woman in the man's property; it is a fifty-fifty game, and it may even be that in some states the woman's hold on real estate, especially on the homestead, is stronger than the man's. Many men take advantage of the position which women now enjoy in this relation by putting their property in the wife's name. The legal status of women throughout the world is a vast subject which has not been thoroughly studied, so far as I can discover, perhaps because the status is confused and is rapidly changing. It would be a good subject for one of the new sisterhood of barristers to investigate while she is waiting for clients.

Other ancient disabilities to which women have been subjected are enumerated by that splendid woman, Ellen Key, the leader of feminism in Sweden, who died recently after fifty years of incessant labor for the emancipation of women—and of mankind. These are some of the worst of the iniquities now happily abolished or at least mitigated:

The double standard of morals as affecting divorce, the woman having no way of freeing herself from the errant man, the man being able to put away the sinning wife.

The right of the man to collect his wife's wages from her employer.

The control of the public schools by

men and the ineligibility of women to serve on boards of education.

The disbarring of women from the higher education and the learned professions and arts, and also from the better-paid salaried positions and independent business enterprises.

The special obedience and subservience of women to clerical authority.

The literal application of the vow of obedience to the husband.

The indignity and belittlement of the single woman.

Marriage as the only means of livelihood for the woman without property; enforced married or unmarried prostitution.

The practical necessity of lying and cajoling to win consideration and comfort.

The slavery of unregulated child-bearing, and bondage to housework, partly due to lack of modern conveniences.

The uncritical acceptance of the superior wisdom of man.

The taboo upon wholesome exercises and athletics as "unladylike."

The absolute authority of the father in selecting a husband for his daughter.

The strict surveillance of courtship and lack of opportunity for young women to try out acquaintanceships, learn something about the characters of their lovers, and follow their hearts.

The premium placed upon frivolity and weakness instead of on serious thinking and strength of mind and body.

Prescribed ignorance of the things a young woman most vitally needs to know.

The taken-for-granted position of the daughter, as well as the wife, as a household servant.

The unquestioned right of the man to indulge in physical abuse of wife, daughter, and for that matter, of the son too.

The ruthless outlawing and persecution of the unmarried mother (in which as often as not the older women were more cruel than the men).

Complete misunderstanding of the nervous system and emotional life of women, due largely to the backwardness of physiology, psychology, and medical science.

Rule-of-thumb mode and code of life with no consideration for the woman as an individual, a person, a special case—a lumping codification that restricted men as well as women.

The misapplication, misdirection, and general squelching of woman's natural abilities and capacities for self-expression and service.

The assumption that the sexual relation was primarily intended for the gratification of men.

The conversion of woman's passion and rebellious desire for more freedom into ingrowing hatred and meanness of spirit.

The aggravation of sex antagonism and the discouragement of sex co-operation and mutual support and fulfillment.

The subordination of maternal authority to paternal, with a resulting depression of woman's wisdom and power to rear her children and a consequent maleducation of the succeeding generation.

The wearing out of a woman's body before the fullest possible development of her intellectual life.

And more items of the same debasing kind. Truly a formidable list of crimes against nature and civilization. No matter what the virtues of the "good old times" may have been, nobody, not the most stupid conservative and praiser of the past, will wish to return to these outrageous conditions (some of which in a measure still prevail), conditions which inspired John Stuart Mill's magnificent essay on *The Subjection of Women* and Ibsen's "Doll's House," and a vast literature, expository, argumentative, and artistic, of revolt against hoary tyrannies. It is to be remarked, by the way, that the greatest expressions of Feminism, the most eloquent and effective pleas for emancipation of women, have come not from women but from men, though women have made some noble and imaginative contributions.

III

No, we shall not go back, we must go forward. But forward in what direction? Whither are we, not drifting but driving? It seems to some of us that the woman movement is running loose without guidance or clearly foreseen purpose, and that such freedom as has been won is in danger of being abused, or frittered away or degraded into pell-mell aimless license and undisciplined lawlessness.

When the clamor of women for the vote and other rights began to swell in irresistible volume, some of the arguments for and against their demands were a maudlin riot of ignorance, unreason, and misrepresentation of fact. For example, opponents of woman suffrage contended that woman has a weaker intellect than man, is not instructed in public affairs, and is not "logical," but is swayed by her emotions. As if millions of the male mutts who vote were not hopelessly ignorant, indifferent to the fundamental political and economic issues, incapable of reading and understanding a clear statement of fact or a sound argument! Watch the idiots spoiling their hats, listen to their bellowing at the bogus oratory of a politician whose election will not do them or the public the slightest good, or may perchance promise a fat job. That argument against votes for women is fatuous while the ancient Latin proverb still holds good: *Quam parva sapientia regitur mundus*—with how little wisdom the world is governed. Even if women were all morons who did not know the difference between a Republican and a Democrat (there isn't any), they would still have a right to a voice in the government under which they must live and to which they contribute with their labor or their money. And such an argument is equally imbecile when directed against any effort of women to enlarge their opportunities, to secure a free, fair, and open field of endeavor and enterprise.

On the other hand, some of the claims of the advocates of votes for women were preposterous and untrue to biological fact. Some women maintained that their sex was as a whole equal in capacity, and the same kind of capacity, to the male sex. And the winning of the vote seems to have confirmed the blind zealots in this pitiful fallacy. Hark to Miss Alice Paul, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Woman's Party, as her words are quoted in the New York *Times:*

"The Woman's Party has continued to emphasize that it opposes protective laws for women, such as minimum wage laws, believing that such measures presuppose an inferiority that the party does not acknowledge exists."

Let me hasten to say that some of Miss Paul's remarks and some of the items in the program of the Woman's Party are intelligent. But the idea embodied in the quoted sentence is a pathetic delusion. If it represents the attitude of the Woman's Party, then the Party is deplorably misguided. The inferiority *does* exist. Women do need special protection in the matter of wages and hours of labor. They are handicapped by the maternal function and by periodic illnesses associated with that function. All workers need whatever protection they can secure by organization on the economic field with the support of such legislation as they can compel or persuade political authority to enact and enforce. And men and women workers must stand together to get what they can. But men have a better chance, more strength singly and in union, than women have to fend for themselves without the aid of political action. The program of another female organization, the National League of Women Voters, recognizes, not the inferiority, but the special needs, the physiological burden of women, by demanding "the extension of the period of operation of the Maternity and Infancy act with adequate appropriation."

The inferiority *does* exist. The comparative weakness does exist. The spe-

cial function with the temporary impediment to other activities does exist, actually or potentially. When women pretend to a kind and degree of power which they do not possess, though they have a kind and degree of power, patience, endurance, fortitude all their own, they drive one back to the stupid old masculine slander that women cannot think straight.

Woman is her own worst enemy. That is, some women are. One hardly knows which is worse, the stand of women of reputed intellect, like Mrs. Humphry Ward, against the political progress of their sisters, or the insolent and unwarranted pretension of women to do everything that a man can do—and a little more. The only things that a woman can do that a man cannot do are sing soprano (some freak males can do that), keep a smooth face without shaving (some women cannot do that) and bear children (some unfortunate women cannot or will not do that).

The extreme feminist who in her newfound partial freedom lets her hysterical enthusiasm play ducks and drakes with facts is doing the sororal world no good; she is harming the "cause" of women and the cause of men and the more important dependent cause of children. She is at best ridiculous and at worst a thorn in the flesh of conservatism that makes it not yield but balk. Woman is her own worst enemy. That is, some women. And man is her best friend. If he is not her hope and salvation, he is an indispensable ally. If she irritates him, she will get a fearful setback. And some of her false starts indicate that about now the doctor prescribes not a setback but a period of rest and reconsideration. The shrill, febrile, scatter-brained waste of voice and energy is getting to be a pesky nuisance damaging to lucidity of thought and rational planning. Unfortunately in the woman movement, as in all other movements, it is too often the flushed and clamant lunatic that gets a hearing, and the little docile women trot, trot, trot in multitudes after a leader who is running amuck. The case of Feminism is especially confused and complicated. For some of the most prominent feminists are hard-favored vinegar-faced shrews who have it in for the men more malignantly than Mrs. Poyser, the creation of a great and wise woman, George Eliot. Other more comely women are quite unconsciously morbid, expending their sexual energy in a crusade that leads to no Holy Land but leads away from the land of heart's desire. There is some serious truth in Beerbohm's smart-aleck joke. But this is not a matter for jest. I quote from Dr. H. W. Frink's *Morbid Fears and Compulsions:*

> A certain proportion of at least the most militant suffragists are neurotics who in some instances are compensating for masochistic trends, in others are more or less successfully sublimating sadistic and homosexual ones (which usually are unconscious). I hope this statement may not be construed as an effort on my part to throw mud on woman suffrage, for on the whole I am very much in favor of it. As a matter of fact it is nothing to the discredit of any movement to say that perhaps many of its conspicuous supporters are neurotics, for as a matter of fact it is the neurotics that are pioneers in most reforms. The very normal people who have no trouble in adjusting themselves to their environment, are as a rule too sleek in their own contentment to fight hard for any radical changes or even to take much interest in seeking to have such changes made. To lead and carry through successfully some new movement or reform, a person needs the stimulus of chronic discontent (at least it often seems so) and this in a certain number of instances is surely of neurotic origin and signifies an imperfect adaptation of that individual to his environment.

To make this passage clear to readers who may not happen to know the scientific words—"sadistic" means desiring to dominate by violence, to inflict pain. "Masochistic" is just the opposite, it means desiring to be dominated by violence, to endure pain. Thus according to the new and still groping science of psychopathy and psychoanalysis,

the most brilliant, aggressive, *enragée* woman leader may be unconscious not of what she is doing but of why she is doing it. And the better-balanced and wiser woman, Ellen Key or Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, often makes her fanatic sisters impatient. The temperate self-controlled woman, though she may be passionately devoted to the improvement and progress of her sex, refuses to take part in a violent warfare on male man and mankind generally.

But the violent woman too often prevails—for the moment—and it is she who needs curbing, who should be spanked and put to bed. She is the trouble maker who has it in for the men. She has often manifested herself as a rabid temperance crank (abetted by old women in trousers). Her motive in depriving men of liquor, and even of tobacco, seems to her righteous and noble, and she is apparently on the side of hygiene and sanity. But unconsciously she is impelled by the desire to spoil a man's pleasure, whether it be evil or innocent. The case is parallel to Macaulay's explanation of the Puritan's objection to bear-baiting, not because it hurt the bear but because it gave pleasure to the populace. In her zeal to break up the other fellow's game she (with her emasculated or Puritanic brother) is utterly unscrupulous in her methods and her juggling with truth. Though she lies outrageously she is sure that Heaven and all the angels are behind her. I once knew a woman who tried to force through a most unreasonable and vicious proposition. She was sure that God was with her. Mark Twain happened to be against her and he remarked in his even, deadly accurate style, "These women make me darned tired who try to take God in as a silent partner without his consent." I am not sure that he did not say "people" instead of "women," for this kind of sincerely dishonest aberration is not the exclusive sin of one sex. But it is a vice to which women seem to be greatly addicted, partly because they are not restrained and men permit them an abuse of liberty and privilege which they would not tolerate in other men.

A recent example was the appearance of a crowd of women at the hearing in Washington in April before a committee of the Senate sitting to hear testimony on the wet-dry controversy. The ladies, headed by Mrs. Henry W. Peabody of Boston, had, as the New York *World* put it, "few exact figures but were loaded with generalities." Mrs. Peabody said, "These women who appear here to-day represent from 12,000,000 to 18,000,000 in the Protestant churches of America. . . . We represent the homes and schools of America."

The lady had not a single credential to prove how many people she and her companions represented, and her sweeping inclusions of all the homes and schools in America is capable of immediate disproof. Senator Reed of Missouri questioned her rather sharply, but nobody flatly disputed her, because a white-haired lady still enjoys the immunity from attack which is accorded by old-fashioned courtesy and chivalry, a chivalry, largely lip-service and hypocrisy, but in part sincere gallantry which women are doing their best to destroy.

The woman as kill-joy, as snooping, sneaking, malicious trouble maker, or innocently unconscious sadist enjoying the discomfort of others, is as old as the human race. But woman's new freedom and extended range of activities seem to give her more ample opportunities for mischief. She can make a wide public display of her will to interfere which used to be confined to home and father. A neighbor of mine on a New England farm defined this trait or tendency of the female, that is, of some females, "There's lots o' women who if they can't find enough trouble lyin' round the house go out in the back yard and dig up some." Woman's back yard now is the whole world. It was the same shrewd Yankee who, having sized up his wife, was confronted with the problem of a younger woman, his daughter who had all the ways and manners of the town flapper.

In these days of movies, magazines, and Ford cars, the village girl is no longer isolated from the corruptions, sophistications, and up-to-date-ness of the city. "That gal of mine," he said, "is doggone smart, but she ain't got brains enough to carry it."

IV

This brings us to the real brow-furrowing problem—the younger generation. We are passing, or past. What is the new woman doing with the new girl who is to become the newer woman? Not one single essential thing which grandmother did not do at least as well for mother, which great-grandmother did not do at least as well for grandmother. True, daughter has a much better chance than her foremothers to become a stenographer and marry her employer if she is good looking. If she is unbeautiful she can be fairly sure of supporting herself. And comely or not, she can bid the men go hang with more assurance than the elder women felt, or she can make use of men for her own purposes more boldly and frankly than was customary in times past. She has a slightly protective superficial information which her foremothers did not possess or did not dare confess or discuss.

But what vital thing is her mother doing for her? What new courageous, expansive outlook is opening before her? What step is she to take ahead of her mother which shall make the newer woman better and happier than the old? None that is discernible to the naked eye of the present. The new freedom means simply a breaking down of old discipline without any adequate compensating extension of vital experience or growth of mind. The new mother is falling down badly on her job. And that job, if the race is merely to endure, not to speak of improvement, development, progress—that job is in the home, in the household, bearing and bringing up children intelligently. That is the job for most women, though it is perfectly proper for some women, especially the less attractive ones, to go their solitary ways.

It used to enrage the extreme feminists to be told that a woman's "sphere" is the home, and they heard that dictum parroted so many times that it is no wonder they resented it. Nevertheless, it is true. In chasing after the paper ballot women have neglected the paper that records the household accounts. That is, some women have. While listening to Professor Quackenbosh's lecture before the Women's Club on Recent Developments in the Pedagogical Psychology of Infantile Neuropathic Abnormality women have forgotten that the school begins at home and that a large part of their job is to make themselves expert elementary teachers. That is, some women have forgotten. In fighting for a mythical equality with men, women have lost a decisive battle, the gentle, subtle conquest of children, a conquest which has for the spoils of war an attainable and priceless equality, equality with the children themselves. Some women have become expert in argument on the platform and have failed to cultivate the art of persuasion in the nursery. Some idle women have become champions at bridge whist while Willie played solitaire. Some women have been delegates to the convention of the International Women's Christian League for the Prohibition of Baseball on Sunday or the Unity Alliance of Christian Women for the Abolition of Cigarettes, while they delegated to nurses, dry or wet, the delightful, instructive task of caring for their children. "Oh, nurse," cried Reginald, "who is that beautiful lady?" "Darling," said the beautiful lady, on a flying visit home, "I am your mother." While dabbling in the fine arts, or even honestly working at them, some women have allowed domestic arts and science to become, so far as their knowledge goes, lost arts. Much American home cooking is an unsavory assault on the digestive system. The face of ignorance is saved only by manufactured foods and fool-proof appliances, mostly devised by

men. And by the way, since we may as well rub it in hard, a man cook can beat a woman cook hands down in the invention and preparation of palatable dishes. The chef is superior even to the excellent Mrs. Rorer and Mrs. Farmer.

The suffragettes had a slogan: "Come out of the kitchen," the commendable purpose of which was to rescue women from the killing drudgery of pots and pans. One of the slogans of the Association for the Promotion of Masculism shall be: "Go back to the kitchen quick, but to a kitchen properly equipped."

But, ah, the free, foot-loose soulful woman will live her own life and devote herself to art and literature, to psychology, so that she may converse glibly of "inhibitions" and "complexes" and the interpretation of dreams, without dreaming just what her own complex, that is, pain in the left gizzard, really is. She must lead her own life. Very well, leave her lead. But let her face the fact that women in the arts and sciences are second-rate. As one very successful woman novelist said to me, "When I read what men write, I don't see how we have the cheek to try." And yet literature is the one art in which women have done a few supreme things.

In music woman is often a fine performer, for example Madame Careño, and Maud Powell, and the great women of the stage, operatic and "loquent," are the equals of the great men. Indeed it is possible that there are more good actresses than good actors, since beauty is half the show, and women are naturally and habitually players of parts, histrionic assumers of roles, makers of gesture for effect. There has never been a woman composer of first rank, seldom one of second. Creative impulse is often present, but the creative power, the lofty and broad imagination, is lacking. It is idle to plead that in this art woman has not had a chance. Woman has always been encouraged to study and practice music because the male brute liked to hear her play and sing and see her dance.

There is no great woman sculptor or painter. We hear about Rosa Bonheur and Mary Cassatt, Cecilia Beaux, and Malvina Hoffman because of their positive merits and also because there are few women so talented. The museums and studios for a century have been full of girls. Some of them have done good work, and many women are making their living by competent painting and illustrating. But there is no emergent genius. There have been fine lyric poets from Sappho to Christina Rossetti—I dare not mention living poetesses. But no woman has written a sustained epic or drama of great merit. In scholarship, at least in the absorbent, acquisitive school and university stage, women by diligent application have sometimes rivalled men and run off with the prizes. But it is so unusual that when a woman takes a "first" it gets in the papers. It is news, as when a man bites a dog. But only biographers take the trouble to remember that Peel, Halifax, Gladstone, and others took double-firsts.

No woman has made a crucial discovery in science. Madame Curie, to whom all honor and homage, was educated by Monsieur Curie. Dr. Alice Hamilton, Professor in the Harvard Medical School, is eminent in industrial medicine and bacteriology. Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton did lay the foundation of modern scientific nursing, and in that noble profession woman is at her best, for it is essentially maternal. All the surgical methods, appliances, antiseptics, anæsthetics are the discoveries and creations of men.

Ellen Key, who may be depended on to make out the best possible case for the achievement of women, says, "Many women are active in the sphere of invention, without a single woman's name having been thus far connected with an *epoch-making* invention. Especially where constructive ability is necessary, women have as yet not been eminent; they have created neither a philosophic system nor a new religion, neither a great musical work nor a monumental

building, neither a classic drama nor an epic."

In religion women have been great created and worshipped figures, if not creators. Among the saints and martyrs is none greater than Catharine, Theresa, and Joan of Arc. In Catholic churches and homes more prayers are addressed to the Virgin Mary than to God Himself. In other religions and mythologies (of which most women are ignorant because they would rather read "Advice to the Love-Shorn" and "How to Keep Your Husband's Affection, Though Worthless" than a fascinating book like Frazer's *Golden Bough*), in the great poetic religions the mother is the symbol of life, the very earth is a vast fertile benevolent womb from which we come and to which we return to be reborn. But the master of the universe is He, Zeus, Jove, Jehovah, Allah.

The one art in which woman is most fully mistress of herself and of life is literature, especially memoirs, friendly letters, prose fiction. Fiction consists primarily of the study of human character in love relations and the family life, which woman has abundant opportunity to observe, and of command of the prose of daily life, which she possesses in pure form. She is not critic, not philosopher, but she has the gift of humorous and emotional story-telling. Every country has had distinguished women novelists. But women have still to give us many portraits of women which *they themselves* find as true, as profoundly analyzed, as beautifully drawn as the women of Meredith and Hardy, of Balzac and Flaubert, of Tolstoy and Tourgenev and Dostoyevsky.

Sappho is reputed to have been beautiful, and I have known women who made verses and pictures only less pretty than themselves. But there is truth in Ambrose Bierce's epigram: "Women of genius commonly have masculine faces, figures, and manners. In transplanting brains to alien soil God leaves a little of the original earth clinging to the roots."

VI

Let us be done forever with this nonsense about the equality of the sexes. They are not equal in nature and never can be. If the woman argues—and it is proverbially useless to argue with her—that she wants a chance to show what she can do, the answer is, Certainly, madame, all the chance in the world, for you, and for the man and for the child, opportunity for everybody to cultivate the best that is in him or her for the good of the individual, for the good of the race. But in heaven's name let not the woman try to compete with man, for the more chance she has, the freer the world grows, the more chance man will have, and he will always keep slightly ahead of her.

It is good for the world that individuals and the sexes cultivate divergent yet complementary aptitudes and do not all try to do the same thing. Ellen Key notes two ideals, two directions of the woman movement, the second of which she approves: "The older program reads, 'Full equality of woman with man.' In the 'state of the future' both sexes shall have the same duty of work and the same protection of work, while the children are reared in state institutions. The movement in the other direction purposes to win back the wife to the husband, the mother to the children, and, thereby, the home to all."

Professor William James, who derived much of his philosophy from a direct study of common life, used to quote with amusement the wise saying of an old farmer: "There's mighty little difference between one man and another, but what little difference there is is mighty important." So it is with the sexes. Let us foster the important differences. Men and women are much alike, perhaps too much alike, both belonging to that curious species of animal Homo Sapiens, the Human Being. They have about the same faults and virtues in varying degrees. And to every commentary upon the Gentle Sex is one conclusive reply:

"So's your old man."

THE PHILIPPINE MUDDLE

BY WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER

WHEN we assumed colonial control over the Philippines we undertook responsibilities far more varied and extensive than seem then to have been generally realized. How have we met these responsibilities? And more particularly, what should we do now? For one result of last summer's investigation has been to elicit a consensus of opinion from the Islands that the present state of affairs is "intolerable."

Philippine conditions were so different from those with which we were familiar in the United States, and the problems involved were so complex and specialized, that the obvious suggestion was made that we study not only British colonial methods but, more particularly, those which the Dutch have evolved during the last three centuries in their East Indies, immediately to the south. For it was from there that the forebears of almost all of the peoples of the Philippines came, and natural conditions in the two archipelagos are quite similar. But an American official is reported to have dismissed this suggestion with the remark that "Americans can learn nothing from others." Though having due regard for the inspiration that comes from good intentions and self-confidence, a modicum of respect for experience, nevertheless, led the present writer to visit Singapore and the Netherlands East Indies in order to obtain some practical Malayan background before looking into affairs in our own Malay colony.

While the Philippines run north and south for a distance little greater than that from Chicago to New Orleans and have a land area about equal to that of New England, New York, and New Jersey, the Netherlands East Indies stretch along the equator almost as far as from New York to San Francisco and are equal in area to about a quarter of the United States. In the Philippines there are nearly eleven million Christian Filipinos, more than four hundred thousand Mohammedan Moros, about seven hundred and fifty thousand other non-Christian natives, over fifty thousand Chinese, and about ten thousand Occidentals other than our garrison—or a total of about twelve million. But in the Dutch colony there are about fifty million natives, ranging, as in the Philippines, from the most primitive savages to cultivated university graduates, close to a million Chinese, and nearly two hundred thousand who are classed as Europeans. Thus, the Netherlands Indies have six and a half times the area and more than four times the population of the Philippines, with an average density of about seventy people per square mile as against a hundred in our colony.

Though there are about seven hundred inhabitants to the mile in Java and five hundred in the densest Philippine province—Massachusetts and Rhode Island have nearly five and six hundred respectively—yet in both archipelagos there are vast areas of very sparsely peopled wild lands. Of the total one hundred and fourteen thousand, four hundred square miles of land in the Philippines, less than seventeen thousand are settled—that is, less than the area of Massachusetts and New Hamp-

shire—while the unsettled public domain, ceded by the Spanish Crown to the people of the United States, still amounts to over ninety-eight thousand square miles. So more than eighty-five per cent of the area of the Philippines is virgin pioneer country.

The orderly conduct of affairs, high state of development, and consequent contentment of the natives in the Netherlands East Indies are in such contrast to conditions in the Philippines as to arrest attention, especially in view of the basic similarity of the peoples and of the natural conditions of the two archipelagos.

We usually send to administrative duties in the Philippines men who, however intelligent, have little or no knowledge either of colonial affairs or of Malays. On the other hand, it often happens that Dutch officials have spent their childhood, as did their forebears, in the very province they come to administer after years of special training at home and in the colonial service. Indeed, one of the most notable things in the Netherlands East Indies is the intimate understanding and sympathy that exists between the Dutch and the more civilized natives of all classes. Both seem to appreciate each other's qualities and limitations, and apparently realize that their interests are best served by cheerful co-operation and mutual tolerance. This is well portrayed by the Dutch maxim that "the native is never at fault," meaning that if anything goes wrong it is to be attributed to failure on the part of the European to understand the native point of view or limitations and to supply proper leadership. While this suggests a paternalistic attitude with which many Americans unacquainted with Malay life will have scant sympathy, it also suggests a tolerant sense of responsibility that is worth pondering; for it is the fruit of three centuries of very intimate experience with Malays on the part of a very practical and successful people.

Although the Crown and legislature of Holland are the highest authority over the Netherlands East Indies, yet the colonial service has been brought to such a high level that, in practice, this sovereign authority restricts its legislative activities regarding the Indies to laws of constitutional importance, laws influencing their economic life, and the annual budget bills. All other legislation is by decree of the Governor General in Java who has an appointed Council, supplemented by a *Volksraad* of forty-nine members the majority of whom are also appointed and whose powers are merely advisory to the Governor General. Thus, the sovereign power in Holland restrains itself from detailed interference in the internal government of the Dutch Indies and places virtually undivided responsibility and authority on the Governor General. But here again comes in the self-restraint, bred of experience. For only in Java and Madura does the Dutch administration act directly, while in all the "outer districts," and in the sultanates of Djokjakarta and Soerakarta in Java, government proper is through the local sultans who, however, are provided with Dutch advisors. There is a nice balance maintained between upholding such native sultans, holding them strictly responsible for local law and order, and restraining them from their traditional and excessive exploitation of their subjects.

In spite of such indirect rule there is an extensive and elaborate network of Dutch financial, economic, agricultural, health, and educational activities, most painstakingly adapted to the practical purpose of helping in every way possible the capacities of the natives to make the colony more and more productive.

Over four hundred and forty million dollars have been raised for public improvements by colonial bonds. Railroads and excellent automobile roads run through all the more settled parts of the colony. The ships of the "K. P. M." travel a total of nearly three million miles a year in carrying on the interisland

commerce of the archipelago and give probably the most efficient service of that kind in the world. The bureaus of economics and agriculture are among the most important, and particular attention is given to research and higher education in these subjects. There is an excellent and constantly improving health service. But in general education, as might be expected, the aim is practical rather than academic. Recognizing that virtually all of the children of the teeming agricultural masses inevitably must live their lives out as farmers, such primary instruction as they get is designed to help them become better native farmers rather than pseudo-Hollanders. They are not misled by inspiring accounts of how the Dutch threw off the yoke of Spain. Instead of the Malay's gift for flamboyant oratory being fostered, his native talent for decorative design is cultivated. Also, the Dutch have too much common sense to add to the children's task the wholly unnecessary obstacle of giving the instruction in a language foreign to their pupils. And likewise they have common sense enough to realize that, even if "unification" were possible as between the many tribes of their archipelago, it would serve no useful purpose from their point of view.

It may be objected that all of this is merely utilitarian rather than culturally uplifting. But the answer is that the path of the native to higher culture is through improvement in practical productivity. Indeed, one might almost go so far as to say that the ultimate aim of the whole administration in the Netherlands East Indies is greater profit. Some of us might hastily decry this as "exploitation." Undoubtedly, in former centuries the Dutch were exploiters, as were others. But they have learned by experience that development yields greater profits, just as our industrialists have learned that high wages and excellent factory conditions pay. So the entire emphasis is on development in which the first, most direct and most enduring benefits accrue to those whose circumstances are developed, that is, the natives.

It has been said with truth in the Dutch legislature that their East Indies "are the cork on which Holland floats." That is, the profits from their products and trade are so exceedingly important to Holland that no pains are spared to give them as effective management as possible in every respect. So it seems logical to attribute the otherwise inconceivable improvement of native conditions to the close attention given them by the people and government of Holland because of the importance of the profits involved—a situation in sharp contrast to our public and Congressional neglect of the Philippines while we thought them of little or no material interest to us.

II

This indifference is readily understandable if we recall our own history. The comparatively meager and unpromising resources of our original States forced our forebears into extensive foreign trading for ready money between 1790 and 1860—a period during which our activities in Eastern Asia were second only to those of Britain, and during which Russell, Sturgis & Company, a branch of Russell and Company, of Boston, Canton, and Shanghai, became the leading foreign traders in Manila. But this first overseas phase of our national life gave way to that in which we were wholly absorbed in developing the Mississippi Valley and our West, an undertaking greatly helped by the accumulated profits of our Asiatic trade.

With such broad opportunities and abundant resources for the time at home, and without the spur that had driven earlier Americans and others to search the wide world for supplies and markets, virtually all of us ceased to take conscious interest in overseas affairs of all kinds. So when we took over the Philippines in 1899, we looked upon them more as a field for altruistic social

and political effort than as a very backward country whose peoples would be most benefited by sound development of their economic status with commensurate results to ourselves. In other words, we got the cart before the horse in centering our efforts on the cultural uplift of the peoples of the Philippines before seeing to it that the economic foundation essential to such a superstructure was broadly and solidly laid.

But some years ago we entered on a new national era in which our manufacturers and farmers are beginning to realize that the difference between profit and penury depends on export markets for surplus products and upon assured supplies of foodstuffs and essential raw materials which we cannot raise at home. For as Dr. E. B. Ball, of the Department of Agriculture, recently said, "The United States is to-day a food-importing nation, measured in dollars—that is, we import more of sugars, tea, coffee, spices, nuts, and tropical fruits than we export of wheat and meat." And to this Professor Pearl, of Johns Hopkins University, adds that before the end of the century one-half of the calories required to sustain the people of the United States will have to be imported, principally from the tropics. Also in the matter of raw materials it is common knowledge now that many of our main manufactures are as dependent on key imports from overseas as the entire automobile industry is on rubber.

As may be recalled, this situation was the subject of a special inquiry last winter by the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce of the House of Representatives who reported that the costs to us of imports of rubber, coffee, nitrates, iodine, sisal, raw silk, and camphor—of all of which we consume between a half and three-quarters of the world's production—are materially increased by controls exercised by the governments of the countries in which they are produced. Continuing, the report said that there are some seventy other vital commodities which we do not produce in sufficient quantities to satisfy our requirements and which could be controlled by action of foreign governments. And it pointed out that if the average price for rubber in November and December of 1925 had held for 1926, we should have been obliged to pay nearly seven hundred and thirty-eight million dollars more than the production cost of our rubber imports for the year and over five hundred and seventy-eight million dollars more than their agreed fair price.

With respect to such government controls, Secretary Hoover said in a concurrent statement:

> We must build up free sources of supply for reasons much more far-reaching than the simple purpose of securing unobstructed supplies of raw materials for ourselves. If we cannot secure such freedom in these materials, and if the world is to witness further extension of these controls over other commodities, we are confronted with a most appalling vision of future world relations. It will be a world in which governments are to be engaged in negotiating and "jockeying" to secure favored positions in the distribution of the very lifeblood of industry and the necessities of every-day life.

As things stand, about forty per cent of the tropical lands of the world are independent, fifty-nine per cent are controlled by European Powers, and less than one per cent, consisting mainly of the Philippines, are under our flag. But our imports of such tropical produce as sugar, rubber, camphor, coconut products, hemp, sisal, and other fibres, tobacco, coffee, tea, cocoa, rice, sago, spices, quinine, indigo, and so forth are far greater than those of any other nation and cost us over two billion dollars a year—of which more than five hundred million are an excess charge due to foreign government controls. Yet virtually every variety of these necessities is or could be grown in the Philippines. And as little more than a tenth of the area of the Islands is now under cultivation—although their exports are close to a hundred and fifty million dollars a

year—it follows that the development of all possible parts of the ninety-eight thousand miles of wild lands would produce at least enough to break foreign controls and might go far toward supplying our requirements for some of these commodities.

But as the leading Chinese Mestizo politician of the Islands, Senator Osmeña, recently said, "There can be no economic development until the political situation is cleared up. Foreign capital is needed but will not come in until the uncertainty ends. It is time the situation was cleared up."

III

The diverse characteristics and varying capacities of the peoples of the Islands for political activity not only have contributed to this situation but should be the controlling factors in determining future Philippine political policy.

At present there are eighty-seven distinct ethnographic groups of natives in the Philippines. The three major divisions usually made are as between the Christian Filipinos proper, the Mohammedan Moros, and the many pagan tribes scattered throughout the Archipelago. Incidentally, it should be noted that only the Filipinos proper have the franchise, the non-Christian peoples being represented in the Insular legislature merely by two senators and six representatives appointed by the Governor-General. Likewise, the non-Christian provinces have governors similarly appointed; but their appointments are subject to ratification by the Philippine Senate. As the latter makes a practice of withholding its approval from all nominees other than its own candidates for political preferment—and this almost invariably against Americans—the result in practice is that the non-voting tribes are under the rule of the Filipino politicos.

Naturally, there are such differences in dialect among the many non-Christian tribes, and between them and the Filipinos proper, as to debar general intercommunication. Indeed, the same is true as between such large tribes of Filipinos as the Tagalogs and Visayans whose languages differ more than French does from Italian. In fact, the Philippine legislature has to conduct its proceedings in either Spanish or English for lack of any native medium generally understandable by its members. But not one person in ten in the Islands can speak either one of these two languages.

This may seem surprising in view of the fact that English is supposed to be the medium of instruction in even the primary schools—a provision pursuant to our hope that the eighty-seven varieties of natives will acquire a common means of intercommunication and become "unified," and although thereby the extra difficulty of learning their lessons in a foreign tongue is imposed on the children. But only about forty per cent of the children of school age go to school. The average attendance of those who do go is less than three years, during which they learn little more than American children do in their first year; and less than two out of every ten entrants go beyond the fourth grade, whereas nine out of every ten American school children enter the seventh grade. With such meager and brief school attendance it is inevitable that what little English—of sorts—is learned does not "stick." Nor is it surprising that little more than a third of the population is literate, even in any of the eighty-seven native dialects. And undoubtedly this accounts for the total circulation of newspapers and periodicals published in the Philippines being only about one hundred and fifty thousand, or one for every eighty natives as against one for about every three persons in the United States.

Such conditions seem to contradict the alleged passion of the Filipinos for education, a passion presumably evidenced by one out of every fifty-four children attaining high school. But it is

noteworthy that the very great majority of the fifty-two thousand children in the high schools are either Chinese Mestizos or Spanish Mestizos of whom there are, respectively, about half a million and two hundred thousand in the Islands. For few Malays of unmixed blood have enough ability and tenacity to persist up to the point of entering high school. But even among these more ambitious Mestizo children the great aim is to get a distinguishing diploma rather than a useful education; to be freed from future work rather than to be better equipped to work. Consequently there has sprung up a half-educated class of Mestizo youngsters, locally designated as *ilustrados*, who have the glib assertiveness of the most obnoxious sophomores (*sophos moron* meaning wise fool) and whose one ambition is to be, first, political henchmen and then affluent leaders.

The tragedy of the Philippine school system is that the curriculum of the lower grades was patterned on our own, with emphasis on academics and American political history, in the expectation that, as with us, most of the children would pass on to the higher grades. Few except the Mestizos do this, while the great mass, having been merely exposed to instruction in things entirely beyond their grasp, pass out virtually uneducated and uninstructed in anything that will help them to live their peasant lives more effectively. In our enthusiasm over "universal education" we have most mistakenly failed to adapt the instruction given to the capacities and needs of the people.

Thus we have in the Philippines somewhat more than a million non-Christian natives, of a very low cultural average, and about ten million lowly and illiterate Malay peasants, or taos, as they are called. Scattered in little barrios, they patiently till the soil generation after generation, utterly ignorant not only of the world but of anything more than a few miles from their nipa huts. They are undernourished, disease ridden, and ninety per cent of them are so depleted by intestinal parasites that, as a people, they would be utterly incapable of holding their own in the world. And lording it over these pitiable millions of taos are the Mestizo politicos and caciques to whom they are absolutely subservient and by whom they are ruthlessly exploited. With the fearsome aid of the politically appointed justices of the peace and fiscals, or magistrates and prosecuting attorneys, the Shylock caciques hold them in servile bondage, while the chief politico in each barrio tells them (as he is told) how to vote. Thus a "unanimous desire for complete, immediate, and absolute independence" is secured. It is a grand system—for the politicos and caciques. While it is the product of quite natural Mestizo cupidity, it has been possible only because of the political incapacity of the tao millions and because of American neglect and ignorance of Philippine conditions. But as the power to prevent or to correct is ours, we Americans and not the natives, whether politicos or taos, are at fault. And if we would estimate the chances of the Filipino masses being independently able to free themselves from their Mestizo overlords and to develop a sentient electorate of the Archipelago as a whole, we can do so from a lecture on constitutional government by Woodrow Wilson in which he said:

> Self-government is not a mere form of institution, to be had when desired if only proper pains be taken. It is a form of character. It follows upon the long discipline which gives a people self-possession, self-mastery, the habit of order and peace and common counsel, and a reverence for law which will not fail when they themselves become the makers of law—the steadiness and self-control of political maturity. And these things cannot be had without long discipline. . . . We can give the Filipinos constitutional government, a government which they may count upon to be just, a government based upon some clear understanding, intended for their good and not for our aggrandizement; but we must for the present supply that government. But we

cannot give them self-government. Self-government is not a thing which can be "given" to any people, because it is a form of character and not of constitution. No people can be "given" the self-control of maturity. Only a long apprenticeship of obedience can secure them the precious possession, a thing no more to be bought than given. They cannot be presented with the character of a community. . . .

The conclusion seems inevitable that there must be decades of tutelage, under real protection by us, if the Filipinos and other native masses are to have a chance to develop ultimately the character necessary to actual popular self-government within the Archipelago, not to mention independent self-sufficiency in the seething Orient. And the alternative before them, were we to withdraw before our task is done, would be unending exploitation by their politicos or by their more virile neighbors. But in order to see what corrective steps should be taken now, we must realize what the present political situation in the Islands is and something of how it came about.

IV

In 1908 William Howard Taft, who had been chairman of our first Philippine Commission and was then Secretary of War, used the following terms in expressing to President Roosevelt his understanding of our policy toward the Islands:

Shortly stated, the national policy is to govern the Philippine Islands for the benefit and welfare and uplifting of the people of the Islands and gradually to extend to them, as they shall show themselves fit to exercise it, a greater and greater measure of popular self-government. What should be emphasized in the statement of our national policy is that we wish to prepare the Filipinos for *popular* self-government. . . . Another logical deduction from the main proposition is that when the Filipino people *as a whole* show themselves reasonably fit to conduct a popular self-government, maintaining law and order and offering equal protection of the laws and civil rights to rich and poor, and (*then*) desire complete independence of the United States, they shall be given it.

While reference is made to "the benefit and welfare and uplifting of the people of the Islands," it is noteworthy that the emphasis is political, is on the development of popular self-government by the whole people and with justice to all rather than on first bringing about those basic human and economic conditions necessarily precedent to good and stable self-government. Whereas the far more developed and justly governed Netherlands East Indies now have only an appointively controlled *Volksraad* under their Governor-General and his Council, in 1907 we set up a legislative Philippine Assembly, elected under a broad franchise although the electorate was even less capable of exercising the vote than it now is. Naturally, the personally ambitious Mestizo Filipinos got themselves elected to it and made it a rostrum from which to demand forthwith the independence William Jennings Bryan had advocated in 1900 as a Democratic party policy. And their clamor was so successful in Washington that, when a Democratic Administration and Congress came into power in 1913, the emphasis in Philippine administrative matters was shifted from good government to Filipino self-government, a shift that was reflected in the organic law for the Islands which Congress enacted in 1916, known as the Jones Law.

This present law set up what is virtually the Congressional system of government, with separation of powers as between the administration, the legislative body, and the judiciary. And in imitation of our system, it provided for ratification by the Philippine Senate of virtually all important appointments to office made by the Governor-General. Undoubtedly this was an inadvertent but none the less disastrous bit of muddling that well illustrates how Congress has acted in Philippine matters without taking into consideration obvious conditions.

As is well known, our President usually has the political support, or courtesy, of the majority in the Senate for the ratification of his appointments. But both parties in the Philippine Senate habitually join in opposing the Governor-General, and not only refuse to ratify his appointments but let him know that they will ratify only their own nominees for appointive offices. It is as though a Republican majority in our Senate were to withhold from a Democratic President ratification of all others than Republicans of its own selection for Cabinet and other offices.

One result in the Philippines is that the Governor-General has forced upon him by their Senate a Cabinet of Filipino politicos upon whose advice and personal loyalty he cannot rely because they may well be both incompetent and antagonistic to him and to his duties. This obliges the Governor-General to call on Washington for trustworthy assistants and advisors. But as the Philippines are under the War Department, only army officers can legally be detailed to such duty. It is somewhat as though our President could fill his Cabinet positions only with such army officers as the War Department might select for him. But by far the most important result of the Philippine Senate's refusing to ratify appointments of others than its own nominees is that, in effect, it thus selects such important officials as the provincial governors, the judges of the courts of first instance, the justices of the peace, and the fiscals. And needless to say, it selects Filipinos and selects them for their subserviency to the chief politicos rather than for their ability to serve the public.

The state of affairs thus brought about is authoritatively described in the following quotation from a letter written by Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippine Senate, to Senator Osmeña when the latter was Speaker of the House:

> Since the government of the Philippines was established by the provisions of the Jones Law . . . it may be said that practically all measures which received your approval were transformed into laws, and no law could be approved without your consent. The department secretaries, individually and collectively, guided their course of action under your inspiration, and nothing against your opinion was ever performed by them. Recommendations on appointments made by the secretaries to the Governor-General were made upon your initiative, at least with your consent. Your veto in these cases was final and definite.
>
> Such practices put the executive and legislative powers of the government of the Philippines in the hands of two men. I say two because all this was allowed to go on with my knowledge and consent, or at least with my tolerance. Thus there was created without provision that would authorize it, and merely with our consent, not as legislators, but as members of the same party, a truly supreme authority over the Cabinet and the legislature.

Frankly acknowledging that control over appointments had put the executive as well as the legislative powers of the government of the Philippines in the hands of himself and Senator Osmeña, this statement of Quezon's also permits us to draw inferences as to the real attitude of these two chief politicos toward popular self-government by and for the people as a whole. And it should be realized that such sultanic control over virtually every phase of the government gives its possessors the means of perpetuating their power over a politically incompetent electorate. For, as has been suggested, the ramifications of the system down to the petty politicos, justices of the peace and fiscals in the barrios can be and is used not only to exploit the tao electorate financially but to coerce it politically.

In short, instead of presiding over the evolution of a sound popular self-government for the peoples of the Philippines, we have acquiesced in the creation of such a native autocracy as was entirely natural for the Mestizo politicos to set up for their own particular profit if we gave them the chance. And as the power to prevent this has constantly been in

our hands, we and not the natives, whether politicos or taos, have been at fault.

V

Yet it is under such popular and political conditions that some of us give heed to the obviously artificial clamor for "complete, immediate, and absolute independence," or else seriously consider increasing Philippine autonomy by giving the Islands "a Dominion form of government." We should understand that, for the better part of a decade, the leading Filipino politicos themselves have realized that such independence would be extremely detrimental to their interests. What they want is absolute and complete internal autonomy, the discontinuance of an American Governor-General and, above all, the withdrawal of an American Insular Auditor; and yet that we shall protect the Philippines, no matter what may happen to the persons and property of foreigners in them, and shall finance them. The clamor for independence is nothing more than a trading position from which the politicos hope to get, under a Dominion form, a protected and financed autonomy that will let them do whatever they may choose unrestrainedly within the Islands.

There can be no question of our forsaking the peoples of the Philippines until they have proved that, unaided, they can maintain a sound popular government, giving even-handed justice and equal opportunity to all, and doing this under whatever may then be the prospect in the Orient. The only question is what steps we should take toward so developing conditions in the Philippines that their peoples may best acquire the material foundation and matured character precedent to real self-government and ultimate independence, if they then desire it.

The simple and fundamental way to correct the political situation, in the interest of the Philippine masses, would be to end the present tragic farce of pseudo-popular self-government, and then to develop, rationally and soundly, first the material, secondly the cultural, and finally the political circumstances and capacities of the natives under a Governor-General and Colonial Council who would be given full authority and would be held strictly responsible. But such direct action is not to be considered. We are more likely to attempt to compromise with the present situation by partially palliative measures.

The power of the politicos comes from their control over virtually all political and judicial offices, because ratification by the Philippine Senate is required on appointments nominally made by the Governor-General. If Congress were merely to repeal this provision and were to empower whoever may be Governor-General to make all such appointments without ratification, the power of the politicos, based on patronage, would be utterly destroyed and the now all-powerful legislators would be obliged to look to the Governor-General. Obviously, this would be a "backward step"—from the point of view of the politicos. But it would be a forward step in the interest of good government, provided we were to see to it that a proper person invariably occupied the office of Governor-General. Thus at one stroke, the Governor-General would be enabled to appoint only men believed to be competent and trustworthy to all administrative and judicial offices under him. And then the Philippines would no longer be "The Isles of Fear" where there is neither justice nor mercy for the lowly or politically weak.

Another matter. It is axiomatic among us that self-control is a prerequisite to the proper control of others. Proven ability to maintain orderly self-government certainly should be an essential prerequisite to that greatest of responsibilities, the government of others. Those Filipinos to whom the franchise has been granted have not yet shown that they can govern themselves; and their politicos have manifested the reverse of due regard for the interests of

their own electorate. Nevertheless, and counter to our plighted word to the Moros, they and some seven hundred and fifty thousand other non-Christian natives, living mainly in the wild lands throughout the Archipelago, are now in effect ruled by the politicos, as previously indicated. It may not be desirable to restrict the franchise already given. But those it (nominally) puts in power should not be allowed to rule over other and extraneous areas. Therefore, the powers of the Philippine Legislature should be strictly limited in all matters to the specific electoral districts from which the members of its House of Representatives are elected; and the non-voting peoples and areas of the Islands should be in every respect—as they desire—under the American Administration in the Philippines.

Many of our legislative blunders undoubtedly have been due, in part, to our having no such expert staff of colonial administrators as the British and Dutch have. And it should be realized that the politicos work against our developing such a staff by reducing the salaries attached to offices held by Americans below what they can live on. On the other hand, ever since 1902, the United States Treasury has been turning over as a free gift to the Philippine Treasury (and legislature) all moneys collected as U. S. Internal Revenues on Philippine products sold in the United States—moneys that have amounted to about a million dollars a year. Under proper control in Washington, these moneys should be used directly to pay all salaries and to provide all facilities for the maintenance of all officials whom we see fit to put in the Philippines. Thus our officials there will be in no way beholden to the Philippine Legislature; nor will whatever staff we choose to maintain there be a burden on the Philippine tax payer. Also the detailing of experts not only from the War Department but from all others, should be legalized so that a rounded staff may be built up in the Islands.

Along somewhat similar lines at home the present Bureau of Insular Affairs, which has charge of the Philippines and Porto Rico, should be taken out of the War Department and a proper Office of Overseas Territories should be organized, with a well-rounded staff, capable of handling all of the affairs of the Philippines, Alaska, Hawaii, Samoa, Guam, Porto Rico, the Virgin Island and, perhaps, the Panama Canal Zone. Only by such centralized control of all our overseas territories can we develop a staff competent to give to each the expert management to which each and all are entitled; and only thus can we centralize responsibility for each and all.

It is regrettable that while we looked on the Philippines only as a temporary field for altruistic social and political effort, we paid so little attention to them that the present truly "intolerable" situation developed there. On the other hand, it is very encouraging that now that we are beginning to take a lively interest in the Islands as a source of tropical products essential to us, Congress consequently is awakening to the situation and has provided for periodic visits to the Islands by a Congressional committee. The more Congressmen go to the Philippines and travel the wide world the better. But would it not be logical to expect more comprehensively constructive results from a thorough study and examination, by an open-minded and non-partisan commission, of British, Dutch, and French colonial methods in India, Ceylon, Malaya, the Netherlands East Indies, and French Indo-China?

The results of such a survey, brought home to a proper Office of Overseas Territories, adequately supported by Congress, might well inaugurate a new era in colonial government. Inevitably, we shall be more and more dependent on overseas trade and colonial matters. The quicker we interest ourselves in them and become colonially minded the better it will be for all concerned.

MOTH-MULLEIN

A STORY

BY MARY LISPENARD COOPER

THE sky at that early hour was thin white and blue, faint with mist at the horizon. There was mist too on the low meadows, rising with the scent of hay and of ripe corn. With this thinness of light and sweetness of ripe summer there was a sense of completion in the morning. Something was finished. The deep trees by meadows and the road were darker, bluer green than in June. Above the mist and above the meadows, where pastures lay among the woods of the hills, it was already a dry and flaming tan that the sun brightened.

The white road leading between fields and to those high pastures looked cool and almost soft with its fine dust—a road to follow quietly toward that climb.

From the garden path two people turned to the road. A farmer was coming their way in a red milk cart, an old man, wide face ruddy, and far-sighted eyes a washed blue like his clothes. He leaned forward, straining even his eyes a little, in the attitude of one about to make appropriate inquiries after health.

The gray, worn man with Cynthia spoke. "We'll go by the lane, my dear." His voice was low but a little thin, and the words came quickly, all on one note.

"Yes, father."

As Cynthia watched him for a moment her long eyebrows were raised ever so slightly. He laughed a little, looking at the smoothness of her forehead and the clear edges of her lips.

"No, going by the lane won't be too hard for me. At school you'll go walking in a great procession with thousands of girls to talk to and you won't have to charge off into lanes."

He was talking too fast and unimportantly.

"What shall I say to girls?" she asked. "Will they care about our haymaking and our corn and our apples? And do girls like old tan books with deep footnotes about Roman wines?"

"I suppose with girls at seventeen you'll talk about God and friendship and dancing-lessons and how to arrange this."

He ran a hand over her thick light hair. She felt the thinness of the hand and its smooth heat too great even for that morning. The corners of her mouth deepened, and above long blue eyes the eyebrows almost met. Then after a small movement of her head the frown ceased.

"Well, of course, I shall love talking about my hair if there isn't—if it matters."

In the lane there were only long grass and wild roses. Over these the trees met. The light was made as much of shadow and mist as sun. In that air the man's face was gray and blurred, lined, and folded too deeply for its gauntness.

His daughter looked suddenly away from him. She reached down at her side for a handful of the roses, her eyes on the path ahead. There was a little cry and she glanced at her hand.

"I'm so sorry," said Mr. Lovellow.

"It's not anything. Only half a dozen thorns. Not half so bad as the first day of gardening." She looked up at him with again the slight raising of her brows.

"It is curious," he said, "to find wild roses so late in the summer." His voice was gentle and distant, not meant, you would have said, to reach farther than across a study.

"Yes," she said quickly. "There is something strange about it. They seem unreal here just now."

A few rose petals had fallen, speared on the fine blades of grass. He knocked them off with a jerk of his narrow stick. It was a long unpeeled piece of mountain ash, carved about for nearly all its length with tiny rings: there seemed hardly room for another notch. Cynthia glanced at it.

"So many walks!"

"Yes, good ones. It's time you had a stick, my dear, elderly as you're getting. Mind you make the notches fine and start high."

"I expect at school it would be odd to have a stick. I never saw a girl with one."

"But when, for that matter, have you ever seen a girl at all? I mean a real one such as you'll know, a girl with lovely indoor color and a trick of doing her hair low, and a high sweet voice and a way of copying quotations? With that sort you can, you know, do anything if you tell them I'm—about your father's writing."

She laughed at him, looking up and taking his arm. "I mean, you know, to make you the excuse for all my faults—carrying sticks or sunburn or anything else."

They had come now almost to the end of the lane, to the end of being held back by clinging long grass and longer sprays of roses. Already there was a new sense, for all the quiet, of the brook not far away, making silence calmer, of a swift deep brook that rounded a mountain at the foot with one wide curve.

Presently the line of willows showed where the creek lay, and the lane stopped. Over the brook there was for a bridge only a single log, high above the stream, which cast on the dark water a blacker reflection. Cynthia looked at it and then at her father with rather wide eyes.

"You're not afraid?" he said. "You weren't afraid when you were four."

"I *am* afraid."

He kissed her between the wideness of her eyes.

"And I have been thinking you were so young! What a very grown-up thing to be afraid of crossing brooks." He was laughing at her. Her lips were white. She stepped with a strained stiff motion upon the log and went across before him.

"Silly of me to be afraid," she said. "You mustn't be again."

Once on the mountain in the birches the light was clear and shifting, reflected from the high green of fine forest grasses and the bright gray of lichens. It was a light like sea water, just so otherworldly and so transforming: it made for languor and the slowest sort of movement through its floating clarity. Cynthia walked very near her father.

"Let's get out of this," she said. "I don't—it's like Lyonnesse—something lost and enchanted."

"You're not scared again? Lyonnesse isn't a thing to be afraid of. I've always meant to add my scrap to the poems about it—a very nice place, I'm sure, where they drink only *crême de menthe* and eat mint jelly from the tips of silver spoons. Who'd mind being enchanted there?"

Cynthia was silent. Then, "Well, I'm not afraid now. The thing's not a sea-monster, only lichen; but I don't mind saying I'm glad to see the wall."

For all the smoothing of the winters and the vines, the stone wall at the end of the woods and the edge of the pasture was a rough breaking-off of the liquid lights of the wood.

With a sort of released vigor they stepped past it into the open. In that wide space the heat came sweet and gold-

en, wet from the green lowlands and burnt from the pale sky. Half the heat was the scent of ripe corn and crops and the sweet fern of the wood's edge and the sunned grass of the pasture. Cynthia turned about slowly to the light, arms flung back.

"This is a good place," she said.

"The moths seem to think so," said Mr. Lovellow.

For the clearing was full of the high stalks of moth-mullein, thick-furred dull leaves with wide yellow flowers; and the air about them was in motion with tiny white moth-wings, thinner than the blossoms; but beating, quivering, fainting to be near them as if the flowers meant breath, meant life to white-winged moths.

"Do you suppose it's called moth-mullein because they love it so?" said Cynthia. "It's not fluttery and fine like them." She leaned over to a great stalk. "But it has a little scent, a very frail fragrance."

She dropped upon the grass beside her father.

"You might look it up in that seventeenth-century Dictionary of Arts and Sciences we found," he said. "It's often rather pretty on such matters."

"Then I will."

"But now—I wonder if we could hear their wings if we're still enough."

The moths came near to hanging without motion in the light. For a while it was quiet on the hill.

Cynthia reached out a brown hand to her father's.

"What a great fist you have!" he said. "I've brought you up very badly with gardening and apple-picking."

She brushed her cheek against his hand. He looked at her bent head and then across the valley. His face was deeper lined, not even blurred now, but sharp, gray and white, more than ever folded too deeply for its gauntness. There was quiet on the hill again.

Across the valley came the antiphonal faint chimes of the two churches and then the slow clear tolling for eleven.

"I like the courtesy of those two bells," he said. "They never ring together and one misses either without the other. I suppose they mean it's eleven, though, and we must go."

Cynthia's eyes were very wide. "This is such a good place."

His voice was cool and his words were clipped. "The bells have stopped ringing and we must hurry if the doctor is to take me to the hospital at twelve."

The woods now seemed chilled, more than ever like sea water to close overhead a last time; going down through them was as fast as diving, and as helpless once you started.

"The moths don't like this either," said Cynthia. "You notice they stay in the sun. They stay where the flower is."

"We'll go back through the village," said Mr. Lovellow, at the foot of the mountain. Again there was the slight raising of Cynthia's long brows. Her father smiled. "The street is interesting with everyone in church. And I should like to hear the murmurs of divine service as we pass."

The path to the village along the brook was brief beneath low willows. Mr. Lovellow talked very fast in his distant voice. Cynthia answered with her little smile and her quick questions. At the end of the path, where the village street began, the talking stopped, as if the street were charmed like the wood. In shadows of deep trees and heat fading the shadows, the white houses were freshly ancient, lovely shells of dwellings from which all life had passed; the frail music of a hymn came from the slender church: thin voices of old ladies did their best to belie the dying of the town. Cynthia's hand was on her father's arm, close and firm. His coat was too loose upon his arm and she felt the straight hot thinness through the cloth.

"Poor dears," she said. "Let's shout a lusty folksong for them."

Mr. Lovellow smiled. "You're so sure, then, that would fit the flavor of

this countryside better than hymns on immortality?"

"Who but you should know the flavor of this countryside? Whoever wrote about a thing or loved it half so well? I won't argue there, dear."

"You must begin, you know, to argue everywhere; when—when you're at school you'll have to."

Her lips were white as when she crossed the brook. She smiled. "I shall learn to argue."

Now that they were past the center of the village the houses were standing farther apart, less frail; built wider and set in richer gardens. Their own was the last before the open country. It was sturdily built with weathered wide gray shingles and lay low and long, the flaming garden on one side.

Their feet were nearly noiseless on the old bricks of the garden walk.

"Why haven't we ever planted thyme in the cracks?" said Mr. Lovellow.

" 'Thyme that hath so sweet a savor'? Oh, it must be planted there. Mint wouldn't grow where it's so dry, would it?"

A long stalk of hollyhock had fallen across their path. He leaned over and lifted it gently back among the others. His bending was steady at first but broke quickly into a jerk.

"It seems to me I've never seen it grow so high," he said.

At the threshhold he stopped to look at his watch before entering the shadows of the hall.

"It's nearly time for me to go. I'd better get my bag."

"I'll wait here, dear," said Cynthia. She sat on the warm step at the head of the path, where the row of flowers ended; she sat stiff and erect with her hands flat at her sides, almost clumsy and still with the stillness of an archaic statue: that dulled and permanent dark stillness. The high sun was shining sharply in her eyes and on her head, but she looked past the walk and the flowers, beyond meadows and lower hills to the bright tan of the upland pasture where moth-mullein grew. Her uneven breathing was short and deep, her nostrils faintly indented.

The noise of the doctor's car came from the distance. Cynthia lifted her head with a quick movement. Her eyes closed slowly, lids quivering. There was a sound of her father's weighted steps in the hall. Rising swiftly, she met him at the door. He put an arm about her shoulders. She roughened her hair against his coat.

"I heard the car," he said, "I thought I'd be ready."

For a moment there was silence. Then he spoke again, his voice deeper and his words accented, swift.

"Cynthia, this has been a good morning, hasn't it?"

"The very best sort, darling."

"It's what, aside from you, I'm hating most to leave—to exchange for the hospital and for—what is to come after that. Will you promise me that afterwards you'll go when you can to that pasture? My dear, you're not to cry." He was holding her stiff straight body close and looking into her wide dry eyes. "Cynthia, it's the sort of place and morning I should like to think of you caring for. You promise?" She bent her head, unable to look into his eyes, gray ones meant for calm, but now bright with illness. He let her go. "I know you do," he said. "I needn't have asked."

She looked up, lips white and straight, blue eyes blazing. "It's all right, Father: don't you worry, dear. I won't —cry."

The doctor had come, a dusty man with a brisk, tired voice.

"Good morning, Miss Cynthia. All ready, Mr. Lovellow? Splendid." He swung the suitcase into his car and fussed at length about placing it in the back.

"Are you sure everything was in your bag?" said Cynthia.

"Everything, darling. You've quite spoiled me with such beautiful care. I shall find even the most registered nurses clumsy. I expect there'll never have been anyone at your school quite

so thoughtful and so wise and so fond. They'll love you."

She looked back and up at him, laughing a little, a laugh pitched too high for her low voice.

"Will they, my dear? I shall try to make them: but then they're probably more particular than you."

The doctor had placed the suitcase. Mr. Lovellow's hands were once more hot and thin on Cynthia's. "Father—!" she said.

"Darling—my dear Cynthia—" He was kissing her. "You're to like school—and study—and write better than I have."

"I'll be very good."

He kissed her lightly a last time and left. From the car he turned and waved his hand, a small gesture. She smiled, the sun in her eyes.

When the car was out of sight, the road that had been cool and soft in the early morning was now a dried, drained white, hard and dull. Once the noise of the car had gone, there was the hot whirr of a locust. It quivered like the heat-waves above the road. Cynthia went very quickly into the house. At the door she stopped to look again across the heat-mist of the meadows to the bright pasture. Turning, she went stiffly from the shadowy hall into the coolness of the library. Stopping before a shelf, she pulled down with a strange little movement a thick book with powdery calf binding and a fragrance of age about it. She rested it upon a desk and turned the clinging leaves quickly, as with some purpose, past many fine-flavored words—marigold—marzipane—mead—moth-mullein. The pages lay still and smooth beneath her fingers pressed on them to whiteness.

"It is called moth-mullein not because for fragility or brevity of life it is like those faint-heart creatures; but because, for the softness of its leaves and the sweetness of its tender flowers, moths are ever about it and delight to hover there."

Her hands fell away from the book. She flung her arms across the pages and shaking, sobbing beyond any help, she dropped her head upon her arms.

CULTURE AND BARBARISM

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

IT WAS, perhaps, the performance of Racine's "Phèdre" at the Théâtre Français weeks ago that started these random yet precise reflections. Against cardboard columns and a soiled blue back-drop a group of markedly fleshy ladies and gentlemen rendered with an icy and exorbitant eloquence the lines of that dramatic poem which the anonymous editor of my cheap but excellent Garnier edition declares to be "*le chef d'oeuvre de l'esprit humain, et le model éternel, mais inimitable, de quiconque voudra jamais écrire en vers.*" The house was packed. This was a different world from that of the music halls where you hear nothing but the Ohio drawl or the Piccadilly diphthongs. Here were the Latins absorbed in their great tradition of discipline and order and of the transposition of experience into pure art. Transposition is a pale and feeble word. A happening among rude and remote tribes longer ago than the imagination reaches crystallized through the ages into a legend. Greek poets of a late and subtle period used that legend in their verses. Through them it trickled down the changeful centuries to a time when even their words had become pale and hard to read with any certainty of their meaning, and drifted at last into the consciousness of the Christian Frenchman of the seventeenth century. The audience at the Français applauded that far-brought eloquence:

Justes dieux qui voyez la douleur qui m'accable,
Ai-je pu mettre au jour un enfant si coupable!

Somehow that scene in the theater blended in my mind with another recent scene. Cornered in a French drawing-room, a political discussion thrust much against my will upon me, I suggested in my halting French that the history of the world war was being rewritten and reinterpreted. A handsome and dignified gentleman in a frock coat inimitably like a toga, with a red ribbon in his buttonhole, thrust his hand, Napoleon fashion, into his bosom and spoke in the rounded periods of a classical eloquence, "*N'ayez pas peur!*" How sonorous he was and how handsome and how convinced! Behind him stood the legions of Cæsar and Napoleon and the shades of Cicero and Bossuet and the whole tradition of Church and empire and war and patriotism and glory: "*N'ayez pas peur! La France n'a pas voulu la guerre!*"

Was it vagrant fancifulness or an orderly association that again and again brought these two scenes back to me as I was reading that elderly Tory's collection of patriotic extracts which Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has chosen to call the Oxford Book of English Prose? Here you will find Fielding glorifying the British Navy and Cristopher North on the religion of patriotism and a thousand other variations of the same theme and the whole culminating in an excellently written passage in which Mr. Chesterton declares that at Crécy, on the banks of the river Marne "Christendom was delivered once more."

Perhaps it was. For profoundly, beyond all differences, Christendom meant and means one thing to La Bruyère ("*Français et Chrétien*") and Racine and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Santayana, who

—quite rightly with his vision—is affronted by Shakespeare's morose barbarism, and to Mr. Paul Elmer More. To all of these Christendom means the great tradition of patriotism and war and victory and hierarchical, fore-known virtues and vices, and nobility and objectivity in literature, and discipline and order and conformity in life. All of them would have detested and detest the industrial revolution and the liberation of the masses and romanticism and Protestantism and the rising of the voice of the free personality. As it was from 1815 to 1848 so it is now. The old ideals of that, let us say, classical and Roman interpretation of Christendom prevail, and Horthy holds rule in Hungary, Mussolini in Italy, Primo de Rivera in Spain. The world is full of loyal knights and of the virtues of knighthood; men are trying hard not to be men but obedient tribesmen and henchmen. Down with Rousseau and the Revolution! We may have objective literature again—epics and tragedies concerning "noble" persons and subjects—stupid fighters like Agamemnon, megalomaniacal vulgarians like Napoleon, enmeshed in all the tawdriest delusions: titles, fabrics, palaces, gear, and pomp of this mortal scene. All may yet be well.

Nil desperandum est Teucro duce et auspice Teucro!

II

Am I slaying the thrice slain? Am I, an American speaking to Americans, babbling of "old, unhappy, far-off things"? Hardly. I shall omit Americanization and the public praise and private envy of Fascism by our more shabby and brutal magnates. Literature is my theme, is it not? Well, then: in the innermost core of the mind even the American, democrat, protestant, child of the revolution, still holds in awe the substance of the so-called classical tradition, still dreams of the "noble objectivity" of the great race before the flood, still thinks the lyrist, the subjectivist, the autobiographer a little meaner than the epic celebrator of some savage slayer of men, still, if he be himself that personal essayist or autobiographical novelist, nurtures a secret doubt, almost a hidden shame.

The critics and reviewers, even the supposedly liberal ones, are quite open and definite in the matter. Why, they exclaim, must so and so always be talking about himself? Why are you always reading the history of himself and his family in the novels of a Theodore Dreiser or a Thomas Mann? Have these men no creative vision and energy? Toward the frank revealer of his experience they are even more condescending and seem always to feel a half-embarrassed patronage. Without knowing it they think all subjective literature—using that term quite broadly—a little ignoble, a little barbarous. They are fond of talking about "egotism"; somewhere in their minds hovers the ghost of that classical tradition according to which obedience, law, order, objectivity, impersonality—let not the jester or minstrel speak except in praise of his chieftain!—are the true marks of an enduring work. They may not know it; they do not consciously know it. Within them hovers the ghost, and they obey it. The classical, hieratic, Romano-Christian, the antique and broadly Latin mood still seems to them the mood of a humane culture; the modern, personal, pervasively lyrical has an inescapable touch of barbarism in their minds. They may not speak out as do Mr. Santayana and Mr. More. They are apologetic, as was the late Jules Lemaître, concerning their absorption in the romantic, the modern, and the personal. Not being Frenchmen they cannot, as he did, end in the bosom of Racine.

What am I after? A complete and conscious reversal of this position and the laying of a ghost that has stalked long enough. Brave men lived before Agamemnon! How true. They are plentiful in bombing squads. There was but one Homer. Would that he had spoken out! The objective, classical tradition is the tradition of henchmen, of poets with no

audience except the chieftain who threw them broken meats. Theseus was a king, and the schools say that Racine was a great poet, and the obedient French audience applauds and believes that France did not will the war but is a white-souled victim of whom the American Shylock demands his pound of flesh, and can be deluded and dragged into war again. And the banners of knighthood will flutter, and obedience and loyalty and the virtues of ancestors will be the watchwords of the hour. But there were also Montaigne and Voltaire and Anatole France. They will be swept out of the field of consciousness in that new "*union sacrée*," and men will be drunk with blood and with the mystical babbling of M. Paul Claudel. What is the "sacred union"? The elimination of protest, freedom, the free play of personality, the critical and distinguishing vision of the sum of things. It is form with a preordained substance. It is the classical; it is (in the sense of Empire, Ecclesia, war, glory, crusading) Christendom. It is the objective and the traditional. It results in the power of the State. But men rot in trenches. With Christianity, with *Urchristentum*, with that essentially Jewish repudiation of force and war and property itself, with that ennobling, by virtue of their mere humanity, of slaves and outcasts it has no relation. Where is culture? Where is barbarism? Why do the critics distrust the modern autobiographical instinct, the Judaeo-Christian, Protestant, Romantic and saving speech and protest of the free man? Is the "*union sacrée*" nobler—the "*union sacrée*" of tradition and objectivity and the hush of all things but the braying of trumpets over the unspeakable shambles of some new Verdun?

"Look in thy heart and write." People quote Sidney and do not know how grave the admonition was. They quote Goethe's "*Gab mir ein Gott zu sagen was ich leide*," and think it merely eloquent and moving and do not know that in those two sayings is summed up the whole matter of literature: speech of the eternal Prometheus to his fellows concerning what his pain and his rock and his vultures and his clouds and patch of stars have told him of the riddles "of man, of nature and of human life." Nor do they stop to remember that these two sayings, uttered by two men of different centuries and lands and civilizations, are themselves links in the chain of a tradition older and nobler than that of objectivity and order, of rule and fixity, of generalization and decorum. Before the Greeks invented their forms, before Aristotle wrote that description of them which the children of the Latins were to misunderstand and misuse so long, the confessing individual had arisen in literature. "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son; but I was a herdsman and a dresser of sycamore trees: and Jehovah took me from following the flock, and Jehovah said unto me, Go, prophesy." Thus Amos, the earliest of the prophets of Israel. But did not, in more urbane terms, Socrates say precisely the same thing and assign to himself precisely the same motive? "Though I be well disposed toward you, O Athenians, and your friend, yet I shall obey the God rather than you, and as long as I breathe and am able I shall not cease searching out the truth and admonishing and persuading whomever among you I meet in my wonted way." These two had looked into their hearts; a God had given them the power to express what they had suffered. And they were impelled to share that knowledge with their fellows for the sake of light, for the sake of salvation. There we have the autobiographic, the confessional impulse, changeless in its essential character throughout the ages, despite all alterations in mood, in variety, in form. Paul and Lucian, Augustine and Dante, Montaigne and Luther, Bunyan and Milton, Swift and Voltaire, Rousseau and Hazlitt and Shelley and Heine and Goethe, whose works were "one long confession," satirists and mystics and men of the world, and all the long roll of modern

poets and philosophers and novelists—all looked in their hearts and wrote, all found that a God had given them the power to express what they had suffered; all felt that out of the depth of that suffering they must go forth to prophesy, to admonish, to persuade. Thoreau and Whitman and Tolstoi and Nietzsche, and even Shaw—are they not all in the same case? And what of the pseudo-classicists whenever they are real men? What are the *Lives of the Poets* but the opinions, prejudices, reminiscences, sufferings of Johnson? Why does the preface to the dictionary move us so or the letter to Chesterfield? The eternal individual human voice. "*Gab mir ein Gott zu sagen was ich leide.*"

III

The epic, objective, anonymous, balladesque that rests upon uniformity, law, and rule, upon the obliteration of the individual in obedience to chief, state, academy, or convention—this is the barbarous. It is identical with tribal psychology, with mass-mindedness, with supine imprisonment in the delusions of loyalty, cruelty, hatred, and war. Its long and taut discipline have given to the classical elegance and definition of form. But it cannot be said that the great autobiographers from Amos to Augustine and from Montaigne to Goethe have written ill. Their works are apt to be more fragmentary because experience and speech melt only into the horizons of the infinite. But the autobiographic tradition, the tradition of the individual speaking out of the depth of inner experience to his fellowmen, creating his form even as he speaks—this tradition is as old, is older and nobler than that other of objectivity and rule and obedience and finiteness and superimposed law. It is older and nobler. It has been a saving tradition. Men read epic and ballad and classical tragedy or see the cathedrals of the Middle Ages and admire ferocity in war and the obedience of henchmen and uninquiring faith in baseless myth. They read Amos and Socrates, Montaigne and Goethe, and Whitman, and they are set free for the pursuit of goodness and of truth. The autobiographic tradition is the tradition of a humane culture. Yet the critics babble about egotism and indiscretion.

The autobiographical impulse, changeless in its essential nature of confession and persuasion, has become enormously complicated in modern times by its necessary alliance with the art of prose fiction, of imaginative narrative. Naturally, then, it is from this very art, from this art upon its lower and lowest levels, that the most striking proof of the truth of my tentative argument can be brought. Examine second-rate objective fiction. The stories, whether of love or crime or adventure, are mean and trivial and stupid beyond description. But examine any of those first autobiographical novels by young men and women of which we have had so many in recent years. There is not one without some pertinence, some tang of life, some moment of eloquence, some radiant page. In art invention is nothing: the communication of experience is everything. It is quite true that many of these young men and women have no second work in them. The high awareness of youth was all their stock—a better stock than the endless spinning of yarns. "Talent," writes Thomas Mann in his great essay on Tolstoi and Goethe, "talent could almost be defined as *Schicksalsfähigkeit*"—as capacity for an individual fate or lot, as high awareness of the trend and quality and character of one's experience, and of the relation of that experience to society, to nature, to God. Now this *Schicksalsfähigkeit* may vary very greatly in strength, intensity, productive power. It may suffice only for one youthful novel. It may be rich enough for a long series of great works. He who possesses it is an artist, a *vates;* he who lacks it is an artificer. To take an obvious and common instance: Mr. Sherwood Anderson is *schicksalsfähig;* he finds it intensely difficult both to construct and to speak at all; but he has that essential mark of

the artist-prophet. Mr. Zane Grey is an artificer. He tells his tales as another man carves fancy tombstones. He is much more glib, objectic, obedient to the prevalent *mores*. He is much more classical. For what is it to be classical but to have ease of form and to repeat the moral and intellectual patterns by which the state has found it easy to keep men in subjection in both peace and war?

IV

It must be clear by now that the autobiographical impulse of which I have been speaking is a far profounder and more important one than the merely lyrical. The lyric cry at the discrepancy between dream and fulfillment, between our demands on the universe and its penurious gifts—this lovely and ringing and fruitless cry is likely to fall silent more and more before that other graver, richer, more philosophical but equally personal examination and communication of experience. How extraordinarily rich and creative it is! It includes, for instance, the whole of that modern literature which we call realistic or naturalistic. "We describe best," Balzac once wrote, "that which has given us pain." And so the modern novelist, especially the naturalist, from Flaubert to Dreiser, has described the pain he has suffered and the things that hurt him, and has tried, by that creative act, to heal himself, to mitigate the pain of others, to rob the evil from which he has suffered of pretension and of power. He has been confessor and prophet, poet, reformer, and revolutionary. The classicists have been quite right in never accepting his "objectivity" of method and results; they have been quite right in allying him with another tradition than their own. For their objective writers accept the world and the state and society as they are. But Hauptmann and Samuel Butler and even Sinclair Lewis—names can be taken almost at random—describe what has given them pain, proclaim and confess, delineate the evil that is under the sun in order to destroy it, project this world of their pained vision in order to shatter and remold it nearer to the desires of an enlightened and humane intelligence.

Let me anticipate the trivial question which the youngest generation may raise: what becomes of pure art? There is no such thing except in the realm of the merely decorative. The substance of art is human experience, and morals and politics and even metaphysics are merely names for the inevitable modes in which that experience occurs. You may drop or repudiate those names. The groundwork of art which is human experience remains the same.

There is a transcendent answer to this and all similar questions. It is this: art is not life; the two are not identical. The impulse of the artist may be purely autobiographical; he may record nothing but his most intimate experiences; he may—it has happened—be accused of slander and sued for libel. These are all the follies of the unseeing. When the work is finished—a work of art and not a reporter's notes—it has become transposed into another and more intelligible world; it has become detached from the world of mere reality and transferred by form and creative interpretation and the prophetic activity of the artist beyond the sphere of mere resemblance into one where it shares separateness and self-sustainingness with other phenomena of the major order. The tree is not the seed nor art the original suffering and substance that gave it birth. But experience and free speech born of experience are its impulse and its mood and will be its impulse and its mood increasingly. These and not generalization and conformity. The old, old controversy between classical and romantic, objective and subjective is not so much destroyed as transcended. The function of literature is not to multiply the bad examples of old but to help save the world.

THE ECONOMICS OF WORLD HEALTH

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

ONE shudders a bit at the very thought of an economic evaluation of life. How much is a mother, a wife, or a child worth? The very words leave one cold; for life in its full implications is not commensurable with money. Life and health have a much higher and deeper value for us than money; in fact, they give value to everything else. Life and health are ends in themselves. They do not require any further justification for their conservation. If, therefore, in this paper I appear to evaluate life and health in terms of dollars and cents, it is not because that is the only way of evaluating them. I am simply attempting to place a money value on one very narrow aspect of life, namely, its actual cost to maintain, and its productive value in terms of dollars and cents. In this sense alone, life and health have economic value, and their evaluation on this basis should render a real service to those who are engaged in their protection.

It is a habit with us Americans to emphasize the importance of our national wealth but always in terms of real property, machinery, and of manufactured products. We quite forget that human life exceeds in value all such goods by a very large margin. Human capital is the nation's greatest asset. No wonder that we are wasteful of our human resources. We appreciate the value of life and health only when we lose them. It is when earnings cease through illness, and expenses mount that we recognize the value of life and health. It is when the breadwinner of a family is removed through accident or disease and the mother and young children must become self-supporting that, first the dependents, and later the community, realize the large capital value which has been lost. But, even if such circumstances bring us the realization of the value of the individual, we give ordinarily little thought to the value of our living assets as a whole. We express in a hundred ways this indifference and lack of understanding. We are free with money as no other people, but are niggardly indeed with expenditures that are intended to conserve life and health. We do not realize how great are the immediate possibilities for saving our human resources and how profitable an investment life conservation can be.

To lay a foundation for the proper understanding of the economics of life and health it is necessary first to determine some items in the cost of human life and to discover also the net value of the earnings of average individuals. For a number of years my associates and I have been engaged in making a series of computations along these lines. Our first task was to calculate what it costs to bring up a child in a typical American community to age 18 when he may become self-supporting. Our computations were for the great body of wage-earning families of the country whose total family resources are about $2,500 a year. Under present conditions the cost of rearing a child in such families to the age of self-support, including all the usual items of food, shelter, clothing, education, etc., etc., is $7,238. Includ-

ing interest on the capital and making due allowance for the cost of those who do not survive age 18, the amount is increased to a little more than $10,000. This amount does not include one very important item, namely, the money value of the mother's care. We were compelled to limit ourselves to the family's money income, but we recognize that the working mother makes a real contribution to the total income of the family; for if wages were to be paid commensurate with the mother's value in the bringing up of children, the sum would be considerable and would add materially to the $10,000 actually spent by the family in raising a child to self-support. Our figure is, therefore, a minimum and will serve to keep our other calculations conservative.

The cost of bringing up a child may be looked upon as capital invested which will produce future returns. The process of raising children may be compared with winding up a piece of machinery which is later expected to do useful work. From an economic standpoint the bringing up of children is an investment, in fact, a very profitable investment not so much for the immediate family as for the community as a whole. The great majority of adults produce a good deal more than they consume and add to the capital value of the communities in which they live. If this were not so, the total national wealth would not increase as rapidly as it has during the last century. Our second effort accordingly was to compute the value of a man as a wage earner, that is, to determine the returns from the investment in human capital. Our computation proceeded with the same group of people, namely, those who were in the $2,500 income class. We did not include the money equivalent of the wife's services. But, disregarding this item, we found that the present worth at age 18 of his future earnings was calculated well in excess of $41,000, and the present worth of his future expenditures less than $13,000. The present worth at age 18 of the net future earnings of a man in this economic class was accordingly close to $29,000. The maximum value of a man in this income class is reached at age 25, when the present worth of his net future earnings is more than $32,000. With advancing age, the present worth of net future earnings declines. At 50, it is $17,510; at 60, about $8,500. After age 70, the present worth of net future earnings is negative because earnings cease and the cost of maintenance continues. An astonishing item in our calculations is the high economic value of a child at birth. We found the sum to be $9,333. This is the amount which it would be necessary to put at interest at three and a half per cent, in order to bring up the child to age 18 and to produce the net income throughout the working-period of life. At age 5, the corresponding figure is $14,156 and at age 15, $25,341. If we had assumed a higher rate of interest than three and a half per cent, the amounts would have been correspondingly smaller; at four and a half per cent, the value at birth would be one half as high. But in any case, the money value of children is no small matter. They represent, in a sense, the value of the social inheritance which comes to a human being because he is born in an economically organized state.

In the same manner, we computed the value of a man whose maximum earnings are $5,000 a year. This represents a fairly large group of professional and small business men who have had better opportunities to advance themselves than their fellows. At age 18, the present worth of the net future earnings of a man in this group was found to be $34,320. The actual maximum value occurs at age 32 when the net future earnings are worth $49,100. The $2,500 man reaches his maximum value seven years earlier at the age of 25, but his value as a producer is then $17,000 less. The value of a child at birth in this group is $9,629 and at the other ages of childhood the figures are only a little

more than those I have quoted for the children in the $2,500 income families. This is because of the much higher cost of bringing up a child in the higher income class.

It costs money to raise human beings to the point of self-support, at least $10,000, as we have seen. When they begin to work they produce a great deal more than they cost. We have calculated from the data which I have just presented to you—the value of males in the $2,500 income class—what the sixty million male persons in the United States are worth. That is, we have computed, with regard to their present ages, the sum of their net future earnings. The aggregate figure is considerably over a thousand billion dollars. Unfortunately, we are not able to compute with the same exactness the economic value of the female population because the housewife's contribution to the family budget cannot be measured in dollars and cents. But, there are more than eight million gainfully occupied women in the United States, and those that are not gainfully employed have decided economic value to their families and to the State. If we estimate that the economic value of women in general is only one-half that of men, this will make the value of that sex 500 billions and the total vital assets, males and females combined, over 1,500 billion dollars. Our national wealth in material assets in 1922 was 321 billion dollars. This includes real property, live stock, machinery, agricultural and mining products, and manufactured goods of all sorts. Our vital capital, therefore, exceeded our ordinary material wealth about five to one.

II

This striking relationship between living capital, on the one hand, and material capital, on the other, is not limited to the United States, although it is possible that the difference between the two may not be as great in some other countries. Professor Nicholson, as far back as 1891, estimated that the living capital of the United Kingdom was five times that of all other capital. It would be a laborious task to determine the corresponding figure for England and Wales at the present time or to check up the figures for other nations. But, I should not be surprised if somewhat similar figures were obtainable in all civilized countries. For, even if human values, man for man, are economically lower in other lands than in our own because of lower per capita production and lower wages, the same relationship probably holds between live capital on the one hand and other forms of wealth on the other. In any case, we must see very clearly how great is the value of human life the world over. The figures I have quoted suggest how necessary it is to give due consideration to an effort to conserve this, the most valuable of our national resources.

With these figures as a background, we are now in a position to realize somewhat the losses which result annually from the interruptions due to illness and death. Our bodies are, after all, machines which need occasional overhauling. They wear out sooner or later, depending a good deal upon the care they receive. Sickness is one of the commonest of the facts of life and one of the most disturbing, as it interferes with production and breaks up normal family routine. It will be interesting to estimate the total economic loss sustained in this country on account of illness. Some years ago Doctor Frankel and I made a series of studies on the extent of sickness among a half million insured persons. The figures showed that about two per cent were constantly sick. Other observers, following similar methods, have confirmed our results, namely, that the average individual in the United States loses about seven days each year from sickness involving inability to work. There are additional days of discomfort which interfere more or less with a person's duties, but these

were not included in the statistics. Converted into economic terms, this means that there is a loss of two per cent of total current production. This, in round numbers, amounts to more than a billion and a quarter dollars annually in the United States. To this figure should be added the cost of such items as medical care, hospital service, drugs and appliances, and the like. To ascertain the extent of these expenditures we made an investigation of the cost of sickness among a group of people and found that the average annual expenditure was $19 per capita for medical and nursing care and other items necessary in illness. This figure is probably higher than the average for the general population because the group studied had a rather favorable economic status. But, even if half this figure be used, say in round numbers $10 per capita, the total cost of medical care, including all items, would amount to more than a billion dollars a year. We may, therefore, say with confidence that sickness costs directly in lost wages, in reduced production, as well as in the necessary care, a total of two and a quarter billion dollars a year.

Huge as these figures are, they do not cover the total which should be placed to the account of illness. In many instances sickness causes premature death, removing individuals in their prime when they have real and large economic values. Somehow, we must evaluate the total community losses which result from this item of premature death. I have calculated that about a third of the deaths which occur every year, even under the present conditions, are preventable. To be sure, the great bulk of such preventable deaths are in infancy and childhood. But I have shown you that even at these younger ages human beings have considerable monetary value. Every year 120 thousand babies die from altogether preventable conditions during the first year of their life. There is no reason for this slaughter except the ignorance of mothers and the indifference of the communities where they live. Possibly it might make a difference if our legislators realized that these babies have a capital value of more than $9,000 if they are boys, and of $4,600 if they are girls, and that the capital lost throughout the country from this preventable infant mortality reached the astounding figure of more than three-quarters of a billion dollars a year. If there are those who question my mathematics, I can still counter by recalling that there are enough preventable deaths of adult men and women which would make a real impression on economic production, to say nothing of the general happiness of the people of the United States. Every year more than 30,000 young men and women between 25 and 29 years of age die from entirely preventable causes, and their capital value, having in mind their net future earnings, is about three-quarters of a billion dollars. Having due regard for the value of life at each age period, I estimate that the total capital value of the lives which can be saved annually through the application of modern preventive medicine and public-health measures is over six billions of dollars. The losses, as you see, from sickness and preventable death are enormous, as one might very well expect in view of the immense value of human life in the United States.

III

One would think under such conditions that no effort would be spared to conserve our living resources. But we have scratched only the surface of the possibilities in this direction. It would be quite unfair, however, to give the impression that nothing has been accomplished. The gains in extending human life and preventing sickness have been really considerable during the last half-century. There is already abounding evidence that the work of the public-health authorities to prevent illness and to conserve life, considered from a purely economic viewpoint, pays large dividends. Let us take the situation in a

city like New York. The results are fairly typical of what has happened in other large centers of population. In 1875, the death rate was 28.3 per 1,000; in 1925, it was 11.5, or a reduction of 59.4 per cent. A better measure of the improvement is perhaps the gain in average duration of life. In 1880, the average life-span was about 40 years in New York City and most likely in other urban centers in the United States. It is now 55 or 56 years, a gain of about 15 years in less than a half-century. The greatest gains have been achieved recently. In 1901 a baby born in the U. S. Registration Area might expect to live 49.24 years; this expectation of life has now risen to 57.32 years. The present figures are not accidental but the result of a definite trend which has been fairly continuous for a whole generation, reflecting the work of a new force in the life of the people.

It will be interesting to examine the facts of the death rate for a number of the more important causes. The diseases which have been most reduced are those which affect infants and young children. In the last twenty years, the infant mortality rate has been cut 60 per cent. In the past one might almost have said that babies were born to die, for as many as one quarter of them did not survive the first year. To-day, in most American communities, only about 7 per cent die during that first difficult year and two-thirds of these deaths will be prevented in the near future. Not long ago typhoid fever was a common cause of sickness and death throughout the United States. Even as late as 1900 the death rate was 36 per 100,000 in the Registration Area. Epidemics raged in the large cities of the country because of polluted water supplies and because little was done to prevent the spread of the disease through secondary infection. But, with the installation of excellent water systems in the larger cities of the country, the typhoid-fever death rate dropped in an amazing manner. This disease is now not far from extinction, certainly in the northern and urban sections of the country. The public-health campaign has been especially successful in the reduction of tuberculosis. In 1900, the death rate from this disease was 195 per 100,000. It is now less than one-half as high. More than 100,000 people are kept alive each year who under the old conditions would have succumbed to this disease alone. Diphtheria is another disease which the public health movement is on the point of wiping out completely. At the end of the last century this was one of the most important causes of death among children. When the first Registration figures became available in 1900, this disease had a death rate of 43.3 per 100,000; in 1923, this was reduced to 12.1, and it is rapidly dropping everywhere throughout the country. To-day we are considering seriously the possibility of the complete elimination of diphtheria by 1930 in such large areas as the State of New York. The more widespread application of known methods of prevention such as the general inoculation of children with toxin-antitoxin will completely conquer this scourge of childhood.

Possibly the most striking demonstration of the effectiveness of the modern health campaign is the experience of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company with its millions of Industrial policy holders. Seventeen years ago, this organization instituted a program of health education and of nursing service for its working-class members. This business organization has expended altogether over twenty millions of dollars in this campaign. It has increased its annual budget for welfare work in response to an ever-increasing demand for service and also to the increasingly favorable results of the work done. For during this period the mortality rate has declined more than 30 per cent and the accumulated saving in mortality between 1911 and 1925, which can be ascribed only to the welfare work of the Company, has totalled the amazing sum of 43

millions of dollars, or twice the total expended. During this period of the demonstration the death rate from tuberculosis among the Industrial policy holders has been reduced over 56 per cent; from typhoid fever, the reduction has been about 80 per cent; from the communicable diseases of childhood, the reduction was 55.5 per cent, and from diphtheria alone, the reduction was over 62 per cent since 1911. In every important condition the death rate has declined among the Industrial policy holders fully twice as fast as has occurred in the general population. As a result, the expectation of life of this group of workers and their families has increased by nine years during the interval, whereas the corresponding increase in the general population is about five years. Health work, when properly undertaken and adequately financed, pays by every test of a modern business organization.

IV

These achievements in the field of public health, both official and private, have completely changed the life of the average citizen in the modern State. People in our country, at least, no longer live in dread of the plague, of cholera, of yellow fever, of virulent smallpox, or of pernicious malaria, and a host of other specters. If they pass the rigors of childhood, they are generally able to round out a good expectation of years, to bring up their families, and otherwise to live a normal and happy life. Never, probably, in the history of the world has there been such widespread wellbeing for great masses of people. This is, I believe, in large measure, the response to the great improvement in health conditions which has occurred. Increased efficiency and huge productivity, uninterrupted by illness or preventable death, have ushered in many advantages which follow from a high level of economic wellbeing.

In spite of these achievements, there is still a large field to cultivate. Tuberculosis still causes a hundred thousand deaths annually and a loss of about two and a half years in the average expectation of life of the entire community. If this disease could be eliminated just that number of years would be added to the expectation of every member of society. Accidental deaths are becoming more frequent with the extension of the use of the automobile and the development of industry. The elimination of accidents would add more than a year to the average expectation of life. A goodly proportion of the deaths from heart disease, certainly those which occur at the younger ages, are preventable, and their prevention would add appreciably to the life span. And, thus in its entirety, if we were but willing to utilize the knowledge which we have of preventive medicine, in the life of the American people, we should raise the expectation of life from its present point of 57 or 58 years to close to 65. The discovery of a method to control cancer and a few other obscure diseases would further increase this expectation appreciably. But, even if we discount these future discoveries and limit ourselves to the application of such knowledge as we now have and which is only waiting to be applied, an average duration of life of 65 years is an entirely possible one for the American people. The people of New Zealand are very close to such an achievement at the present time. What they can do, we with our superior resources can do likewise.

We are confronted, therefore, with a very real situation. We know how great is the value of human life. We know also how great are the current losses from sickness and death. We have the knowledge and the necessary resources for the control of disease. Obviously, we must put our knowledge to work. That is the program of the public-health movement of the immediate future. To-day, public-health work is in its infancy in spite of its achievements and the demonstration of its power. Most American communities still have political health administrations,

inadequately financed, inadequately manned. Less than fifty cents per capita probably represents the total expenditure of the American people for public health. The money spent for medical service is almost altogether for the care of disease and not for its prevention. The relationship were better reversed. A new era of intensive public-health work must be brought about which will make available to the American people the power of this new branch of science. Expert opinion of public-health officials indicates that an expenditure of $2.50 per capita wisely directed through organized channels against the preventable diseases and for public-health education would reduce the annual death rate two points per thousand and correspondingly increase the expectation from five to seven years. The money value of these added years of life as we have seen, runs into billions of dollars. There is no greater opportunity for a quick and more certain return on any investment than an investment in public health. The people of the United States and, in fact, of the whole world have not waked up to the enormous possibilities of profit in preserving life and health.

V

I am not unmindful of the fact that my subject is the economics of world health and that I have given very little consideration to other countries than the United States. This I have done because, as an American, I am most interested in the United States, and also because our country presents a rich detail of data not always present for other countries of the world. We can fortunately establish a basis for the development of an international viewpoint on health matters through the consideration of American conditions. There is, of course, a world-aspect to our problem, and I shall say a word with regard to that.

Much the same conditions exist to-day the world over, although countries vary somewhat with regard to the prevalence of disease, the expectation of life, and the economic value of their citizens. But, everywhere there is a great opportunity for the extension of health and for the prolongation of life and the increase of capital assets. It was in England that the modern public-health program took form and developed; and it is not surprising to find that among the English-speaking peoples the very best conditions of longevity and productivity occur. It is in far-away New Zealand that the longest average life time is found. The expectation of life at birth is more than 62 years in that country, and only a little less in Australia. The Scandinavian countries, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, which very early applied the newer public-health procedures, have conditions very much like those of the United States, perhaps even a shade better, namely, an average expectation at birth of about 58 years. England itself falls only slightly below these figures, with an average of about 55 years; France, Germany, Italy and Japan before the War had expectations varying from 45 to 48 years, or about ten years less than our own country. India stands at the very bottom of the list of the countries of the world, with an expectation of about 23 years.

These figures are the best basis of comparison we have for the wellbeing and prosperity of the nations of the world. Where life is long, debilitating sickness is less prevalent and economic production is highest. The extraordinary prosperity which has been witnessed in the United States is, in large measure, the result of the control which has been exercised over disease; of the freedom which men and women have attained to labor without interruption and without fear; the opportunity that our children have gained to grow up in the care of father and mother, amply supplied with the necessities of life and preserved from the trials and sorrows of broken families. Where, as in India, the duration of life is short, existence is surrounded by fear of death, and of crippling, and of invalid-

ism. The capital spent in bringing up children is largely wasted because so few reach maturity to continue their full productivity for a period long enough to pay for themselves, with no thought of adding to the wealth of their country.

No greater service can be rendered to insure the general peace and prosperity than to improve the world's health. In this field of labor there are no international jealousies, but rather international obligations and opportunities. A low standard of health in any country is a menace to all its neighbors; in fact, to the whole world. It was because Europe and America were indifferent to the existence of influenza centers in Asia that this disease could later spread to all the world, causing more damage to life than the Great War. Prevention of disease and the prolongation of life for the people of India, for example, will bring prosperity to all the nations that have dealings with them; for the people of India will become better producers and, therefore, better customers for the products of the whole world. It is obviously, therefore, to the interest of the leading nations—those who have enjoyed greater advantages and opportunities in health work—to make available these advantages to those who are backward and to those who lack financial ability to institute progressive measures on their own account. The International Health Board, the Health Organization of the League of Nations, and those other bodies which function in international health service are at the very forefront in bringing nations together on a higher plane. Such work creates a better understanding between nations and increases mutual trust and respect. What concerns the health of the people touches after all the most responsive chord in the heart of mankind.

SHADOWS

BY ALICE BROWN

WITHIN my room there is another room,
Another bed and table, other chairs.
They spring to life from out the envious gloom
When, at my touch, the startled night lamp flares,
Releasing harmonies of form divine,
Offspring, it might be, of some vagrant wit,
Enchanted artifice, matching beauty's line,
Or else, with freakish antic, mocking it.
Dear are the little kindly gods of home
The fingers touch, the eye may straightway see,
And dear their lovely wraiths that bid me come
Into that chamber where, in secrecy,
Moving among them is the One who seems
The shadow image of my shadow dreams.

IS PROGRESS A DELUSION?

BY WILL DURANT, Ph.D.

Author of "The Story of Philosophy"

THE Greeks, who seem, in the enchantment of distance, to have progressed more rapidly than any other people in history, have left us hardly any discussion of progress in all their varied literature. There is a fine passage in Æschylus where Prometheus tells how his discovery of fire brought civilization to mankind, and where in fifty lines he gives such a summary of the stages in cultural development as would be considered immorally modern in Tennessee. And there is a fleeting reference to progress in a fragment of Euripides' (*The Suppliants.*) But there is no mention of the idea in Xenophon's recollections of Socrates or in Plato; and Aristotle's cold conservatism puts the notion implicitly out of court.

The Greeks conceived history for the most part as a vicious circle; and the conclusion of Lucretius, that "all things are always the same" strikes the note of classic opinion on the subject from Zeno to Aurelius. The Stoics counselled men to expect nothing of the future. Even the Epicureans took their pleasures sadly and seem to have felt, like the late Mr. Bradley, that this is "the best of all possible worlds, and everything in it is a necessary evil." Hegesias, the Cyrenaic, pronounced life worthless, and advocated suicide; doubtless he lived as long as Schopenhauer.

Pessimism was to be expected in an Athens that had lost its freedom; but the same despair sounds in Roman letters at every stage of Roman history. Horace is a praiser of times past; Tacitus and Juvenal deplore the degeneracy of their age; and Virgil turns from his fancies of a new Saturnian glory to phrase with his melodious felicity the gloomy notion of an Eternal Recurrence, a perpetual cycle and aimless repetition of events: "There will again be a Tiphys and another Argo to carry beloved heroes; there will be also other wars, and great Achilles will again be sent to Troy." The hourglass of æons will turn itself around and pour out the unaltered past into an empty and delusively novel present. There is nothing new under the sun; all is vanity and a chasing after the wind.

What were the causes of the hostility or apathy of the Greeks to the idea of progress? Was it due, as Bury thinks, to the brevity of their historical experience, the very rapidity with which their civilization reached its apex and sank again? Or was it due to their comparative poverty in written records of the past, and a consequent absence of the perspective which might have made them realize the marvel of their own advances? They too had had a Middle Age, and had climbed for a thousand years from barbarism to philosophy; but only towards the end of that ascent had writing graduated from bills of lading to the forms of literature. Parchment was too costly to be wasted on mere history. Or again, was this unconcern with progress due to the arrested development of Greek industry, the failure of the Greeks to move appreciably beyond the technology of Crete, or to produce in quantity those physical comforts which are at the base of the modern belief in progress?

In our own Middle Ages it was a similar dearth of luxuries which kept the notion of progress in abeyance, while the hope of heaven became the center of existence. Belief in another world seems to vary directly with poverty in this one, whether in the individual or in the group. When wealth grows, heaven falls out of the focus, and becomes thin and meaningless. But for a thousand years the thought of it dominated the minds of men.

Wealth came to Western Europe with the Renaissance and the Industrial Revolution; and as it multiplied it displaced the hope of heaven with the lure of progress. That greatest event in modern history—the Copernican revelation of the astronomic unimportance of the earth—made many tender souls unhappy; but its reduction of heaven to mere sky and space compelled the resilient spirit of man to form for itself a compensatory faith in an earthly paradise. Campanella, More, and Bacon wrote Utopias, and announced the coming of universal happiness. Europe, *nouveau riche*, imported luxuries and exported its asceticism and its saints. Trade made cities, cities made universities, universities made science, science made industry, and industry made progress. Gargantua writes to Pantagruel, "All the world is full of savants, learned teachers, vast libraries." "In one century" (the fifteenth), says Pierre de La Ramée, "we have seen a greater progress in men and works of learning than our ancestors had seen in the whole course of the previous fourteen centuries." This has an uncomfortably contemporary sound; what century has not heard some spacious self-estimate of this kind? But it was the keynote of the Renaissance; we hear it as an organ point in every line of Francis Bacon; it strikes the dominant chord of the modern soul; and the idea of progress is for modern Europe what the hope of heaven was for medieval Christendom. If man does not really progress, then the last prop of our faith is fallen, and we stand frustrate and ridiculous in the sight of the smiling stars.

This dearest dogma of the modern mind found its most confident expression in the exuberant optimism of the eighteenth century. Rousseau was out of key, and preferred America's savages, whom he had not met, to the cruel Parisians who had rasped his nerves; he thought that thinking was a form of degeneracy, and preached a Golden Age of the past that was obviously a *Nachschein*, as Teufelsdroeck would say, of the Garden of Eden and the Fall of Man. But when we come to the irrepressible Voltaire we catch at first breath the exhilarating air of the Enlightenment. This "Grand Seigneur of the mind" had no delusions about the Indians; he knew that man was better off under civilization than under savagery; he was grateful for the slow and imperfect taming of the human brute; and he preferred Paris to the Garden of Eden.

It was his disciples Turgot and Condorcet who made the idea of progress the moving spirit of our day. Condorcet, escaping in 1793 from that consistently savage Rousseauian, Robespierre, wrote, far from his books and his friends, one of the most optimistic books ever penned by man—*Sketch of a Tableau of the Progress of the Human Spirit*. Having finished this magnanimous prophecy of the coming glory of mankind, Condorcet fled from Paris, was captured at a village inn, and confined in the village jail. The next morning he was found dead on the floor of his cell. He had always carried about with him a phial of poison to cheat the guillotine.

To read Condorcet is to realize to what a bitterly disillusioned and skeptical generation we belong. What eloquence he pours forth on the subject of print! —he is sure it will redeem and liberate mankind; he has no premonition of the modern press. "Nature has indissolubly united the advancement of knowledge with the progress of liberty, virtue, and respect for the natural rights of man." Prosperity will "naturally dispose men

to humanity, to benevolence, and to justice." And then he formulates one of the most famous and characteristic doctrines of the Enlightment: "No bounds have been fixed to the improvement of the human faculties; the perfectibility of man is absolutely indefinite; the progress of this perfection, henceforth above the control of every power that would impede it, has no other limit than the duration of the globe upon which nature has placed us."

In his final chapter Condorcet draws a tempting picture of the future (by which he means our time). As knowledge spreads, slavery will decrease among classes and among nations; "then will come the moment in which the sun will observe free nations only, acknowledging no other master than their reason; in which tyrants and slaves, priests and their stupid or hypocritical instruments, will no longer exist but in history and upon the stage." Woman will be emancipated from man, the worker from the employer, the subject from the king; perhaps, even, mankind will unlearn war. And Condorcet concludes passionately: "How admirably calculated is this view of the human race to console the philosopher lamenting the errors, the flagrant acts of injustice, the crimes with which the earth is still polluted! It is the contemplation of this prospect that rewards him for all his efforts to assist the progress of reason and the establishment of liberty. He dares to regard these efforts as part of the eternal chain of the destiny of mankind; and in this persuasion he finds the true delight of virtue, the pleasure of having performed a durable service which no vicissitude will ever destroy. . . . This sentiment is the asylum into which he retires, and to which the memory of his persecutors cannot follow him; he unites himself in imagination with man restored to his rights, delivered from oppression, and proceeding with rapid strides in the path of happiness; he forgets his own misfortunes; . . . he lives no longer to adversity, calumny, and malice, but becomes the associate of these wiser and more fortunate beings whose enviable condition he so earnestly contributed to produce."—What courageous optimism! what idealism! what a noble passion for humanity, and for truth! Shall we scorn more the naïve enthusiasm of Condorcet or that intellectual sloth and moral cowardice which have held us back from realizing his prophecies?

Behind these splendid philosophies lay the Commercial and Industrial Revolutions. Here were machines, new marvels; they could produce the necessaries, and some of the luxuries of life at an unprecedented speed, and in undreamed-of quantity; it was only a matter of time when all vital needs would be met, and poverty would disappear. Bentham and the elder Mill thought, about 1830, that England could now afford universal education for its people, and that with universal education all serious social problems would be solved by the end of the century. Buckle's *History of Civilization* (1857) stimulated the hope that the spread of knowledge would mitigate human ills. Two years later Darwin spoke; the secularization of the modern mind was enormously advanced, and the idea of a coming Utopia replaced not merely the geographical heaven, but the legendary golden past. Spencer identified progress with evolution, and looked upon it, to a certain point, as an inevitable thing. Meanwhile inventions poured from a thousand alert minds; riches visibly grew; nothing seemed hard or impossible to science; the stars were weighed, and men accepted bravely the age-long challenge of the bird. What could not man do? What could we not believe of him, in those happy days before the War?

II

Of course there had been some philosophic doubts of progress long before the Great Madness came. Fontenelle, in his *Dialogues of the Dead* (1683), had pictured Socrates and Montaigne discuss-

ing the question—presumably in hell, where all philosophers go. Socrates is anxious to hear of the advances that mankind has made since his fatal cup; he is astounded to learn that men are still brutes, incapable of dying without metaphysics. Montaigne assures him that the world has degenerated; there are no longer such powerful types as Pericles, Aristides, or Socrates himself. The old philosopher shrugs his shoulders. "In our days," he says, "we esteemed our ancestors more than they deserved; and now our posterity esteems us more than we deserve. There is really no difference between our ancestors, ourselves, and our posterity. *C'est toujours la même chose.*" And Fontenelle's summary is judicious: "The heart always the same, the intellect perfecting itself; passions, virtues, vices unaltered; knowledge increasing."

"The development of humanity," said Eckermann, "seems to be a matter of thousands of years." "Who knows?" replied Goethe, "perhaps of millions. But let humanity last as long as it will, there will always be hindrances in its way, and all kinds of distress, to make it develop its powers. Men will become cleverer and more intelligent, but not better, nor happier, nor more effective in action, at least except for a limited period. I see the time coming when God will take no pleasure in the race, and must again proceed to a rejuvenated creation." "The motto of history," says Schopenhauer, "should run: *Eadem, sed aliter*"—the same theme, but with variations. Mankind does not progress, said Nietzsche, it does not even exist; or it is a vast physiological laboratory where a ruthless Nature forever makes experiments; where some things in every age succeed, but most things fail. So concludes Romantic Germany.

About 1890 Arthur Balfour suggested, in his genially devastating way, that human behavior and social organization are founded not on thought, which progresses, but on feeling and instinct, which remain almost unchanged; so he explained the apparent failure of our increased knowledge to give us greater happiness or more lasting peace. "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." "In all the world," said Anatole France (if we may believe Brousson), "the unhappiest creature is man. It is said, 'Man is the lord of creation.' My friend, man is the lord of suffering."

The socialist critique of modern industry did some damage to our faith in human progress. The endeavor to make people vividly realize the injustices of the present took the form of idealizing the content and peacefulness of the forgotten past. Ruskin, Carlyle, Morris, Kropotkin, and Carpenter painted pictures of the Middle Ages that made one long to be a serf attached to the soil and owing to some lord a share in one's product and one's wife. Meanwhile the liberal critique of modern politics, exposing corruption and incapacity in almost every office, made us doubt the divinity of democracy, which had been for a century our sacred cow. The development of printing and the Hoe press resulted rather in the debasement of the better minds than in the elevation of the worse; mediocrity triumphed in politics, in religion, in literature, even in science (Nordic anthropology, barn-yard eugenics, Viennese psychology, pragmatist philosophy). The "art" of the moving picture replaced the drama; photography drove painting from realism to cubism, futurism, *pointillisme* and other symptoms of cultured neurosis; in Rodin sculpture ceased to carve and tried to paint; in Strauss and Ravel and Scriabine music began to rival the delicate melodies of Chinese pots and pans. And finally came the War.

We discovered then how precariously thin our coat of civilization was, how insecure our security, and how frail our liberties. War had decreased in frequency and had increased in extent. Science, which was to be the midwife of progress, became the angel of death,

killing with a precision and a rapidity that reduced the wars of the Middle Ages to the level of college athletics. Brave aviators dropped bombs upon women and children, and learned chemists described the virtues of poison gas. All the international amity built up by a century of translated literatures, cooperating scientists, educational exchanges, commercial relationships, and financial interdependence melted away, and Europe fell apart into a hundred hostile nationalities. When it was all over it appeared that the victors as well as the fallen had lost the things for which they had fought; that a greedy imperialism had merely passed from Potsdam to Paris; that violent dictatorships were replacing orderly and constitutional rule; that democracy was dying, or dead. Hope faded away; the generation which had lived through the War could no longer believe in anything; a wave of apathy and cynicism engulfed all but the youngest and least experienced souls. The idea of progress seemed now to be one of the shallowest delusions that had ever mocked man's misery, or lifted him up to a vain idealism and a monstrous futility.

III

Perhaps, nevertheless, progress is real?

"If you wish to converse with me," said Voltaire, "define your terms." What shall we mean by "progress"? Subjective definitions will not do; we must not conceive progress in terms of the spread of any one religion, or any one nation, or any one code of morals; an increase of kindness, for example, might scandalize our young Nietzscheans. Is an objective definition possible—one that would hold for any individual, any group, even for any species? Let us provisionally define progress as increasing control of the environment; and let us mean by environment all the circumstances, external and internal, that condition the realization of desire. Progress is the domination of matter by form, of chaos by mind and purpose. Spencer was right and Huxley was wrong; evolution and progress are one; they are both of them the conquest of the environment by life.

Put in this way, the problem of progress in man is simplified almost to a platitude. By common consent, human knowledge is increasing; and by common consent knowledge is power; the power of man over his environment grows visibly year by year. What shall we say of this argument?

We must guard against loose thinking. We may not compare the worst (or the best) of our age with the selected best (or worst) of all the past. If we find that our philosophers are slighter than Plato, our sculptors less than Angelo, our painters inferior to Raphael, our poets and composers a little short of Shakespeare and Bach, we need not despair; these stars did not all shine on the same night. Our problem is whether the total and average level of human ability has increased, and is increasing.

That it has increased since the earliest known state of man is hardly to be doubted. Under the complex strains of city life we take imaginative refuge in the quiet simplicity of savage days; but in our sober moments we know that this is a romantic flight-reaction from our actual tasks; like so many of our youthful opinions, this idolatry of barbarism is merely an impatient expression of our adolescent maladaptation. A study of such savage tribes as survive on our sophisticated planet shows their high rate of infantile mortality, their short tenure of life, their inferior speed, their inferior stamina, their inferior will, and their superior plagues. The friendly and flowing savage is like Nature—delightful except for the insects.

But the savage might turn the argument around and inquire how we enjoy our wars and our politics, and whether we think ourselves happier than the tribes whose names resound in the text-books of anthropology. The believer in prog-

ress will have to admit that we have made too much progress in the art of war; and that our politicians would have adorned the Roman Forum in the days of Milo and Clodius,—though we may consider Mr. Coolidge an appreciable improvement upon Nero. As to happiness, no man can say; it is too elusively subjective to lend itself to measurement. Presumably it depends first upon health and then upon wealth. We are making sufficient progress in wealth. Our thousand fads of diet and drugs predispose us to the belief that we must be ridden with disease as compared with the men of simpler days; but this is an illusion. There is one test of health—and, therefore, in part of happiness—which is objective and reliable, we find it in the mortality statistics of insurance companies, where inaccuracy is ruinous. In some cases these figures extend over three hundred years; in Geneva, for example, they show an average length of life of twenty years in 1600, and of forty years in 1900. In the United States, in 1920, if we may believe Professor Irving Fisher, the tenure of life averaged fifty-three. This is incredible, if true. Taking the figures for granted, we may conclude that if life is a boon at all, we are unquestionably progressing in the quantity of it which we manage to maintain.

Having made these admissions and modifications, let us try to see the matter of progress in that total perspective which is philosophy. When we look at history in the large we see it as a graph of rising and falling cultures—nations and civilizations appearing and disappearing as on some gigantic film. But in that irregular movement of countries and that chaos of men certain great moments stand out as the peaks and essence of human history, as the stairway of the progress of mankind. Step by step man has climbed from the savage to the scientist; and these are the stages in his growth.

First, *speech*. Think of it not as a sudden achievement, nor as a gift of the gods, but as the slow development of articulate expression, through centuries of effort, from the mate-calls of animals to the lyric flights of poetry. Without words, generalization would have been stopped in its beginnings, and thought would have stayed where we find it in the brute. The infinite subtlety of the modern mind, as in an Einstein or an Anatole France, was made possible by the development of speech.

Second, *fire*. Fire made man independent of climate, gave him a greater compass on the earth, and offered him as food a thousand things inedible before. But above all it made him master of the night; it shed an animating brilliance over the hours of evening and the dawn. Picture the dark before man conquered it: even now the terrors of that primitive blackness survive in our traditions and perhaps in our blood. Our overspreading of the night with a million man-made stars has brightened the human spirit, and made for a vivacious jollity in modern life. We cannot be too grateful for the light.

Third, *agriculture*. Civilization was impossible in the hunting stage; it needed a permanent habitat, a settled way of life. It came with the home and the school; and these could not be till the products of the field replaced the animals of the forest or the herd as the food of man. The hunter found his quarry with increasing difficulty, while the women whom he left at home tended an ever more fruitful soil. This patient husbandry of the wife threatened to make her independent of the male; and for his own lordship's sake he forced himself at last to bend his back to the prosaic tasks of tillage. So woman domesticated man, as she domesticated the cow and the pig. His domestication, his taming, still goes on, and is far enough from being complete: he is born for hunting rather than for agriculture or industry; hence his cruelty, his orgies of violence, his restlessness, and his occasional relish for war. But woman and civilization are winning; the hunting propensities are

weaker; the male is becoming a pacifist and a vegetarian, and discovers the pleasures of the home at the very time when his wife has exhausted them.

Fourth, *the conquest of animals*. Our memories are too forgetful and our imaginations too unimaginative to let us realize the boon we have in our security from the larger and sub-human beasts of prey. Animals are now our playthings and our helpless food; but there was a time when every step from hut or cave was an adventure, and the mastery of the earth was still undecided between beast and man.

Fifth, *social organization*. Here too is a gift unfelt, because we are born within the charmed circle of its protection, and never understand its value till we wander into the disordered or solitary regions of the earth. God knows that our congresses and parliaments are dubious inventions, the distilled mediocrity of the land; but despite them we manage to enjoy a security of life and property which we shall appreciate more warmly when war or revolution shall have reduced us to primitive "liberty." After all, we must not excite ourselves too much about political corruption or democratic mismanagement; politics is not life, but only a graft upon life; under its vulgar melodrama the traditional order of society gently persists in the family, in the school, in the thousand subtle forces that change our native anarchism into some measure of co-operation and good-will. Without consciousness of it, we partake of a luxurious patrimony of social order built up for us by a hundred generations of trial and error, war and peace, accumulated knowledge and transmitted wealth. What ingrates we mortals are!

Sixth, *morality*. Only a disordered mind can suppose that there is an excess of morality in this world; despite the songs of Zarathustra we see no immediate need of men becoming "more evil." Let us congratulate ourselves on any moral improvement that appears in our race. We are a slightly gentler species than we were; capable of greater kindness, and of generosity even to distant peoples whom we have never seen, or who have been our recent enemies. We still kill criminals; but we are more uneasy about it, and the number of crimes for which we mete out the ultimate punishment has rapidly decreased. We still exploit our immigrant labor, but we must soothe our consciences with "welfare work." Our prevailing mode of marriage, chaotic as it is, represents a pleasant refinement on marriage by capture or purchase, and *le droit de seigneur*. The emancipation of women, despite the biological problems which it entails, indicates a certain growing gentility in the once-murderous male. And love, which was unknown to primitive man, or was only a hunger of the flesh, has flowered into a magnificent garden of song and sentiment, in which the passion of a man for a maid, though vigorously rooted in physical need, rises like a fragrance into the realm of living poetry.

Seventh, *tools*. In the face of the romantics, the machine-wreckers of literature, the pleaders for a return to the primitive soil (dirt, chores, snakes, cobwebs, bugs), we sing the song of the tools, the engines, the machines that are liberating man. These multiplying inventions are the new organs with which we control our environment; we do not need to grow them on our bodies, as animals must; we make them and use them and lay them aside till we need them again. We grow gigantic arms that build in a day the pyramids that once enslaved a million men; we make for ourselves great eyes that search out the invisible stars of the sky, and little eyes that peer into the invisible cells of life; we speak, if we wish, with quiet voices that reach across continents and seas; and we move over the land and the air with the freedom of timeless gods. What more astounding romance could there be than the story of Icarus' dream and Leonardo's patient diagrams, and then that triumphant leap into the air

by the modest and undiscourageable Wrights? Granted that mere speed is worthless: it is as a symbol of persistent human will that the airplane has its highest meaning for us; long chained, like Prometheus, to the earth, we have freed ourselves at last, and now we can look the skylark in the face. . . . No, these tools will not conquer us. Our present defeat by the machinery around us is a transient thing, a plateau in our progress to a slaveless world. The menial labor that degraded both master and man is lifted from human shoulders and harnessed to the tireless muscles of iron and steel; power becomes cheaper than brute brawn; soon every waterfall and every wind will pour their beneficent energy into factories and homes, and man will be freed for the tasks of the mind. The slave will be emancipated not by revolution but by growth. The proletariat will not dictate, it will disappear.

Eighth, *science*. In a large degree Buckle was right: we progress only in knowledge, and these other gifts are rooted in the slow enlightenment of the mind. Here in the modest nobility of research and the silent battles of the laboratory is a story fit to balance the chicanery of politics and the futile barbarism of war. Here man is at his best, and through darkness and persecution mounts steadily towards the light. Behold him standing on a little planet, measuring, weighing, analyzing invisible constellations; predicting the vicissitudes of earth and sun and moon and witnessing the birth and death of worlds. Or here is a seemingly unpractical mathematician tracking new formulas through laborious labyrinths, clearing the way for an endless chain of inventions that will multiply the power of his race. Here is a bridge: a hundred thousand tons of iron suspended from four ropes of steel flung bravely from shore to distant shore and bearing the passage of countless men; here is poetry if your soul is not dead! Or this citylike building mounting audaciously into the sky, guarded against every strain by the courage of our calculations, and shining like diamond-studded granite in the night. Here shall you find new dimensions, and new elements, and new atoms, and new powers. Here in the rocks is the autobiography of evolving life. Here in the laboratories biology prepares to remake living organisms as physics has remade the face of the earth. Everywhere you come upon them studying, these unpretentious, unrewarded men; you hardly understand where their devotion finds its source and nourishment; they will die before the trees they plant will bear fruit for mankind. But they go on.

Yes, it is true that this victory of man over matter has not been matched with any kindred victory of man over himself. The argument for progress falters here. Psychology has hardly begun to understand, much less control, the desires and actions of men. To-day we stand at the cradle of this new and hazardous science; we see it passing through psychoanalysis, behaviorism, glandular mythology, and other diseases of adolescence; and we might well despair of anything so harassed and muddled at its birth. But psychology will survive these storms and ills; it will be matured by the responsibilities which it audaciously undertakes. Three hundred years ago Francis Bacon, standing at the infancy of modern physics, predicted a thousand marvels to be found and formed by physical research. How moderate those predictions seem beside their multiple fulfilment! And what if psychology were entering now upon a like development; what if another Bacon should map its territory, point out the objectives of its attack, and the "fruits and powers" to be won: which of us, knowing the surprises of history and the courage of man, would dare to set a limit to the achievements that will come from our growing knowledge of the mind? Perhaps man, having remade his environment, will turn round at last and begin to remake himself?

Ninth, *education*. More and more completely we pass on to the next genera-

tion the gathered wisdom of the past. It is almost a contemporary innovation, this tremendous expenditure of wealth and labor in the equipment of schools and the provision of instruction for all; perhaps it is the most significant feature of our time. Only a child would complain that the world has not yet been totally remade by our spreading schools, our free colleges, and our teeming universities; in the perspective of history this great experiment but begins. It has not had time to prove itself; it cannot in a generation undo the ignorance and superstition of a thousand years. But already the results appear, like the first green shoots of April's soil. Why is it that, broadly speaking, tolerance and freedom of the mind flourish more easily in the North than in South, if not because the South has not yet won enough wealth to build enough schools? Who knows how much of our preference for mediocrity in office, and narrowness in leadership, is the result of a generation recruited from impoverished foreign lands, or too occupied with a primitive environment to spare time for the plowing and sowing of the mind? What will the full fruitage be when every one of us knows the happiness of school-days, and finds an equal access to the intellectual treasures of our race? Consider the instinct of parental love, the profound impulse of every normal parent to raise his children beyond himself; here is the biological leverage of human progress, a force more to be trusted than any legislation, tenoned and mortised in the very nature of man. Adolescence lengthens now with every generation; parental care increases as blind fertility disappears. We begin more helplessly, and we grow more completely towards that higher man who struggles to be born out of our imperfect and half-darkened souls. "The young are fortunate; they will see great things."

Tenth, *writing and print.* Again our imagination is too weak-winged to lift us to a full perspective; we cannot vision or recall the long ages of ignorance, impotence, and fear that preceded the coming of letters. Through those numberless generations men could transmit their hard-won lore only by word of mouth from parent to child; if one generation forgot, or misunderstood, the weary ladder of knowledge had to be climbed anew. Writing gave a new permanence to the achievements of the mind; it preserved for thousands of years, and through a millenium of poverty and superstition, the wisdom found by philosophy and the beauty carved out in drama and poetry. It bound the generations together with a common heritage; it created that Country of the Mind in which, because of writing, genius need not die.

And now as writing united the generations, print, despite the thousand prostitutions of it, can bind the civilizations. It is not necessary any more that civilization should disappear. It will change its habitat: doubtless the soil of every nation will refuse at last to yield its fruit to improvident tillage and careless tenancy; inevitably new regions will lure with virgin soil the lustier strains of every race. But a civilization is not a material thing, inseparably bound, like an ancient serf, to a given spot of the earth; it is an accumulation of technical knowledge and cultural creation; if these can be passed on to the new seat of economic power the civilization does not die, it merely makes for itself a new home. Nothing but beauty and wisdom deserve immortality. To a philosopher it is not indispensable that his native city should last forever; he will be content if its achievements shall be passed on, to form part of the permanent possessions of mankind.

Already it is possible to transmit imperfectly a body of culture from one civilization to another, as once it was transmitted from age to age. Australia and New Zealand need not begin at the bottom; they can share in the civilization of the motherland to a degree utterly impossible before the telegraph and the printing press. We are witnessing a new species of parental care exer-

cised by one civilization over another. But it was by parental care that man outgrew the ape; perhaps by a similar solicitude a civilization can enshrine its values in a fresh form and a newer scene before it decays in the place of its birth. Now that dancing wires and leaping waves bind all the world electrically into an intellectual community, it will be a little harder for the accidents of time to destroy the cultural inheritance of the human race.

We need not worry, then, about the future. We are weary with too much war, and in our lassitude of mind we listen readily to a Spengler announcing the downfall of the Western world. But this arrangement of the birth and death of civilizations in cycles of 1800 years is a trifle too exact; we may be sure that the future will play wild pranks with this mathematical despair. There have been wars before, and wars far worse than our Great one. Man and civilization survived them; within fifteen years after Waterloo, defeated France was producing so many geniuses that every attic in Paris was occupied. Never was our heritage of civilization and culture so secure, and never was it half so rich. Let us do our little share to preserve it, augment it, and pass it on, confident that time will wear away chiefly the dross of it, and that what is finally fair and noble in it will escape mortality, to illuminate and gladden many generations.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

BY EDWARD DAVISON

AT last the cygnet, preening his plumed snow,
Wins the midstream. Mark his new beauty well!
Erect, uplit he sails; in the clear flow
Reflected, breast and wing
And proud beak winnowing
The April air, all carved like a sea shell.

Out of deformity he grew to this
Divinest form, burgeoning on the stream,
A living water-flower. He scorned the hiss
And cackle in those ranks
That watched him from the banks;
He knew what seed he was: he had his dream.

And the dream raised the seed and molded him
In its own secret image, secretly:
Refashioned him, curved serpentine and slim
That delicate white neck
Feathered without a fleck,
Taught him his poise, shaped him the thing you see.

O Thou that shepherdest the waddling geese
Upon the flowery banks of Helicon,
Bid the hoarse gabble, the upbraiding cease,
And guide thy flock to see
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FREEDOM VS. COMPULSION IN RELIGION

THE ISSUE BEHIND THE COLLEGE CHAPEL QUESTION

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

DURING the last few years we have grown accustomed to hearing about a phenomenon which the alarmists like to describe as "unrest in the colleges." In the old days unrest would have meant riots on the campus, conflicts between town and gown, or other eruptions of the spirit of carnival. To-day it means something quite different. Sometimes as I contemplate the academic scene I am reminded of the White Queen's remark: "'She's in that state of mind,' said the White Queen, 'that she wants to deny *something*—only she doesn't know what to deny'"—with this difference, that the modern undergraduate wants to deny everything. Let us deny the Dean and all his rules; let us deny our antiquated curriculum; let us deny enforced attendance on lectures; let us deny compulsory chapel. Of these it is perhaps the last which has succeeded in drawing to itself most attention, for the reason that here the outside public can most readily understand and sympathize with the undergraduates' attitude. Whatever may be the real grounds for student hostility to compulsory chapel, the reason most often advanced—that compulsion should have no place in the free personal life of religion, coincides pretty accurately with the judgment of the ordinary man, when the ordinary man ventures to reflect at all on the claims of organized religion. The revolt against compulsory chapel is, after all, merely a symptom of a fairly widespread distrust of organization as applied to the spiritual in distinction to the material side of life and of a feeling that we should refrain from trying to organize the emotions, sentiments, appreciations, or thoughts of the individual.

To realize how sound is this distrust of the letter that killeth, one need only peruse the dismal record of fatalities. Love of country is an admirable sentiment. But once let it be organized and it produces official patriotism, obligatory salutes to the flag, propaganda, heresy-hunting, one hundred per cent Americanism, and all the other abominations. To play games for the fun of the thing is beautiful and proper, but organize athletics and the result is such phenomena as the Great Golf Cult with its bands of devotees and its solemn ritual; cheering sections; quantity production of the rah-rah brew for a fuddled and somewhat disheveled Alma Mater; and the pompous nonsense of those who assure us that football develops moral character. The typical career of a religion is the story of an original impulse smothered by formalism. It begins with an inspired founder and a few followers whose faith and piety is as fresh and genuine as his. As it grows it gathers to itself a theology, a creed, an ecclesiastical hierarchy, a liturgy, and all the other adjuncts of a powerful institution. It has become a going concern. Authority everywhere usurps the place of freedom. The early enthusiasm gives way to formal obedience, faith to orthodoxy, love to duty.

Such, I take it, is the kind of evidence

invoked by those who dread the paralyzing touch of the organizer. It might form the basis of an impressive argument. The main conclusion would seem to be that the growth of the institutional side of religion is fatal to the personal and genuine religious life. This conclusion deserves some scrutiny. For, I think, it makes too much of the opposition between discipline and liberty and that it assumes too lightly that personal religion can afford to dispense with the institution and all its works.

Before coming to examine the question directly, we may assume for convenience that both parties to the discussion are agreed on two points. First, that religion, however defined, is or should be an integral part of any normal human life: that a life without religion is as mutilated or impoverished as a life without beauty. Secondly, that the religion which is not personal, that is to say spontaneous and sincere, is not religion at all.

II

Let us at the outset make the issue concrete and simple by supposing that we have to deal with a critic who expresses his opposition to churchgoing somewhat as follows, "You advise me to go to church next Sunday, but how can I be sure that I shall be in the mood when the time comes round? And if, though feeling no inclination, I nevertheless go, will not my worship be perfunctory and mechanical—a nuisance to me and an insult to God? Moreover, I shall repeat and hear repeated the same old prayers which have become so familiar that they have lost all meaning. Would it not be more honest to recognize the whole thing for what it is—a piece of magic? Why not spin a prayer wheel or unleash a gramaphone and be done with it?"

Now it seems plausible to say that we should worship only when the spirit moves us, yet it is surely obvious that if a man worships only when he feels the impulse he will worship less often than his spiritual health requires. The policy of drift is no more to be trusted in religion than in the other departments of life. No thinker and no creative artist is likely to accomplish much of any value who waits passively for inspiration to descend upon him. He has to learn to observe and to control to some extent his own mental processes. He must discover what conditions are favorable for work; he must learn to distinguish between natural laziness and genuine fatigue; he may have to lay down certain rules for himself and cultivate certain habits. In that event his procedure will not be an attempt to substitute industry and routine for inspiration: it will simply be part of the technic of preparing for, facilitating, and controlling inspiration. Why may not discipline hold a similar place in the religious life? Why should not the setting of regular times and places for worship be regarded not as a substitute for personal religious experience, but as a method of establishing predisposing conditions for it? This indeed seems to have been one of the major functions of the cult throughout the history of religion. Man found himself at times, mysteriously, enjoying some exalted religious experience which brought with it profound insight and access of power. The motive of established worship was to re-enact this experience as far as possible and to recall to the mind those truths which were lost to view in the wear and tear of daily existence.

Our hypothetical critic may say that these contentions have no bearing on his other objection to public worship: that it is formal and relies too much on the vain repetitions beloved of the heathen. But let him consider for a moment the only practical alternative—so-called ex-tempore prayer. This prayer is either the real unpremeditated thing—and then it is likely to be as sadly inadequate for the offices of religion as any of the other offerings pricked into life by the spur of the moment, or

it is the sham article that you can hear in any nonconformist church to-day. It pretends to be a response to the immediate demands of the occasion, but the congregation knows that it was carefully prepared and learned by the minister in his study the night before. The marks of deliberate composition are on its nicely ordered sentences and its phrases of considered unction. Such conscious literary artifice seems out of place when one is in the presence of God. But the quality of the workmanship really makes very little difference; whether good or bad the prayer calls attention to itself and to the almost intolerable predicament of the man who has to offer it. The priest and his prayer instead of mediating, interpose themselves between man and God. Thus the purpose of prayer—to lift the mind of the congregation to God—is defeated. That end, I believe, is far better served by the traditional prayers of (say) *The Book of Common Prayer*, prayers that are as anonymous, so far as most of the congregation is concerned, as the Border Ballads.

It may still be urged, however, that though the practice is deplorable, the theory and intention of ex-tempore prayer is sound. Established worship follows a prescribed model. Sunday after Sunday the worshiper is taken over the same ground in the same way: confession, repentance, absolution, thanksgiving, devotion. The monotony of it threatens to dull, if not to extinguish the spirit of religion. As contrasted with this the ex-tempore prayer *tries* to adapt itself to the particular needs which may be supposed to prevail in the minds of the congregation at the moment. This, I think, is completely to misinterpret the function of religion, if by religion we mean something instituted and not a mere sporadic visitation. There are certain spiritual needs of man, for example, the sense of unworthiness, forgiveness and reconciliation, disinterested contemplation of the Holy, adoration, thanksgiving, which in their recurrence are as much a part of the normal rhythm of life as the need for physical food, for companionship, for recreation, for joy. These universal and familiar needs, rather than the personal and particular demands of life, it is the function of religion to stimulate and to satisfy. A friend of mine who is a minister told me that in the early days of his career when he was called to attend the dying he labored earnestly to compose prayers that would be appropriate to the particular circumstances of the person. On one occasion a dying woman to whom he was thus ministering asked him simply to repeat some familiar verses from the Bible and some well-known collects. She did not want intimate prayers. As one who was face to face with Death she was confronting a universal human situation. Her mind had been swept clean of limited interests and personal aspirations. What she required of the minister, in his capacity of priest, was to confer on the moment some spaciousness of interpretation, "to make," as my friend put it, "the universal gesture of religion." It is this conception of religion that justifies the formal service of worship with its fixed ritual and liturgy. If week after week we repeat the same ceremonial acts and recur to the same themes in prayer or praise, that is because we want to recall and to make vivid the major and unchanging truths of religion and to renew our hold on the sources of spiritual power. The function of religion is not to meet directly the changing demands of life from day to day but to provide for the perpetual rediscovery of the old in the midst of the new.

If this last statement appears cryptic I may try to express its meaning more simply and at the same time sum up what I have been contending for thus far. "Another world to live in," says Santayana, "whether we expect ever to pass wholly into it or no, is what we mean by having a religion." Religion,

that is, sets up a contrast between the sacred and the secular, the holy and the profane, the realm of grace and the realm of nature, between that which is customary or intelligible and that which is mysterious. The moment of religion is the moment when the sense of mystery and otherworldliness supervenes upon the ordinary routine of life with its limited horizons and its precarious security. The history of religions shows that there are certain critical situations in human life when this influence of the other world has been conspicuously felt—birth, puberty, marriage, death. The primary object of worship in its most general definition seems to me to be the recovery in the midst of secular routine of this sense of the nearness of the mysterious power and the getting into right relations with it. God, if you like, as that which is certain and changeless, is always there: in the press of daily living He is lost to view: worship is the deliberate lifting up of the heart to Him again. That is the sense in which religion is a perpetual rediscovery of the old. But this means that worship must have a technic of its own. The ways of man's approach to God and of his dealings with Him must be definitely ordered. Once grant this and you have conceded the case for formal worship. Maintain, if you like, that worship is a personal thing, an essentially private transaction between the individual soul and God, yet that lifting up of the heart, that leap from the secular to the sacred lies no more within the easy command of the individual than the mood of æsthetic enjoyment as we pass in from the street to the concert hall. Why then may not the individualist in religion look upon public worship not as an artifice that does violence to the free impulses of the spirit but as something designed to make the passage easier, a sort of inclined plane from man to God? On this view we should not have to choose between individualism and institutionalism: we could choose both.

III

Such a theory of worship is exposed to a criticism which at first sight looks serious. It seems to reduce worship to a form of suggestion. The architecture of the sacred building, the use of music, of color, of light and incense and vestments, the half magical repetition of a familiar liturgy, the performance of a ritual but partly understood—all these influences heightened and reinforced by the presence of a group of worshipers compact and intent, combine to form an almost irresistible energy of suggestion. No matter how little the individual may have felt disposed to worship before taking part in the service, he is likely to find himself carried off his feet and into a region of religious belief and emotion. But is the process really anything more than a rather refined spiritual drug-taking? Phrases such as "the technic of worship" hardly conceal the fact that we are dealing with an attempt to induce by artificial means certain supposedly desirable states of mind.

One may meet the criticism by accepting it. Worship works by suggestion. But suggestion is not so black as it is painted. Over a large part of the conduct of life it is indispensable. One of Max Beerbohm's early tales, "The Happy Hypocrite," relates an episode in the career of that bold, bad, dashing Corinthian, Lord George Hell. In order to seduce a pure young girl he went to a magical maker of masks and had him fit cunningly to him a mask of virtue. As time went on he found himself falling truly in love with the sweet creature. At last his conscience tormented him so for his deception that he went to the mask-maker to have the mask removed so that he might reveal himself to the girl as he really was. And then, if I remember the conclusion aright, he discovered that there would be no question of removing it, for his own features were become identical with those of the mask. This seems to

me a parable of the uses of auto-suggestion. We live by assuming certain attitudes or ideals and then discovering that our assumptions have turned into realities. We whistle to keep our courage up and end by feeling courageous. We go out to dinner feeling grouchy and boorish and quite disinclined for society, but we greet our host and hostess courteously, we go through the motions of a civilized, even of an affable, human being, and before dinner is over we probably realize that we are enjoying ourselves and that we are become even such an one as we pretended to be. Whenever we make an effort to live up to some type of conduct which at the moment the natural man in us resists we may be said to be practicing a form of auto-suggestion. But to say this is not to confess to insincerity or hypocrisy. If we keep up appearances it is in order that they may become strong enough to sustain realities. If we put our best foot forward we need not damn our best foot by calling it an artificial foot. A man's character is to be defined by what he is aiming at. Where his treasure or his ideal is, there is the real man. Thus we may, if we like, classify public worship as a kind of suggestion, but it would still remain a legitimate method of stimulating the emotions and refreshing the beliefs proper to religion.

It is necessary, however, to make more precise the difference between the legitimate and the illegitimate uses of suggestion. To take an extreme illustration: No one, I suppose, would approve of trying to induce a man to sign some paper by drugging him, by hypnotizing him, by overawing him, or in general by so working on his emotions of fear or excitement as to deprive him of the use of his power of judgment. Where we desire to win the belief of another person the appeal, we think, should be made to his reason, by persuasion, argument, and demonstration. But to many persons the whole apparatus and technic of worship seems to be suggestion of a disreputable kind. Here is a man, let us say, who in his cool reflective moments cannot honestly say that he believes in the existence of a wise, holy, and beneficent God, but take him to an impressive service of worship and the chances are that before the service is over he will find himself in a state of religious exaltation, or at any rate undergoing some "variety of religious experience" in which emotion and belief are blended. Afterwards, when the mood has passed, he will regret what has happened, and you, he will say, who are responsible for the trickery, ought to regret it still more. "If you want me to believe in your religious certainties prove them to me: don't try to drug me."

Yet as one contemplates that demand "Prove them to me" it begins to assume a quaint air of the impossible. *Prove* the existence of God! Even the most confirmed believer does not think that he arrived at his beliefs by any process of logical demonstration or that conviction can be thus engendered in another. Religion may clarify and confirm them: it does not initiate them. The original sources of belief are to be found in early training and environment, in "the influence of natural objects," in the revelations and passionate convictions of love, beauty, or "the tragic sense of life." Religion seems to be something that happens to one, something that he does not get but that gets him, infused rather than acquired. To try to argue someone into religion is as futile as the attempt to argue him into the appreciation of beauty. If he does not see that a work of art is beautiful you cannot prove to him by logic that it is beautiful. But there is something you can do—the thing that every good teacher of literature aims to do for the pupil: you can by various means lead him to a point where he will exclaim, "Ah, *now* I see!" What you have done is to evoke, by suggestion, an æsthetic judgment, not to communicate one. And with this we can see, I think, the

justification for the method of suggestion in religion. Religious and æsthetic knowledge resemble each other in this, that they cannot be communicated, like the truths of science, by impersonal ideas, but must be elicited. The capacity for religious insight, the power to perceive religious truths, is a dormant capacity that must be aroused: it is not a body of doctrine that can be imported into the mind from without. That is why the appeal to logical demonstration is here out of order and the method of suggestion in place. From this point of view public worship appears not as a dubious means of luring the mind into indefensible beliefs but as the art of religious evocation. It is an indispensable factor in the training of the religious sense.

If we are justified in imposing this training on ourselves we are presumably justified in imposing it on others who are still by common consent in the early stages of education. No one, I imagine, calls in question the propriety of the attempt to arouse and cultivate a child's sense of beauty by seeing to it that he comes in contact with good books, good pictures, good music. It would not be fair to the child to leave his development to chance and to exclude him from participating in the traditional culture of his nation or his race. And with most children some form of compulsion will be necessary. The same argument holds for religion, just in so far as religion is a part of general culture. If this solution seems over simple, because too abstract, let us look at this difficult problem of religious education in a concrete form. I have in mind the average parent to-day, eager to do the best for his child, yet theologically skeptical or bewildered. He is living, and his child will presumably grow up, in a community professedly Christian. Yet the parent cannot in honesty call himself a Christian. He does not believe with any conviction in a God who is Heavenly Father. The divinity of Christ, the Atonement, Immortality, even the Christian ethic itself—these form no integral part of his accepted working system of ideas. Consider his dilemma. On the one hand he does not want to teach or have his child taught doctrines that he himself thinks false or at least extremely doubtful. On the other hand he would not have his child start from scratch, as it were, and grow up in ignorance of what religion and, in particular, the Christian religion, stands for. He has no desire to see his child without spiritual citizenship, like that precocious boy of academic legend who, having been uninstructed in religion from infancy, came one day upon a copy of the Bible and afterwards reported to his father that he had discovered—"a book incoherent in plot and archaic in style—the holy bibble." Confronted by these alternatives, it would seem that whatever the distracted parent does he will do wrong: he will work some injustice to his child. In that event the lesser of the two evils seems to me that the child should receive some kind of religious training even though he may later have to grow away from it or reject it entirely. Even so, dogma can and should be reduced to the minimum, and explanations need not be gratuitously offered. The important thing is that the child should get some idea of dependence on a Higher Power, some feeling for the difference between sacred and secular, the mysterious and the commonplace, and that his sentiments of awe and reverence should be aroused. This can be accomplished by teaching the child hymns—make Hymns Ancient and Modern as familiar to him as Mother Goose, a few simple prayers, and by taking him occasionally to services which have a genuine religious value. (To take a child to a poor service is no more defensible than taking him to a bad concert.) For thus you arouse the religious sense without provoking too many theological inquiries.

The principles I have sketched apply within limits to the question mentioned at the beginning—compulsory chapel and the undergraduate's attitude

towards it. In so far as his criticism takes the form of a protest, in the name of religious freedom, against compulsion, it rests on false antithesis. Required participation in a formal service of worship is supposed to be an impediment to the expression and growth of personal religion. But if the line of reasoning I have followed is sound that is not true. If personal religion is to maintain itself at its best it needs the stimulus and support of institutional religion. From this point of view compulsory chapel should be regarded less as a routine enforced than as an opportunity provided. All education, whether its aim is to cultivate taste or to impart information, implies discipline, and there is no more reason why the colleges should surrender their right here than in the teaching of science or of literature. Assuming that the college authorities provide both a building and a service which evoke and minister to the real spirit of religion, they are justified, in the name of personal religion itself, in forcibly exposing the undergraduate to these influences for part at least (say the first two years) of his time at college. In this way it might be possible to satisfy the claims both of the religious individualist and of the religious institutionalist, claims which in theory, as I have tried to show, are not antagonistic but complementary.

BOOTS AND BED

BY ROBERT GRAVES

HERE in this wavering body, now brisk now dead,
Rules the long struggle between boots and bed,
Empiric boots distrusting all that seems
And quietistic bed, my ship of dreams.
Each laid a wager in my infancy
Himself would have me when I came to die,
And still the stakes are raised as I appear
More stalwart or more sickly, year by year;
Until I lie afield and keep my toes
Naked and nimble as a monkey goes.
Yet, something always baulking this evasion,
Glass under foot or frost or irritation
Of gnats and midges in the summer hay,
Once more begins my accustomed day-to-day
With pride of boots, and closes in delight
Of ghoulish bed gloating "perhaps to-night"
So nothing's left but to dull-weary them
And out-Gethusalem Gethusalem.

VIENNA ROAST

A STORY

BY HAROLD W. BRECHT

I USED to eat lunch at Mike's Arcadia Café, on Sixth Street, Philadelphia, one of those little restaurants where one can lunch completely, if not wisely, for thirty cents, or even a quarter, by foregoing the luxury of dessert. It was a noisy, uninviting place, always permeated with the stale odor of cooking; its only decoration a United States flag and a Greek flag crossed on the wall. It did not even boast chairs; we sat upon a cunningly devised but uncomfortable system of stools which swung out from beneath the bare wooden tables. But it was always crowded, on account of its cheapness, its clientèle drawn from the business houses of the neighborhood, a flotsam of under-clerks, janitors, and bookkeepers tossed up to bolt their lunches between twelve and one, and then disappear. They were harassed, shabby little men, and they had in common, I thought, an expression of worry and discouragement, as though their efforts to live on their salaries were almost too much for them. Everything about them spoke of low wages and a dejected struggle for existence; there was an almost tangible atmosphere of mediocrity and failure.

We who were Mike's regular patrons sat as often as possible at the same table, and we exercised strict proprietary rights over the seats which it had become our daily habit to occupy. If some newcomer, ignorant of the etiquette of the Arcadia, were on our stool we usually waited until he finished, and when we were forced to journey to another apparently similar table we went resentfully, feeling that we were leaving a friendly, familiar environment for one that was alien and disagreeable.

By this means we ate day after day in the same company, but we did not talk much with one another. The waitress would be greeted with "Hello, Maggie, wotcha got good to-day?" or sometimes, by those whom Maggie called great kidders, with remarks like, "Where was yuh last night, Maggie? I had a date with yuh." We would laugh, above the rattle of the knives and forks, and some one might add, "Damn fine girl, Maggie." The remainder of our hurried meals was usually passed in silence; if we did talk, it had to be against the noise of dishes slammed and our orders shouted and repeated.

I don't know how long I sat at Maggie's table, the one nearest the door, before I became acquainted with Mr. Canby. I was first led to notice him because he took no part in our major topic of conversation, the one subject we had which could be depended on to prove enthralling, no matter how frequent its recurrence—our bad luck, the injustice of the fate which had condemned us to our present jobs and to the Arcadia. We would speak of men who had made great sums of money quickly and easily, and by comparing ourselves to them we could see that they were our superiors only in luck. "There's a guy I used to know," one would say. "I knew 'im when he didn't have a nickel, and

now. . . . All he did was buy central real estate, and get a lucky break. . . ."

We would nod. "That's the thing to buy, central real estate. If you could get your hands on a little capital . . ."

We would look from one to another, not seeing the ordinary, familiar faces nor the food on the heavy white plates, our minds busy with visions of what we could accomplish with a little capital, of stores and apartment houses in the center of the city, of power and of wealth. We were forced to consider ourselves as victims, cheated of our opportunities. "There's no use in our working for anything where we are now," we would say, because our employers, oblivious of our efforts, were influenced only by favoritism or pull.

Through all this Mr. Canby would continue eating unmoved, as though he were not listening. I fancied, however, that his silence was one of disapproval and, since I was usually silent myself, there was gradually built up between us a sort of wordless understanding, as though we two were the only ones with sufficient fortitude to accept existence without repining. It got so that we exchanged significant smiles, and one day he whispered an aside to me:

"It ain't bad luck's the trouble with that guy."

"No?" said I.

"No. The trouble with him is he hasn't any, as you might say, grit."

I had been impelled to study him from the first occasion that his silence had impressed me. He was, say, forty-five. His clothes were shiny and cheap, his cheeks invariably had a stubble of beard, two of the characteristics which fatally marked Mike's patrons; apparently he was only another in the company of shabby little men who daily insulted their hunger with the food of Mike's restaurant. But his face, even while he was eating his medium and boiled, had a curiously removed expression, as though his thoughts were held steadfast on another plane. Perhaps because of this detached air of his, perhaps because of his silence, I received as I looked at him the impression that he did not quite belong among us, that he should have been richer and more successful. The others appeared, somehow, to have been designed especially for the Arcadia Café, and it for them; they fitted here, they were as much fixtures here as the faded flags and the bare wooden tables. Only Mr. Canby, I thought as I watched him, was out of place.

He was evidently under the need of the strictest economy. He smoked only on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, a five-cent brand of cigar which he lighted with every appearance of enjoyment. On those days he did not buy dessert. There was on the Arcadia menu a dish called Vienna Roast, a horribly unpalatable mixture of scrapings and left-overs which cost only twenty cents, but which even a starving man would hardly attempt more than once. This Mr. Canby ordered every Saturday, though he did not eat much of it. Now and then one of us might stab at monotony by sallying among the more expensive, *à la carte* dishes; Mr. Canby, never. During all those lunch-hours his program underwent not the slightest variation.

I was interested in him, but at the beginning my curiosity had to be content with the poor gratification of sitting beside him. "Good morning," he would greet me in his grave, detached way. I might remark, "Rather warm to-day." He would consider a moment, reply slowly, "Yes, sort of warm," and then return to the food on his plate, packing the morsels on his knife with his fork as though by means of a petty vulgarity like this he were trying to convince me that he was as ordinary as his appearance implied.

He and I were the only representatives at Maggie's table of our respective offices, and could share in none of the anecdotes of what the shipping clerk had said to the stenog, or how the boss had failed to take the speaker's advice. This community of isolation was another

factor in drawing us together; and as the days passed we gradually progressed from perfunctory remarks about the weather to exchanging ideas on a great variety of subjects, the high cost of living, the merits of automobiles which neither of us had any thought of buying, the chances of the Athletics. He was talkative; his reserve had been due to shyness. He had a very indecisive way of expressing himself which irritated me at first, perhaps because of that impression which he gave me that somehow—with better luck, say—he should have been more successful, he should have been able to make realities out of some of those dreams of success with which the men around him only made their failure more apparent. He could never deliver an opinion without interrupting himself to advance the arguments on the other side. "Of course," he would say, rubbing his fingers over his stubble of beard, "they'll never be able to enforce Prohibition—but I guess it's a good thing for the country, and if the people get used to it. . . ." But he was unfailingly even-tempered and cheerful, never depressed, and there was something heartening for me in the fact that, middle-aged, gray-haired, he could so patiently accept the petty discomforts that made his life, as though dingy surroundings and thirty-cent lunches could never be important. I came to look forward to seeing him. We both, I think, enjoyed our conversations, and we would smile at each other in a friendly fashion as we talked of the humidity of Philadelphia's climate, or the mistakes of Connie Mack.

After I had known him for some four months I was sent on a business trip, and on my return I was ill for a week. It was with real pleasure that he welcomed me back.

"Good-morning," he said, swinging out my stool for me, "you're quite a stranger."

He was very sorry to hear of my illness. "Sickness is a terrible thing," he remarked in his grave way. "I know, I've had a lot of experience with it."

"You look healthy enough," I objected.

"Oh, it's not me. I'm all right. It's Mrs. Canby. Mrs. Canby never feels, you might say, really up to par."

I expressed my sympathy. "Nothing serious, I hope," I said.

"That's just it. Of course, to look at her you'd think she was strong, but she never really feels herself."

"The doctor—?"

"Mrs. Canby ain't had much success with doctors. She's tried one after another, but they can't seem to find the real trouble, to lay their finger on the real trouble, as you might say."

That day the Arcadia seemed to me more depressing than usual. It was an insufferably hot Saturday in July; in the restaurant it was hotter and more oppressive than it was on the street. Flies buzzed everywhere, on the tables, on the food, on the faces and necks of the diners, everywhere but on the yellow spirals of fly-paper that hung motionless from the ceiling. Maggie's cheeks, around the rouge, were shiny with perspiration, and the men sat pale and dispirited in their shirt-sleeves, swearing at her slowness instead of kidding her. As Mr. Canby talked to me he kept wiping with the back of his hand the little beads of sweat from his forehead, and something in the patient repetition of that gesture irritated me. "God," I cried suddenly, "I'm sick of this."

"Huh?" He glanced at me in surprise. "Don't get the blues. There ain't no use in that, y'know."

He had ordered, as was his custom on Saturday, Vienna Roast, and as usual the meat lay untouched on his plate. This also, for some reason, irritated me. I replied heatedly, "I'd give anything to get away from all this and never come back."

He stopped eating to smile sympathetically, his knife clutched in one hand. "Oh," he said, "of course sometimes we

all feel that way. I feel that way myself, sometimes. But all yuh can do is as you might say, keep pluggin' away." He returned to the hot, heavy food on his plate, dismissing the subject. "What'd the A's do yesterday? I ain't seen a paper."

After that he felt, apparently, that I stood constantly in need of being bucked up, and he would often greet me with, "Well, how you feel to-day? Got the blues to-day?"

"No," I would reply, rather ashamed of myself, for I was sure that my salary was more than his, "No. Full of pep to-day."

"That's right," he would approve, smiling as he surveyed the crowded, noisy restaurant, as though nowhere in it he could discover the faintest reason for pessimism, or discouragement—"that's right."

About a month later, on another Saturday, I could tell from Mr. Canby's manner as he surveyed me over the unappetizing mess on his plate that he had something which he wanted to say to me. He was on the point of broaching it several times, I am sure, when his courage failed, and he made instead some remark more indecisive than usual.

He said finally, "I was wondering if I might make bold to ask a sort of a favor from you."

I replied that I should be glad to do anything in my power.

"Of course, it's quite a big favor," Mr. Canby deprecated, arguing, as usual, on the opposite side, "and it'll be quite all right if you don't see your way clear to . . . to. . . . Coming from a perfect stranger, as you might say."

I answered to the effect that it would be from one friend to another, and that I should be really glad to do anything that I could.

Pleased, he smiled at me, his knife, held in his fist, resting upright on the table. "That's right. I hadn't thought of it that way, before. One friend to another. Well, the fact is, pay-day's on Monday, and of course I'm pretty well strapped on Saturday. Money's a little tight with me just now, anyway." (With us at the Arcadia money is always tight, for the moment.) He paused, moved his heavy white plate a trifle, becoming more and more vague and hesitant as he approached the point. "Mrs. Canby has sort of set her heart on a little trip over Saturday and Sunday. Of course, I could ask Mike for it, I been eating here a long time, now; but you know how it is, I don't feel I know him like I know you. . . . The fact is, I was wondering if you could let me have a coupla dollars till Monday. I could give it back to you the first thing next week, but of course, if it's gonna put you out it'll be all right. It'll be quite all right."

I gave him the money, and in addition offered him a cigar. He refused it with longing in his eyes; I had forgotten that this was not a cigar-day.

"Take it," I insisted. "To tell the truth it was given to me, and I don't care much for this brand."

He was extraordinarily grateful. "I consider this very friendly of you, very friendly," he repeated. "If you're sure it's not gonna put you out."

On Monday, immediately after saying "Good-morning," he handed me two wrinkled one dollar bills that looked hard-earned.

"Did you have a good time?" I asked. "On your trip?"

"Oh, it wasn't me that went. It was Mrs. Canby and a woman friend. Mrs. Canby enjoys a little outing, and in the sort of straitened circumstances we're in I can't give her as many as I'd like."

"How is she feeling?" I inquired.

"Well, she's feeling pretty good, just about up to par, as you might say. And that's a big load off my mind, a big load."

"I should think so," I said.

"I guess maybe you're thinking," he went on slowly, "that it's a sort of a

funny thing that a man pretty well on in years like I am should be so hard put to it for a coupla dollars."

"Not at all," I said.

"Well, I didn't like to ask you for it. I think it was, as you might say, an imposition, and I don't like debts anyway. To tell the truth, I'm carrying a lot of building and loan, and of course it keeps me hustling to meet the payments."

I said that building and loan was a good way to save money, but that it took a long time.

"Oh, not so long. Six years. That ain't so long if yuh have, as you might say, a definite object in view."

"What, a get-rich-quick scheme?" I asked, smiling. "I hope it's different from the ones they usually talk about in here."

"That's just it, you know how it is, yuh get an idea in your head—I've had this so long I feel sometimes I'm sort of a little, as you might say, cuckoo about it. And I think maybe an outsider, a third party. . . ." He smoothed out his paper napkin, rested his knife upright on the table in his favorite gesture, and surveyed me critically, coming to a decision. "I'll tell you the whole thing, the whole thing. There ain't no secret in it, though of course I know it won't go no farther."

He leaned nearer me, his face intent, the pre-occupied air altogether vanished, and spoke is so low a tone that I had difficulty in hearing him, amid all the noise that always filled the restaurant, and especially since the man on the other side of me was talking in a loud voice about the great opportunities that there were in New York.

"I was born and raised in Vermont," Mr. Canby said. "On the next farm to ours there's marble. Enough marble to make me rich, to make me a rich man. What I'm trying to do is get enough money together—though of course it's pretty tough sledding—to buy that farm."

"Just found out—about the marble, I mean?" I asked, lowering my own voice in response to the appeal in his eyes.

"Oh, no, I've known it a long time, since before I was married. But you know how it is, being married's an expensive business, what with one thing and another. And other things come up yuh think yuh can do, that look surer, maybe, because of course it's sort of a risk to take, buyin' this farm. But there ain't no chance for me where I am now, in the office, I mean to say; and so what it's come down to is that this is, you might say, my only hope." He smiled in his deprecating way, as though he must apologize for so lofty an ambition. "Yeh, I've had it a long time. About ten years ago I got the money together, but of course I've had bad luck. Mrs. Canby's health failed completely, and that put me back."

"I should think that your wife could have held out long enough for you to get started," I said, irritated, as usual, by his patience.

"No, you mustn't be hard on Mrs. Canby. I know there's marble in that land, but she don't take no stock in it, see, she thinks it's just a crazy air castle of mine, as you might say. And of course between that and her health. . . ." He paused, his intent, almost pleading glance fixed on my face. "Well, what do you think of it?"

"I don't know much about marble," I answered, "but it looks all right to me. I don't see why your wife objects. You're sure there's marble there?"

"Well, of course, that's the chance we have to take, how much there is, and so on. But yes, I'm sure there is. But I've had this idea so long, see, and what with the way Mrs. Canby talks, it sort of appears like a crazy notion. . . ."

He interrupted himself to look at his watch, a silver one on a massive, old-fashioned chain, and I could hear the man at my right saying, "New York, there's money there, that's the big money town."

Mr. Canby hastily gobbled up a few mouthfuls of food. "Phew!" he ejac-

ulated, with his mouth full, "Mrs. Canby came in town to-day to do a little shopping, and I promised her I'd meet her before I went back to the office. I wonder, if it's not out of your way, or too much trouble, you wouldn't like just to come along and say 'how-de-do' to her. I've talked about you at home, and Mrs. Canby said she'd like to make your acquaintance. But of course, if. . . ."

I interposed to assure him that I should be very glad to meet Mrs. Canby. As we went out of the Arcadia he gave me a cigar, a ten-cent one, which he insisted that I accept.

We found Mrs. Canby on Chestnut Street, in a shop which was entirely too expensive, I am sure. She was a large woman with many cheap bracelets which jangled as she raised her arm to shake hands with me. "How d'you do? Pleased to meetchu. John has said so much about you I feel I know you already." She looked at me carefully, rather disappointed, I am afraid—I don't know what sort of figure Mr. Canby had made me—and transferred her gaze to the expensive goods on the counter, which she surveyed in a blasé manner. "I just love shopping," she went on, laughing. "I'm going to make John buy me these. They're marked down."

For the rest of the afternoon my work at the office suffered while I thought of what Mr. Canby had told me. I know little about marble, but his idea seemed to me altogether attractive. What troubled me was the fact that, although he had lost his preoccupied air when he talked of it, he still remained hesitant and indecisive, as though he were not absolutely sure that there was marble on the farm, as though he were almost convinced himself that what he called his one hope was only an air castle. I was irritated also by the way he had let himself be victimized, as it seemed to me, by his wife. Owing to her he had spent practically a lifetime in getting enough money together to buy this farm. . . . I had been wrong when I had thought that he did not belong among us at the Arcadia, he fitted in this ineffectual company of shabby, gray-haired men, he also was marked fatally with the stamp of failure.

Why hadn't he borrowed the money? So simple a solution had apparently never occurred to him. I knew a rich man; if Mr. Canby were willing to have a partner. . . . With some pride I saw myself transformed from a chance acquaintance over a restaurant table into a friend who was going to accomplish immediately what Mr. Canby had failed to do in fifteen, twenty years.

The next day, over stewed lamb on toast, I opened the subject. "Why didn't you borrow the money?"

There was something suddenly resigned and weary in Mr. Canby's face as he looked at me, as though to every conceivable question of mine he were already familiar with the answer. "Yuh can't borrow money without yuh have security. Of course, we don't own our house, we rent, because every penny I could get my hands on I laid away—"

"No," I interrupted, "I mean a friend, or a partner."

Mr. Canby filled his mouth with lamb and potatoes and chewed reflectively, as though the food were more important than the obvious answers to my questions. "Well, I have tried to interest some people in it, but of course I can't be too definite without a contract, or a written agreement, or something, or else they could go right ahead behind my back, and leave me out. That time when I had the money together, and Mrs. Canby's health failed completely, as you might say, and I was feeling sorta down in the mouth, I did try to interest a cousin of mine. But of course he'd have to go into the proposition on my bare say-so—we couldn't go prospecting around the farm without the present owner suspecting something was up, and then where would we be? He couldn't see his way clear to going into it, and of course Mrs. Canby talked against it."

"Listen," I said. "I know a rich man. Now, if you want me to, I'll take you to see him, and I think—"

Mr. Canby laid down both his knife and fork to smile at me. "I consider that mighty friendly of you, mighty friendly. I appreciate it. Of course, I don't think he'd want to go into it, and anyway, there's one thing I didn't tell you yesterday." He lowered his voice. "I've just about got the money saved up again, got my hands on it, as you might say. My building and loan comes due in two weeks."

"Two weeks," I repeated, delighted. "That's fine. I'm certainly glad to hear it."

There was something of indulgence in the smile with which he rewarded my words, as though he had been too often deceived by enthusiasms like mine to be cajoled by them again. "Well, all I hope is something don't turn up the last minute. Now that it's getting so near I'm sorta worried. I've had a lotta bad luck—and it's liable to happen to anybody, y'know."

"What could happen?" I demanded. "How's your wife's health?"

"Well, I've laid my plans careful. Nobody," Mr. Canby assured me with his patient earnestness, "could lay their plans more careful than I have. But as you say there's Mrs. Canby. She seems pretty good now, but of course she's a big worry. I'm getting, as you might say, pretty well on in years, and it's harder to save money, what with everything goin' up, and all. I get scared sometimes no matter how careful I've planned something may turn up the last minute. You never can tell."

"Don't get the blues," I reproved him, smiling.

"Oh, it ain't the blues. It's just I can't help bein' sorta worried, now it's getting so near."

We walked down Chestnut Street together, each trying to give the other a cigar. Mr. Canby, stoop-shouldered in his worn blue serge, did not look like a successful man, especially in contrast with the prosperous men and women who brushed past us, but I kept assuring him that his fears were groundless. "Everything will turn out all right," I repeated.

"Do you know the first thing I'm gonna do?" he said. "I'm gonna run up and see the A's play. I ain't felt I could afford it for a long time, now. . . ."

"Good luck," I said, "good luck," and we shook hands when we parted, as though we were going to be separated for a long time.

Despite all that I had said I still felt myself rather fearful about Mr. Canby's success, even though he was apparently at its threshold, but I resolutely ignored my doubts. . . . I saw him, suddenly, very clearly. I understood now the reason for that detached air of his which had impressed me at first, that curious, apart silence in which he sat while around him we talked enviously of big money and rich men, of power and wealth. I thought of his rigid system of economy, tobacco three times a week, dessert three times, his painful scraping together of nickels during all those countless lunch hours. On Saturdays, when he ordered Vienna Roast, making his lunch cost twenty cents instead of twenty-five, this took on for me the aspect of a symbol of determination. By this monotonous, repeated sacrifice he saved exactly, leaving out two weeks for vacation, two dollars and a half a year. Two dollars and a half a year. . . . He was a book-keeper with a salary of, say, thirty dollars a week, with an ailing, extravagant wife, but no obstacle had defeated or embittered him. Not even the obstacle of his own weakness, his own misgivings. I had been wrong when I had thought that he did not belong among us. Ours were minor lives, filled with petty difficulties, difficulties like having a wife who was sick and domineering. But one of us could disregard them and plod steadily ahead, a mediocre champion, perhaps,

but a champion, the champion of weak men whose cause was lost from the beginning. Might he be successful, at last!

The next day when I found him in his accustomed seat at the usual time my confidence in his ultimate success was somehow fortified, and I had the impulse to grasp his hand and congratulate him. I said, instead, "Well, pretty soon, now."

"Huh? Oh, yes, yes. As a matter of fact thirteen days, though they say thirteen's an unlucky number." He showed me a calendar in which the date was marked with a red circle; he could not have been counting the days with much more impatience than was I.

Then, at the end of the week, I was sent on a long trip, and for some two months I saw no more of Mr. Canby. I often thought of him, however, wondering if he had been successful, assuring myself that he had, that his patient, almost humble determination had been finally rewarded. If only nothing had happened, his wife's health. . . .

By the middle of December I was in Philadelphia again, and one bitterly cold day I arrived at the Arcadia at my old time of seven minutes past twelve. Maggie, the lines of men bowed over the tables, and nowhere could I have mistaken that blue serge—Mr. Canby in his accustomed seat. It was warm in the restaurant, but I shivered.

"Good morning," he said.

"Why are you here?" I demanded. "What happened?"

Mr. Canby's face, as he turned it toward me, looked suddenly old and weary. His eyes met mine for an instant, and then his gaze traveled down the crowded, noisy restaurant, coming to rest on the faded flags on the wall. "I—" he began, "I—" he gulped, and with his hand he covered the working of his mouth, "I don't like to talk about it."

For some few minutes we did not speak, while Maggie wiped off the table in front of us with a rag, and slammed the heavy white dishes together. "You're quite a stranger," she said to me. "What's yours to-day, Mr. Canby? Vienna Roast?"

"It was Mrs. Canby," Mr. Canby said, speaking in an odd, strained voice unlike his usual tone. "The doctor ordered her to Florida for the winter." I commenced to speak, but with his knife upraised he checked me. "No, you mustn't be hard on Mrs. Canby. She don't think there's marble in the land, and of course, her health. . . . It's only what I've always had," he started to smile, and again hid his face with his hand, "bad luck."

"Maybe this is the last," I said.

"Maybe. I feel this trip will put Mrs. Canby on her feet for good. D'you think it will?"

"I'm sure it will."

"Well then, in six years, maybe. . . ." He seemed to sag forward suddenly, and let his hand fall heavily on the table. "It's only," he said in his queer muffled voice, "that I was so near." He got up, pushing aside his full plate. "I guess I'll be goin'," he said. "I ain't had much appetite lately."

CONGENIAL CONCORD!

AN EMERSONIAN EPISODE

BY VAN WYCK BROOKS

In this article Mr. Brooks has drawn here and there from Emerson's own language in his published writings.—*The Editors.*

IT was 1841, and Henry Thoreau had joined the Concord household. As a steward, an adopted son, a master of rural arts—chiefly, perhaps, to give Emerson lessons in gardening. He had his little room at the head of the stairs and worked, when he chose, about the yard and barn, banked up the fruit trees against the winter and the mice, looked out to see when a pale was loose in the fence or a nail dropped from its place, set up the stoves, and put the shutters to rights. There was never such a man for locks and hinges and door-knobs, or for making the chickens behave.

It was all in a family way, for Emerson had known Henry since he was a boy. He had helped him to get a scholarship at Harvard, for Henry's father, the pencil-maker on Main Street, was always short of money. And then he had had a surprise: Henry had come back to Concord the walking incarnation of all his own ideas. He had steeped himself in the Greek and Roman sages; he had hunted out the Elizabethan poets, Fletcher, Drayton, Raleigh, whom Emerson especially loved. But this was incidental. He proposed to live without following any profession, live for the sake of living and keep alive by whatever means might offer. Live like a monk, if need were, live like a workman; earn his dollar a day by carpentering, gardening, painting—but live for his thoughts, his perceptions, his journal and his flute.

Emerson set to work, with this stern instructor, digging and hoeing in the garden. Not for long, to be sure; he found himself sadly untuned. The smell of the plants drugged him and robbed him of energy, and he soon awoke from his dream of chick-weed and red-root and made up his mind that writing and practical farming could never go together. But lessons in the art of walking, in the art of observing and exploring were another matter, and Henry knew the country like a fox or a partridge; and although he had no walks to throw away on company, he could always spare an afternoon for Emerson. He was not an easy companion, for he wanted a fallacy to expose or a blunder to pillory; he required a roll of the drums, a sense of victory to call his powers into exercise. He would say, and wait for Emerson to contradict him, that nobody dared to walk to the Concord post office with a patch on the knee of his trousers. Or that nothing was to be hoped from him or anyone if this bit of mold under his feet was not sweeter to him to eat than any other in the world or in any world. But only as long as the village was still in sight: in the swamps and pastures he forgot the sorry human race. And then what an air came over him, what a light shone in his eyes, and what magic Henry performed with the jack-knife and spyglass and microscope that were tucked away in his pockets with his diary and pencil!

Snakes coiled round his leg, fishes swam into his hand, a sparrow even alighted on his shoulder. He would name the plants that ought to bloom this day, and there they were, as if his voice had evoked them. He would hazard a guess that the spot where they were standing had once been an Indian camping-ground, then stoop and dig in a circle and uncover the blackened stones of an ancient fireplace. Emerson could easily believe him when he said that if he awakened from a trance in the depths of the forest he could tell the time of year within two days by the plants that were growing about him.

He was writing too, as diligently as Emerson: crowded little poems, in the manner of the seventeenth century, with a certain intricate melody. But his journal was the greatest delight—pastoral as Isaak Walton, it seemed to Emerson, spicy as flag-root, broad and deep as Menu. What prose Henry wrote, how acute were his senses! Half the wisdom of the ancients seemed to have been born again in this Concord Pliny. He was very severe with himself and shaped his rambling thoughts into formal essays with infinite toil and a good deal of hesitation. But when Emerson read his paper, "A Winter Walk," he was ready to account Henry the king of American lions.

II

William Ellery Channing, the doctor's nephew and namesake, had come to Concord to live. He had married Margaret Fuller's sister, the pretty sister Ellen, and together they had taken the little Red Lodge a mile up the turnpike. Ellen, as cool and dégagée as Margaret was volcanic, had opened a school in the village, and Ellery was determined to work his acre of land.

A character, a true original, this Ellery Channing. He had published several pieces in *The Dial*—poems, "Ernest the Seeker"—and Emerson had been eager to meet him. But Ellery was always playing hole-and-corner, tearing back and forth to the Western prairies or hiding at "Aunt Betty Atkins's" in Newburyport. With the manners of a man of the world and features that suggested all the Boston families with which he was connected, Ellery was as much the social antinomian as Henry Thoreau himself. He had refused to take his degree at Harvard and had built himself a log hut in the wilds of Illinois: he was resolved to have no commerce with the "bottomless stupidity" of the Bostonians. A poet, a botanist, a lover, as he said, of old books, old garrets, old wines, old pipes, an amateur in all things, he lived for the hour and chiefly for conversation.

No one so moody as Ellery. He was harsh and tender by turns, abrupt, disagreeable, distant, then cordial and generous. But who was a better crony for a walk? Ellery led like an Indian. Was Emerson piqued by the impatience of his countrymen, each one striving to get ahead of the rest? A stroll with Ellery soothed his irritation. He would stop by a clump of goldenrod. "Ah, here they are! These things consume a great deal of time. I don't know but they are of more importance than any other of our investments." He spent his mornings (for the farm was soon forgotten) conning old folios of his favorite authors; there was never a man of more recondite learning, with so many mottoes, conceits, and allusions bubbling in his brain. His taste was so sound that if he said, "Here's a good book," Emerson knew he had a day longer to live; and if he preferred Herrick, as a true Greek, to Milton (who reminded him of his uncle, Doctor Channing)—so much the better. Herrick, poet of cherries and Maytime, with his hen Partlett and his Julia's hair, was the right touchstone for strollers in rural Concord. And Ellery had such a wonderful respect for mere humors of the mind. He caught the most delicate shades of one's meaning, matched one's happiest phrase with another, and always returned to

the weather and politics when there was the least faltering or excess on the high keys. Capricious, yes, the April day incarnated and walking, soft sunshine and hailstones, east wind and flowery southwest by fits and starts. He complained of Nature—too many leaves, too windy and grassy. And he forgot one's existence for weeks, ceased to bow as he passed, then called and hobnobbed again as if nothing had happened. But a sensible, solid, well-stored man was Ellery for all his whimsies. He despised yards with foreign shrubs. He said that trouble was as good as anything else if you only had enough of it. He admitted that even cows had their value. They gave the farmers something to do in summertime, and they made good walking where they fed.

A perfect companion, Ellery, for a ramble to White Pond, that pretty little Indian basin where Emerson could almost see the sachem canoeing in a shadowy cove; or to Flint's Pond, perhaps, or Nine Acre Corner. Sometimes Henry joined them, and then the bluebird's warble and the murmur of the brook would be drowned in the play of their talk: strokes of wit, tags of rhyme, and the Latin names of the flowers; for Linnæus too was one of the gods of Concord. They thought of those "herborizations" at Upsala, when the master summoned his class for an excursion into the country and they gathered plants and insects, birds and eggs, and returned in the evening, marching through the streets of the town with flowers in their hats, to the sound of drums and trumpets. Less pomp attended their own perambulations, but they were not less joyous. They lingered over every pool by the roadside, stopped to examine the buds of the marsh-marigold, tossed stones into the river and watched the circles and dimples and lovely gleaming motions of the water; for time meant as little to them as it meant to old weather-beaten Goodwin, fishing from sun-up to dusk on the bank. They discussed the labors of the farmers whose fields they passed, and the religion of the Indians, so much clearer and fresher, as Henry said, than the desiccated theologies of the paleface, and Shakespeare and Carlyle, Ebenezer Hubbard's pears, and the architecture of Palladio, while Ellery's dog Peter, with his cheerful tail, capered through hedge and bush. Nor was the day complete till they had stripped and had their swim, now on the leafy little beach at Fairhaven Bay, now from some willowy ledge at Walden.

For a longer journey, to Sudbury, for instance, they could set out in Emerson's Jersey wagon, stopping wherever they chose: the good mare Dolly could be trusted to stand patiently for half a day at a tree while they roamed about in the woods and pastures. There was nothing like Sudbury meadows on a sunny morning to remind one of Isaak Walton's gentle Lea. The mere sight of Sam Haynes, fishing at the mouth of the Pantry Brook, was enough to set the rhymes running in one's head, rhymes as sweet as Carew's or Suckling's, sweet as the notes of the redwings and bobolinks that flitted over the fragrant marsh. From afar came the faint sound of the bells of Framingham. They pushed on to the hill for a glimpse of Marlboro. What a spectacle of rustic plenty and comfort, what ample farms, what mountains of pumpkins, what spacious houses, with squashes ripening between their Grecian columns! Not Shakespeare himself had sung a lovelier prospect—and what bard was to save this present beauty from oblivion? If Ellery could only have written as he talked, if, writing, he had not been so shamelessly indolent and slovenly, New England would have had its Virgil, for his mere presence turned the day into the most melodious of eclogues.

An art, walking, like any other, with strict qualifications: endurance, plain clothes, old shoes, an eye for Nature, good humor, curiosity, good speech, good silence, and nothing too much. No loud singing, no story-telling, no

vain words (Emerson said to himself) profaning the river and the forest. With a loved and honored companion his sentiments appeared as new and astonishing as the lightning out of the sky; every thought rushed to light, rushed to body, and society was already revolutionized. By himself Emerson was inclined to stop and linger. With Ellery and Henry together walking was another matter: no graceful idling then but a strenuous chase, for walking was Henry's work. One stepped along more quickly, submitting to one's guide; and the tempo of one's talk, so often languid, soon grew as brisk as the biting autumn air. Even when Henry stopped to study some plant by the pathside one felt the relentless ticking of his brain. It was always in action, that brain, hard, precise, clear as a seven-day clock.

Ellery too was hard, hard and cool, and Emerson liked him for it, he who liked dry light and hard clouds, hard manners and hard expressions. But Ellery could melt as well and waken to the most genial mirth. He was full of amusing notions. He suggested setting up in every village a magnified dollar as big as a barrel-head, made of silver or gold. Let Colonel Shattuck, he said, or some other priest be appointed to guard it; they would then have a local deity and could bring it baked beans and other offerings and perform rites before it. He was always laughing at the villagers and their stodgy ways, the passengers on the train squeezing their bundles, and the member of the Legislature hastening to drain the last drop of gossip from the ginger-beer newspaper before he left the car to fodder and milk his kine. And he railed at Concord, he said he would rather have settled on the icy peak of Mount Ararat; it was absolutely the worst spot in the world. "Think of the climate of Venice," he lamented, "of Cuba, the Azores, Malaga"—there was scarcely a field in Concord he had not watered with his tears. Then he talked about landscape-painting, the only art that was worth a moment's attention.

So Ellery sauntered along, squandering his jewels as if they were so many icicles, sometimes not comprehended, sometimes not even heard. Henry was bleak beside him, bleak as frosty November. But what a tonic! Even his captious paradoxes kept Emerson's wits in motion. Was he rather inclined to dream and drift? Henry, with a volley of facts, brought him back to the earth. As they lingered beside some spring, Henry would take out his notebook and scribble away, with a mind fixed upon what he called the particular and the definite. Then Ellery followed suit and tried to recall his impressions, but all in vain. He soon slipped the notebook into his pocket again, or scrawled some sketch on the broken page, or contented himself with a few "ideal remarks."

III

Concord, congenial Concord! It was good to exchange ideas with artists and teachers, people of the city and the world. But how much Emerson learned from his country neighbors too! From the laborers, for instance: to refresh himself with the bone and sinew of society he had to avoid the so-called respectable classes as carefully as a good traveler in a foreign land avoids his own countrymen. Now and then, at least. Take a group of villagers laying a new bridge. How close they were to their work! They sympathized with every log and anticipated its every stir with chain and crowbar. And how grand were their postures, their air, their very dress!—like figures of Michael Angelo. No other cultivation but that of war could have made such forms and carriage.

He lingered by a blacksmith or a truckman. No fear these men would speak because they were expected to speak; they were realists, not dictionaries, and they uttered only words that

stood for things. The style of the Boston scholars was so trite and poor because language was properly made up of the spoils of actions, of trades, arts, games, metaphors borrowed from natural and mechanical processes, from the street and the field and the market. That was Plato's secret; if he loved abstract truth, he drew his illustrations from sources disdained by the polite, from mares and puppies and pigs, from potters, horse-doctors, butchers, fishmongers, and cooks. Everett and Bancroft should certainly have lived in Concord. They would never have poured out such floods of empty rhetoric if they had spent a few minutes in the square each morning listening to the drovers and teamsters. What rattling oaths, how beautiful and thrilling! They fell like a shower of bullets. What stinging phrases, and that fiery double negative! No pale academicisms there, but a strong, salty speech, brisk and laconic, words so vascular and alive that they would bleed if you cut them, words that walked and ran.

Where could Emerson pass an hour better than on the Mill Dam, dropping into the grocery and the Squire's office, or chatting with Sam Staples on the steps of the courthouse? Or walking along beside Edmund Hosmer as he plowed his cornfield?

They shamed one's slight and useless city limbs, these soldiers of the soil—shamed the slackness of a scholar's day. A glance over Abel Moore's fence, a half-hour in the field with Edmund Hosmer, was a tonic for Emerson's will. And these men too spoke the language of nature. They challenged his mind, they drove his notions into a corner and obliged them to render up their meaning in a phrase, at the point of a pistol. They made him study the low tone, and he never forgot in their presence that the roots of the great and high must still be in the common life.

A capital place, Concord, for the study of human nature. He could find every human type there: Take Cardinal de Retz's *Memoirs:* it was easy to identify all his principal characters, playing similar parts in the village comedy. There was M. de Rohan, whose only talent was dancing and who knew that his element for rising in the world was the ballroom. And that old granny of a M. d'Angoulême, and Beaufort, who was only a private man and affected neutrality; and Mazarin, with his genius for going about the bush and giving to understand; and Mr. E— of Bangor who never finished his sentence—"you take the idee?" In the country church one saw the cousins of Napoleon, of Wellington, of Wilberforce, Bentham, Humboldt. A little air and sunshine, an hour of need, would suffice to call out the right fire from these slumbering peasants. The more silently they sat in their pews the louder their faces spoke—of the plain prose of life, timidity, caution, appetite, old houses, musty smells, retrograde faculties "puttering round" in paltry routines from January to December. The old doctor was a gallipot, the bookbinder bound books in his face, and the landlord mixed liquors, in motionless pantomime. Emerson could scrutinize every breed in the germ and verify all the impressions his reading had given him.

Why should people talk so much of the broadening effect of travel? You made an immense conquest of humanity by studying one man thoroughly. And Juvenal was right: "A single house will show whatever is done or suffered in the world." All history—Parthia, Macedon, Rome, and the Netherlands—repeated itself every year in Concord. At one end of the village scale were the clowns and sots who made the fringes of your tapestry of life and gave a certain reality to the picture: old Sol, old Moore, who slept in Doctor Hurd's barn, and the denizens of Bigelow's and Wesson's barrooms. At the other end was the courthouse, where the greatest men in the country appeared and spoke, Channing and Everett and Choate,

Wendell Phillips and Webster; the village got a handful of every ton of greatness that came to Boston. And there were shows and processions, animal-trainers and conjurors, revivalists and reformers, tourists and politicians—not to mention the Penobscot Indians who always came back with the summer. You had only to mix your impressions with a little imagination, and the whole panorama of human life unfolded before your eyes.

IV

A little imagination! Sometimes, at night, as Emerson lay awake, he listened to the endless procession of wagons creaking past his gate on the great road from Boston to the mountain villages of New Hampshire and Vermont. All the wealth and goods of the Indies, of China and Turkey, of England and Germany and Russia, were in those wagons streaming through Concord. Easy for him then to remember that the whole world was to be found in any least part of it, that the stars and celestial awning that overhung his own walks and discourses were as brave as those that were visible to Coleridge as he talked, or Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, or Chaucer and Petrarch and Boccaccio when they met. One had only to make much of one's own place, and it became in actuality all that one's fancy desired.

It was true that the world came to you if you were ready to receive it, if some fact in your experience gave you the key. The more facts, the more keys; that was the beauty of living close to the concrete. Housekeeping was a universal school, where all knowledge was taught you, and the price of your tuition was simply your annual expense. You wanted your stove set up, and this want entitled you to call on the professors of tin and iron in the village, inquire the cost of production of cast and wrought metal, the kinds of iron they had, all the secrets of the trade. You wanted soap or vinegar, manure, medicine, and you played the chemist; you were a politician with the selectmen and the assessors, a naturalist with your trees, hens, wood, and coal. You opened, in short, a shop in the heart of all crafts and professions. And besides, the familiar household tasks were agreeable to the imagination. Were they not the subjects of all the Greek gems?

Emerson was open in Concord—how easy it was to be open!—open at every pore to the common life. To the spring sounds in the village evenings; to the winning, artful-artless ways of the young girls in the shops, buying a skein of silk and gossiping for half an hour with the broad-faced shop boy, each laying little traps for the attention of the other, and each jumping joyfully into the traps; to the casual talk of pot-hunters and wood-choppers and cattle-drivers, and the local worthies exchanging dry remarks round the grocery stove; to the amphibious, weather-beaten, solitary fishermen on the river, floating in their flat skiffs and consoling themselves with rum; to the farmer who found in Plato so many of his own ideas; to the Social Circle that met on Thursday evenings—doctor, lawyer, trader, miller, mechanic, solid men, yielding solidest gossip, like the circle in *Wilhelm Meister* of which every member was a master of some indispensable art; to the Indians on the river—they could give you a new tea every day, and a new soup, lily-soup, hemlock tea, tea from the snow-berry, and cut a string from spruce-root, something no white man could ever do; to old George Minott up there on the slope, in his little hip-roofed cottage, with his cow and his corn and his "crook-necks". . . .

Congenial Concord!

LIQUOR AND THE SCHOOLS

BY ALFRED E. STEARNS

Principal of Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts

IN VIEW of recent testimony of "Wets" and "Drys" at Washington and elsewhere—testimony so often flatly contradictory—one needs more than ordinary courage to venture an opinion on the much-discussed liquor problem, even though that opinion relates only to an individual group or locality. The problem is complicated and baffling, and its ramifications seemingly endless.

And yet there are some phases of this important question of which the public at large knows comparatively little and the study of which reveals interesting and significant facts. One of these phases is the effect of prohibition on the youth of to-day as revealed by the habits and conduct of the students in our boarding schools and colleges. Such student bodies represent a fair cross-section of a large element at least of American youth, and an element too that is most often subjected to the limelight of publicity. If then we can determine with any degree of accuracy the effects of prohibition on this selected mass, from whom we expect to recruit the leaders of the coming generation, we shall have found fairly stable grounds on which to base our hopes or fears for the future.

The head of an institution of any size is perhaps the last one who can honestly claim to have full and clear knowledge of the habits of his students which naturally seek concealment. He knows, or ought to know, that practices of this kind which are revealed and invite customary discipline represent at best a fraction only of those that actually exist. And yet, if his experience covers any reasonable length of time, he is surely justified in contending that on the basis of such evidence as he has and has always used fair inferences may be drawn and fair deductions made. On this basis alone do I feel qualified to discuss this particular phase of the problem presented by national prohibition: and on this basis I believe we are justified in reaching some interesting and perhaps unexpected conclusions.

All educators are agreed, I think, that previous to the war and the adoption of national prohibition drinking among the students in our American schools and colleges had shown a steady and wholesome decline. With the war came a change. The excitement and strain of those hectic days exerted a tremendous and not always a beneficial influence on unstable youth. Some were inspired to heroism, others to reckless adventure, others still to folly. Drinking once more became a not uncommon thing among American youth; and schools and colleges alike noted and deplored the change. Nor was youth the only offender. Those of older and supposedly wiser years lost their poise as well and joined the ranks of the worst offenders.

The end of the war did not bring an end to the unnatural conditions that war had bred. To the present day the effects of the war's reactions are still evident in our midst. Nowhere are these effects more noticeable than in the widespread and reckless drinking of a portion of our people who willingly break their country's laws, flaunt their country's constitution, risk their lives

with rank poison so often masquerading under the name of liquor, hand over their money to unscrupulous bootleggers, criminals, and murderers, in all this directly conspiring to shake the foundations of our national life itself. This strange attitude of so many otherwise respectable people will go down into history, I believe, as one of those occasional but striking instances of unaccountable human behavior.

The imposition of prohibition alone does not account for this recklessness. The abnormal reactions of the war are still finding their expression in dimmed ideals, distorted vision, uncontrolled wills, a craving for excitement, and a general letting down of standards, the end of which is not liberty but license, alluring but dangerous. Curiously, the worst offenders are not found in the ranks of youth but among those of maturer years. Old age and youth appear to be maintaining or approaching something savoring of sane stability while middle age has not yet found its bearings. Unfortunately middle age embraces most of the parents of present-day youth. Those to whom youth should naturally look for ideals and guidance are setting strange and often dangerous examples, and it is to the everlasting credit of youth that, against and in spite of this pernicious influence, our boys and girls are developing a clearer vision. If the most reliable reports from our schools and colleges are to be credited such a contention is surely justified.

II

Too little attention has been given to the published reports of responsible college officers and others, who testified before the Senate Committee in Washington recently, of the beneficial effects of prohibition on the student body of Yale, a representative university, while contradictory testimony of two undergraduates, who had already earned the reputation of being "knockers," has been widely broadcasted through the public press. Let me repeat this favorable testimony as reported at the time.

The following statement from Professor Charles C. Clark was read upon the witness stand:

> I am not a prohibitionist, and have never been. I will admit to you, however, that the effect of prohibition at Yale University has been good. I know whereof I speak, for I have been a member of the Committee on Discipline from a time dating back many years before prohibition.
>
> I know conditions intimately. I do not pretend that the students are prohibitionists or are not drinking, but the change has been simply revolutionary. In the old days our Committee was constantly busy with cases involving intoxication and the disorders originating from it. Now we have practically no business of the kind at all to transact. Moreover, this is in spite of the fact that in the old days we rarely troubled ourselves about a case of mere intoxication if it had not resulted in some kind of public disorder, whereas now intoxication of itself is regarded as calling for the severest penalty.

And this from the Chief of Police of the same city:

> Speaking from the authentic records of the Police Department, there is much less drinking now than before the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect. Yale undergraduates are much better behaved than then, and one of the direct benefits of prohibition is that their conduct has improved so materially.

Surely testimony of such high and dependable character cannot be ignored.

Since the writing of this article was undertaken, the *Literary Digest* has published the results of its nation-wide poll of colleges and universities. With all reasonable allowance for the limited knowledge of the authorities reporting, it cannot be denied that this composite and emphatic testimony gives the clearest kind of evidence that drinking among our college students to-day is distinctly less than ever before. Nor is this surprising to those most intimately in touch with our student bodies and whose contacts cover sufficiently long periods to justify them in making comparisons and drawing contrasts.

In order to sustain or disprove my own personal convictions, and before attempting to offer those convictions to the public, I sent personal letters of inquiry to officers of thirty of the leading boarding schools, colleges, and universities of the East. Purposely, those addressed were not always the heads of the institutions selected but those who were known to be most intimately in touch with undergraduate life and activities. The answers to these inquiries with singular unanimity confirm my own conviction that the extent of drinking among the boys in school and college is steadily on the wane.

Of the colleges reporting, nine insist that there is less drinking than ever before. Seven report a definite improvement over the previous year. Three, which happen to face peculiar local conditions, believe that there is actually less drinking than formerly, though they question whether the net results, due to the use of hard and often poisonous bootleg spirits, are better or worse than before.

The schools reporting are practically unanimous in their testimony that drinking among undergraduates is steadily on the wane, while a number emphasize the fact that the past year has proved the best on record.

Colleges and schools alike admit and deplore the pernicious effect on the youth of to-day of the law-breaking element that now enters into the problem; and the schools especially lay emphasis on the fact that if week-end home-goings and visits could be eliminated the liquor problem, so far as their student bodies are concerned, would practically disappear—a strange and somewhat disquieting commentary on the modern home.

Reinforced by such striking and uniform testimony as this, I am confident that those of us who believe that drinking among the undergraduates in our schools and colleges is steadily decreasing are fully justified in our contention. That undergraduates themselves may often believe otherwise and so testify does not disturb us in the least. The undergraduate knows only the institution of his time and has no basis for trustworthy comparison. Only those whose contacts cover long periods can fairly say whether conditions are better or worse; and these with striking unanimity insist that they are better.

III

Since these conclusions are seemingly so different from those which the public at large has reached, something further should be said by way of explanation. Unquestionably the readers of our daily papers and those whose opinions are formed by common gossip may be excused for believing that excessive drinking is the rule in our schools and colleges to-day. The wide and noisy publicity given to such drinking episodes when they do occur creates a natural but wholly wrong impression. What the public fails to recognize is the fact that it is only recently that these affairs have come to be regarded as "news." Why this is so is not difficult to discover. Several reasons at least are clear.

Before the present prohibition law became a reality excessive drinking, whether in our institutions of learning or elsewhere, received little if any publicity. Flagrant cases, of course, especially where other factors were involved, secured the attention regularly accorded to the unusual. But on the whole such delinquencies were accepted as customary and natural and occasioned little comment. Conditions now have changed, and the bitter and widespread controversy between "Wets" and "Drys" has given a wholly new significance to drinking and its attendant results. The "Wets" especially have eagerly seized upon every incident and evidence pointing to the ineffectiveness of the prohibition law and noisily proclaimed their findings to an interested public.

Again, drinking to-day is no longer a purely personal and possibly, a moral matter, but a legal offense. When it

was only the former it was not often treated as "news." It became news only when the results prompted the overstepping of legal bounds and so carried the effects of the act beyond the moral and purely personal realm. Now that nearly all drinking, at least that of a public character, involves the actual breaking of the law and the defiance of the Nation's constitution, such indulgence takes on at once a new meaning and becomes a matter of real interest to the public at large. Under these new conditions the drinking that actually does exist, whether it be either more or less than formerly, is bound to be more widely heralded than ever before.

Finally, the changed conditions under which we live in this modern age conspire to give publicity to acts which only a few years ago would rarely, if ever, have been drawn from their customary concealment. More than formerly our actions are forced into the open under the influence of the high-speed world in which we live. With the phonograph and radio to spread it, news is cheaper and more widely disseminated than it used to be, and the automobile especially has added to its color. Privacy and the motor car make poor bed-fellows.

In my own college days there was a popular song, set to a Moody and Sankey tune, that is still sung with enthusiasm by returning graduates. The theme was based on the common practice of making the journey to and from the neighboring city of Northampton in the vehicles supplied by Paige's Stables, a well-known institution of the college town. The words are significant:

> "Paige's horse is in the gutter,
> Paige's sleigh is upside down,
> And my head goes reeling, reeling,
> As I wander into town."

The sentiment of this jingle sprang undoubtedly from many historic incidents in undergraduate life: but such incidents had no special interest to the public. Why? Well, chiefly because of the setting. There was nothing very dramatic about sliding out of an overturning sleigh into a snowdrift, while the effects on the victim were sobering and generally beneficial. Such incidents doubtless became known to a considerable number of the student body to be joked about and then forgotten. But the high-powered automobile crushing its tipsy driver against a tree or telegraph pole introduces at once a wholly new element—that of tragedy; and the story, news indeed, finds its place at once on the front page of the daily paper. And yet, in spite of this significant difference in results, it cannot be fairly said that there is any appreciable difference in the characters and purposes of those involved. The boy of the present day is only the victim of that highly developed mechanical life of which his predecessor never knew. Increased publicity is one of the penalties we pay for the increased speed of modern life.

The earlier reactions of the younger generation to the adoption of national prohibition, which resulted in such distressing excesses, were inspired largely by a spirit of bravado and adventure, a spirit which always has been and probably always will be a common characteristic of youth. Drinking in itself has never made a strong appeal to the young; and even in the earlier days when drinking among students was far more general than it is to-day, the number of those who could be said actually to enjoy hard liquor was almost negligible. Prohibition pretty effectively cut off the supplies of milder spirits at least, and those who elected to disregard the law turned from necessity to strong drink, stronger generally than the hard liquor of the past. They did so not because they craved any satisfaction which this kind of drinking would give, but chiefly as an act of defiance, in a spirit of daring, and under the strong encouragement offered by their elders who constantly prated of the "injustice" of the prohibition law. Injustice youth will never readily tolerate: and here was a chance to protest.

Schoolmasters are familiar enough with the reactions of boys to any new school regulation that gains the reputation of being unjust. Either student sentiment must be changed, or the rule must be modified or withdrawn. So long as it stands and student opinion holds it unjust, defiance is sure. This undoubtedly was the spirit that animated our boys and girls in their first reaction to the new prohibition law and for the time swept them off their feet. Only as they began to think for themselves did their attitude change; and that change has been steady and pronounced. The popularity of the hip flask has steadily waned among the undergraduates in our schools and colleges. Often it is still a cherished possession among those of a well-known type. Sometimes its presence is boastingly announced to a few. But less often is it actually used.

IV

It is not easy to give all the reasons why the youth of to-day, or at least that representative and more thoughtful portion of it from which our student bodies are recruited, should be choosing of its own volition a course at variance with and certainly saner than that commonly ascribed to middle age. But to those who enjoy intimate contacts with the young men of the present day some explanations at once suggest themselves. My own contacts have been almost wholly with boys, and it is, therefore, of them that I speak.

Whatever the faults and limitations of youth, it has to its eternal credit the quality of looking facts in the face and of discriminating with rare insight between the true and the false. Youthful vision goes to the heart of things and is little impressed with the glamour and veneer by which those of older years and skilled in the art of compromise are so frequently swayed. Youth will impulsively lie, generally in self-defense, but its love of truth is strong. Youth will at times play unfairly, but its sense of justice is inherent and compelling. Youth will condone among its mates almost any sin or vice except that which involves hypocrisy and sham. On that point youth is adamant. And it is just here that youth with its clear perception of underlying truth clashes with the older generation. "Our boys see through us and believe us hypocrites, and that is why we have lost control of them," said an eminently respectable father to me recently. And that father told the truth. Youth is instinctively a hero worshiper and craves an ideal. It will give its allegiance whole-heartedly to one whom it trusts; but once it discovers in that hero of fancy a discordant and hypocritical note the allegiance is severed, and for good.

Nothing seems better calculated to develop hypocrisy and encourage sham among a large group of otherwise sane and respectable people than the liquor question of to-day. The curious and so often contradictory attitude of this group youth watches with increased misgivings; and youth is not favorably impressed. To its ears the constant and noisy talk about "personal liberty" does not ring true. On every side it sees accepted conditions where personal liberty is gladly surrendered for the common good, the more gladly when that common good reacts to the direct benefit of the one who makes the sacrifice. Father and father's friends may talk themselves hoarse about their right to personal liberty in the matter of drink, but would speedily call the police if the drunken driver of an automobile, exercising his equal right to that same personal liberty, decided to drive on the wrong side of the street and collided with their car. Wherever and whenever these advocates behave like respectable citizens and civilized men they are surrendering a definite amount of that personal liberty for which, on other occasions, they shout so lustily. All this youth sees and more than dimly comprehends.

Nor is youth blind to the appalling

increase in crime which gives this country, and by a wide margin, the unenviable leadership among the nations in this dastardly and preventable business. Youth listens to its elders as they talk in glowing terms of their great and free country, of its glorious history and destiny, of their love for it and their undying patriotism. But it notes too, and cannot forget, that the money which these same "patriots" so freely hand over for forbidden and bootleg liquor is a direct contribution to the efforts of those who are deliberately undermining the foundations of our government and sapping its heart's blood. And youth is beginning to sense more and more clearly that hypocrisy and selfishness of this pernicious kind are a direct encouragement and invitation to the lowest dregs of society, thieves, murderers, and anarchists, to do their worst. Surely, youth reasons, there is something wrong with these professed "patriots," something woefully illogical in their arguments, something rotten underneath.

For yet another reason are our boys concerned over the conditions that confront them. After all, it is their world that is in the making. The stage is being set for them and only a few years hence they will be called upon as men to play their parts on it. To-day's sowing will yield a harvest which they must reap. To that later day youth is already looking forward; and the questionings of youthful minds are as to the character and setting of that stage, the quality of that harvest. No wonder then that our thoughtful young men hesitate to join unreservedly with their elders in actions and attitudes that must spell for them in their later years danger and discord and the loss of much at least that has made their country in the past great and powerful, and an ideal for a needy world.

The prize-winning essay this last June, at one of our large city high schools, was entitled "What Young People Should Do About Prohibition." The sentiments expressed by the young man who wrote it, just completing his high-school course give voice, I feel sure, to a growing conviction among our youth that is in accord with and fully justifies the opinions offered above. Let me quote a significant paragraph:

> What can we young people do? Not all of us may vote. But we may all treat the law with the common decency which it demands; and may expect our friends to do as much. We may study into the problem of prohibition, weighing carefully each proposition and each table of statistics. We may each hold an opinion and know why we hold it. And, whatever our final theories may be, we may exert whatever influence is ours to give this "infant law" a chance in life. It asks no more. It is you and I that shall benefit from this great experiment. If the test is allowed to continue, you and I shall know at last its worth. We shall see its effect upon our children, and our children's children.

Youth must and will find a way out of the present muddle. Already our boys are leading the way. But the tragedy of it all is that this hard task must be accomplished not, as in all fairness it should be, with the whole-hearted help and support of those of older and supposedly wiser years, but against and in spite of them.

Whatever the advocates of personal liberty, law-breaking, and bootlegging may delude themselves into believing, youth is not easily or, at least, for long deceived. For a time youth, with its natural love of adventure and hostility to restraint, swung easily into the path chosen by its elders. For the moment it did not ask where that path might lead. But it is beginning to ask that question now; and there are increasing signs that youth is not satisfied with that questionable goal. Youth desires at heart and will seek a better and more stable one. It is not asking its elders for help; but it may rightly demand that we shall not hinder. But the pity of it is that there should be even a question as to where we stand and what our influence is to be.

The Lion's Mouth

COMPOSITE IRISH LOVE SONG

(*After an orgy of Irish reading*)

BY EDWARD ANTHONY

OCH, to be with my Bridget!—
(Or is "me Bridget" right?)
The pride of County Kerry,
With faychers like a sprite.

'Tis I'll be cillibratin'
The day we meet wance more
Along the River Kelly
Where banshees line the shore.

I'll tell her: Nora, darlint,—
Or, rather, Bridget dear,
I've done with all spalpeenin',
I'm sittlin' down this year.

And thin Oi'll also whisper:
Hark ye! (or is it "yez?")
Hark! angel straight from hiven
To what yer feller sez.

Ochone! (That's Irish sighing)
I love yez, Miss Malone,
As sure as purple heather
Blooms broight in Innishown,

Where undern'ath the flax-plants,
As still as soilint Cal,
Lie buried, 'n'ath the moor-herbs,
The men of Donegal,

That fought for Oirish fraydom
And chased the British foe
Whoile bird-voiced Dublin fairies
Kept dancing to and fro.

Yer loikes I've niver seen, oh,
Swate Ballyshunock maid!
Yer fit to roide first-carriage
In Patrick's Day parade.

Proize iv old Erin's childer,
Quane iv the Imerald Isle,
Yez has me all a-fuddle
Whine'er Oi see yez smile.

'Tis thin I'm so beflustered
Me pen conglomerates
F. Carlin, Mr. Dooley,
And William Butler Yeats!

THE PERIL OF BEING CAPABLE

BY ALIX

EXPERIENCE has convinced me that a corporeal Nirvana lies ahead of one who has earned the reputation of being capable. As a child I was taught to be self-reliant. It was impressed on me early that I must button my own shoes, do my own hair, fasten my own coat, take care of my own things, wait on myself—be capable, in short. And I have been so ever since, to my everlasting detriment.

The first ominous signs appeared long ago: my numerous aunts used to be glad to have me visit them because I was so helpful with the younger children; the neighbors liked me because I was so good about doing errands; my mother's friends marveled at my ability to wash dishes and make beds, dust, bake, and get meals when I was hardly tall enough to see over the edge of the table. "Such a capable

child," was a frequent comment that flattered my self-esteem—then. Now I know it was one of those beguilements that lure us into trouble before we are aware.

As I grew older and began to enter into church, club, or social activities, I found myself always complimented with the chairmanship of those committees which furnished the suppers or cleared up afterwards—"the most important ones, which require a capable leader"—so I always spent my time in kitchen apron, out of sight, while others less capable, met the celebrities, and graced the occasion. At first I was impressed with the importance of the responsibilities I carried, but gradually it began to dawn upon me that these flattering responsibilities carried with them a most unflattering burden of toil, and that I was working like a non-unionized day laborer.

It was the same when I went to college and when I began to teach. Fragile, blue-eyed, helpless maidens would gaze at me with languishing admiration and warble, "How can you do so much! You are so capable." And I fell for it—I still do. Whenever there is something easy or pleasant to be accomplished it always manages to elude me; when there is any undesirable task to be done, "Ask Miss Doe to do that; she is so capable." And I am unfailingly the goat.

For the last fifteen years my aged parents have complacently permitted me to support them in such affluence as half a pedagogue's salary will furnish. For seven years a joyous and debonnair adopted son has benignly accepted me as mother, father, teacher, guide, and bank account. For two years I have been the mainstay to his childwife and infant daughter. Under these auspicious conditions I am learning how it happens that the capable ones get so much experience in being capable that their capability is developed to the n^{th} degree. I am discovering that, after the first prideful thrills at being so necessary, the word capable begins to have an ominous, sinister, even offensive sound. But most valuable of all, I am learning—oh so capably—how not to be capable.

It is very simple when one has acquired the basic principles of the art, particularly if there are also the necessary physical qualifications. (This handicap I have to overcome by superior intelligence, unfortunately.) To have mournful blue eyes, a tendency to pallor, and the figure of a "wee slip of a girl" is to have earnest of success at the start. To be prettily puzzled, gently distressed, or gracefully overcome by obstacles constitutes a sweet, feminine appeal which is irresistible. If there be added, with deprecating helplessness, "I did so want to . . . I wonder if . . . No, after all, I don't see how I can . . ." the end is certain—especially if the audience has been selected with shrewd eye to its receptiveness and suggestibility—for one of the most capable is sure to chirp brightly "Not at all. Go right along—I can attend to everything perfectly."

At this point of course the consummate artist will demur with gentle, self-abnegating reluctance; but she will eventually yield with sweetly well-bred acquiescence to the dominant urgency of the Capable One, leaving that fond fool with the impression that he has won the privilege of doing the undesired task only by overcoming tremendous opposition.

MUSIC, THE LAST RESORT OF THE STUPID

BY PHILIP CURTISS

"YOUR child," said the teacher, rather gingerly, "will never, I fear, have a true ear for music."

"For which Heaven be praised!" I responded instantly and, as the good lady looked somewhat aghast, I was obliged to make up some stout, specious lies to reassure her. What I intended to convey, I told her, was that she was a true friend in not encouraging my little Helen on a career in which she could

find only disappointment; that no greater tragedy could exist than a semi-artist who was deluded with the idea of being ultimately among the elect.

But actually I had meant exactly what I said. When Fate denied to my little daughter "a true ear for music" it also kept her from being a trivial, picayune person, a constant torture to herself, and a miserable nuisance to all her associates. It kept her, in short, from being in a feminine form what my old friend Mark Hobbs used to be in a masculine form—a decent, modest little fellow on ordinary occasions but a most intolerable ass when a word or a note of music was anywhere in the vicinity.

Just where Mark Hobbs first got the idea that he was a supersoul in music I cannot imagine, for he was not a real artist in any broad sense of the word. He had no knowledge of the literature of music and no apparent imagination for its larger forms. He played the piano in a correct, expressionless way and he sang sometimes in a diffident, cautious barytone, but he did less and less of either as he grew in years and became more and more conscious of his own divine gift—a true ear. In brief, he did not enjoy listening to music, he did not enjoy the production of music. His sole pleasure in life lay in telling other people that they were off the key.

My own peculiar bitterness against Mark Hobbs arises from the fact that he utterly ruined two years of my college life. In the college that I attended the students were divided into groups of sixteen according to the section of the dormitory in which they were quartered and, until Mark Hobbs moved into it, our section was the home of harmony. It was the Tin Pan Alley of Huntington Hall. Its inmates were widely divided on matters of religion, campus politics, fraternity associations, and taste for scholarship, but in one thing they were a solid knot—a common love and a long standing practice of "campus agony."

Now campus agony, I need hardly state, is merely the academic form of the "barber shop chord." It is the true folk song of the undergraduate and arises naturally from the student soul in its moments of work or play. It voices the poetry of a dewy campus on a warm night in Spring term, it chimes with the rhythm of flat wheels and whining trolley on the "last car from town" on a Saturday night, but it reaches its greatest heights of pure ecstasy in a steaming, tiled shower bath underneath the gymnasium or in a stone dormitory with painted walls and leaded windows, where every atom acts as a natural sounding board and makes any poor songster feel like Caruso.

With this perfect background, Section Eight, Huntington Hall, had worked out a simple but very effective method of counterpoint. The leader would be the man who knew all the words, and the rest of us would be tenors or basses. By instinct and experience the tenors would seize on a chord note about three tones higher than the dominant note of the air. They would then continue, straight along, on this one note, watching the bloodshot eye and straining throat muscles of the leader until something told them that he was about to change. They would then go either one note higher or one note lower (it didn't seem to make very much difference) until the last phrase of the song, when their eyes would light, their tonsils would swell, and they would leap into that final, three-note descending wail by which a tenor part can be made to fit the last bar of any song ever written.

The task of the basses was even simpler. All they had to do was boom up, boom down, sounding two notes a bar, until that last happy phrase, when they would come climbing up from the cellar as the tenors came wailing down from the roof, and all three parts would meet in one perfectly exquisite chord. With this fundamental fugue, we could, after two years' practice, wring tears out of anything from "Rock-a-bye Baby" to "I've Found a Horseshoe," the only requirements being that the song be

slow enough so that we could feel our way in advance and that everyone present take part in the crime.

Then came Mark Hobbs into Section Eight, and harmony died overnight. I will not recount all his methods, for they are perfectly familiar and are always the same with every member of his vast and contemptible tribe. If the crowd started one of our favorite "close harmonies," Mark Hobbs would emit a low groan of pain, and his face would become that of a sensitive lady who has just stepped on a worm. If we started singing in unison, as in the football songs, Mark Hobbs would hold up his hand and say, "Please, please, just a minute. You're nearly a whole tone off the key." If one of the glee-club men dropped in and was coaxed into giving a solo at the piano, Mark Hobbs would sit quietly enough, but he would glance furtively around the room until he caught somebody's eye, then he would smile faintly, as if to say, "Poor chap, he means well, but *you* know and *I* know how terrible this really is." And we, poor cravens, would smile in response, as if we agreed with him, proud to be taken into his musical confidence.

Now the really astonishing thing is that we were still twenty-one and still rowdy. If Mark Hobbs had tried these tactics in any other branch of art, science, or sport, we should simply have told him to go soak his head; but in music the world has permitted the absurd illusion that certain persons are born with a mystic, inscrutable alchemy that gives them the right to lay down flat dictums without debate or appeal.

For, twenty years of later experience have convinced me that Mark Hobbs was nine-tenths a bluff. Not but what we, as singers, were fairly terrible, and not but what Mark Hobbs was fairly right; but we were not anywhere nearly as bad as he said we were, and he was not anywhere nearly as infallible as he succeeded in making us believe. My ear to-day is no doubt as imperfect as it was at that time, but the queer paths of journalism for some years led me into a position where I had intimate and familiar converse with a large number of real musicians—singers, composers, and conductors of the very first rank—and none of them was at all like Mark Hobbs. Fritz Kreisler, for instance, would thoroughly have enjoyed our musical evenings, and so would Frederick Stock. John Alden Carpenter would have seen the idea for an original symphony in campus agony, while Victor Herbert would have taken the top off the piano and showed us, if possible, how we could make our music even worse.

No, the ruling motive of Mark Hobbs was not suffering, as he pretended, but unconscious delight. Our maudlin efforts gave him his one chance for distinction, and the natural instinct of every human to fight against obscurity made him seize his one possible talent and squeeze out the benefits of it to the very last drop. In everything else that is dear to an undergraduate he was a total nonentity and at heart he knew it, but his knowledge of music was taken for granted. As his dictums were never disputed he became an æsthetic bully and, like every bully, he had learned that the way to keep his preëminence was always to pick the quarrel and strike the first blow.

Furthermore, the tactics of Mark Hobbs are those of nine-tenths of the half-baked musicians who make up the supposed "musical world." If you don't believe it, try this very simple trick: Go into any social atmosphere where your own antecedents are not especially well known and wait until there is a parlor recital or until some good amateur is asked to sing or play. You need not know a flat from a sharp, but sit quietly until the performer strikes a high note or comes to a minor passage, then give a quick, convulsive shudder, but act immediately as if you were trying to cover it up. The chances are five to one that someone sitting near you will give you a sympathetic,

knowing smile. If this doesn't work, walk out on the piazza and wait until someone praises the performance, then say gently, "Yes, it was very pleasant but wasn't he painfully off in the second movement?" No one will ever dispute you. You will get away with it every time.

Then there are countless Mark Hobbses, male and female, who keep up their reputation by judging music entirely by the place where they hear it played. While they will accept any symphony orchestra, they always pretend to suffer agonies from a hotel or theater orchestra. The joke of this lies in the fact that hotel and theater musicians are usually in such positions because they have no qualities except one—that of being scrupulously correct. As a matter of fact, given the limitation of instruments, there is some very astonishingly good music to be heard in restaurants and small theaters, and for a real music lover the relaxed atmosphere of the place is a part of music itself.

The worst feature is that professional critics, except a handful of the truly great ones, are recruited naturally from the Mark Hobbs class. They have a few catch words, such as "tone color," "virtuosity," "attack," and "brio," but beyond that their one dream in life is to catch a well-known performer a hairsbreadth off pitch. It seems never to dawn on them that there may be something in music beside rigid correctness. We do not read books in the sole search for typographical errors, nor do we condemn them for occasional slips.

But, even granted that all the Mark Hobbses are right and we are all wrong, what franchise is theirs to display such abominable manners? Has a painter the right to walk into a room and, looking at water colors done by his hostess, say, "Frankly, madame, that is the very worst picture that I have ever seen in my life"? Does an actor get up and walk out when forced to attend some summer charades?

My own theory about Mark Hobbs and his ilk is one, I believe, that will bear examination. During the fifty years which preceded the present generation the only accepted gateway to music lay through the piano. A musician was a person who could "play"; all others were wistful aliens. Now, say what you like, piano playing in its ordinary phases comes most readily to a cold, exact temperament. A dexterous proficiency goes with precisely the same type of mind that is found in a fast infielder, a good needlewoman, or an expert die sinker. Select the best pianists of a given company, and you will invariably find the least intellectual, most unimaginative persons in the room. This, of course, excepts the very greatest.

On the other hand a poetic mind or an original imagination is accompanied notoriously by clumsy fingers. The result has been that the huge voting power in American music has fallen into the hands not of the spiritually sensitive but the manually dexterous. It is exactly as if no man were allowed authority in the theater unless he could do a tap dance. The fallacy of such an idea is shown by the fact that good performers are rarely composers.

It is only in recent years that the public has been allowed to grasp the idea that although a person cannot sound G sharp with hand or voice he still may understand and love music. It sounds, I fear, exactly like the sort of thing that Mark Hobbs himself would say, but it does seem to be true that the radio, the phonograph, and the player piano have accomplished a service far beyond the dreams of their inventors. Perhaps, on second thought, this is exactly what Mark Hobbs would *not* say, for it is one of the tenets of his tribe to express a horror of all mechanical music. But if it will annoy him I will say it myself and if he *should* happen to have said it I truly apologize, for it would be the only true word that he has ever spoken about music.

Editor's Easy Chair

PRESIDENT ELIOT

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

OF COURSE Doctor Eliot never was the conventional college president. It will be recalled that the Harvard Overseers would not at first endorse the selection of him by the Harvard Corporation. He was thirty-five years old at that time, and the Overseers, who were possibly old-fogier in 1868 than they are now, considered him too immature; besides which he had given some evidence of being what in our rude vernacular we call a roughneck. He had disclosed in *The Atlantic Monthly* that in his opinion education was not being done right. Possibly the Overseers felt flouted by his remarks, which they may have thought reflected upon them as supervisors of education. But the Harvard Corporation, which has only seven members and is self perpetuating, and is at least as superior to external opinion as the unjust judge of Scripture, is a very remarkable body, that does an unexpected thing as often as it thinks necessary and has a curious appreciation of the value of youth. When it has a vacancy in its own body to fill it is quite likely, as in this case, to take some young fellow not more than ten or fifteen years out of college. Having picked Charles Eliot to be President, it stuck to him and, when the Overseers had had time to remark on the Corporation's persistence, they accepted him.

But he was never the traditional college president of sixty years ago. Indeed, he set a new fashion in college presidents, and set it with such success that colleges generally began to look about for presidents as nearly of his type as the visible supply of material could afford. There were times—indeed a good many times—when he recognized the humanity of human beings. Once in discussing coal mining he pointed out as one of its attractions as a calling that when you put in a charge of dynamite to bring down coal you never knew how much you were going to get. That made the job a gamble, and he noted that human creatures like gambles and that employments in which they are found are more interesting than the employments in which they are not. Probably he did not call gambles gambles, and was college president enough to use more dignified language, but he was writer enough not to use too dignified language. He never tangled up his ideas with words, good or bad. You knew what he said. Indeed, in certain ways he came to be a great expert in words especially, as everybody knows, in inscriptions. That he did poetry I never heard, but he did do inscriptions, which is a very particular branch of the literary art. One of his inscriptions was sunk the other day in the North River on the steamer *Washington Irving*. It adorned a bronze picture of Irving. No doubt they have fished it out by now. He must have written hundreds of inscriptions and he took fees at times for practicing this vocation. Some that he made for public buildings in Washington were changed by another word artist, Dr.

Woodrow Wilson but, in the judgment of the present critic, not improved.

One would not venture to say that Doctor Eliot escaped completely from the disabilities of being a college president but he did avoid a surprising lot of them. He was sometimes oracular but never pompous. And naturally, since he had no more need of being pompous than a Ford car, with which conquering democratic mechanism he might perhaps be advantageously compared if it was reverently done and with proper qualifications. For the Ford car changed American life, and so in appreciable measure did Doctor Eliot.

He was kind but did not advertise it much. John Jay Chapman long ago published a piece about him. Of course, Chapman is a chartered disillusionist, and likely to say anything about anybody that happens into his head and sounds good to him. He said saucy things about Doctor Eliot, but among other things said he was kind, very kind, to young fellows in college who had bad luck and needed help or attention. Chapman gives instances of that, and offers himself as one because, having suffered a fiscal setback while an undergraduate, he was sent for by Eliot, examined as to his needs, and put in the way of remunerative light employment that would meet them.

Perhaps Doctor Eliot saw something in Chapman. It was his great, perhaps his greatest, specialty to discern what men had in them. He was a great picker of men; a great employer, constantly in need of high talent to help him make a good thing—a good educational Ford—out of Harvard University. If he saw value in a man and could acquire him, he reached out and took him without regard to whether his captive saw value in him or not. In college appointments he never tried to punish anybody for opposing him provided he was good at his job. To be sure, he had limited powers, or none, over professors; but positive and agressive as he was, he was neither arrogant nor arbitrary. The changes he wanted he got, but he waited until they came by consent of his colleagues whose consent was necessary, and he gained that consent by argument and persuasion. His stories in *A Late Harvest* of his dealings and relations with men, and especially of his modernization of the Medical School and Law School of Harvard are fascinating and very amusing. He had great gifts as a biographer. Would that he had written up more Harvard graduates as he did Dixwell, Lowell, Doctor Holmes, Langdell, and others.

But, as said, he was kind to Chapman, who is also a biographer, and possibly saw something in him. Chapman is not academic, not very; but he is something of a scholar—more in several lines, than Eliot was—and he could beat him as a writer on religion, but as an administrative officer Doctor Eliot could beat Chapman hands down. He could run a college much better of course than Chapman would have wanted any college to be run for most of the purposes which Doctor Eliot thought useful.

A LITERARY person, that is, a sort of literary person, who had formed the habit of going to Northeast Harbor every summer for a while, used always to call on Doctor Eliot while he was there. This person was a light character with very moderate supplies of knowledge, moderate diligence, and a fair line of deleterious habits; but by dint of some facility in adjusting words to one another he had managed to get along passably in life. It always surprised him, so I am told, that Doctor Eliot should tolerate him at all. But he did, treated him with indulgence, was ready even to talk man to man with him, got out of him what he knew, if anything, about things and people he was conversant with, wanted to know how much money he made writing pieces, and evidently thought better of him because he made a rather better living than he was entitled to. For Doctor Eliot was always interested in making a living, especially as contrived by gradu-

ates of Harvard. The man always marvelled at the old man's kindness, but so it was. Doctor Eliot was probably shy to start with. There was not that in him, as there was for example in Roosevelt, that went out and embraced his fellow creature, but he was interested in him, very patient with him when it was necessary, helped him when he could. It may be even that he suffered fools gladly, but as to that one would like to hear testimony.

Mr. Brisbane notes that he "knew the value of serenity and refused to be Ambassador to Great Britain." So he did. He had also from the first a very definite idea of what was his calling in this life, and he stuck to it. It kept him in Europe with his young family for two years, 1863–5, studying chemistry and methods of education while Justice Holmes's then youthful frame was being ventilated by bullets and Robert Gould Shaw was being buried with his niggers. But, as often related in the papers, when in his early days he was offered five thousand dollars a year to be manager of a cotton mill he refused, because that was not the job he had in mind for himself, and presently he hired out as a teacher for half the salary.

He was very practical. A while ago in the *Harvard Graduates Magazine* there was a story of Benjamin Peirce, the great mathematician, and how when sometimes he got an idea in mathematics that was too big for him to express he adjourned in the street car to Somerville to Doctor Hill, afterwards President of Harvard College, to get his help in putting his mathematical thought on record. Peirce could think in mathematics better than Hill could, but Hill had a greater gift for expressing mathematical thoughts than Peirce had! So they sat together sometimes far into the night till between them they got down on paper Peirce's last great thought. That tale being one day communicated to Doctor Eliot it was expected that his enthusiasm would be kindled. It was not kindled at all. What he said about it was that Benjamin Peirce was a poor teacher. No doubt he was. His name is on a tablet in Paris along with Pythagorus and Archimedes as one of the twenty great mathematicians on record since world records began and, of course, the old man was a glory of Harvard. But Doctor Eliot was interested in teaching, and no doubt it was true that Benjamin Peirce was not very abundantly useful to the young idea.

Doctor Eliot was not all things to all men but he was many things to a lot of them. He was predominantly mental. What he did, he did with his mind, and it was an extremely good mind. But spiritual things he did not get with all of the certainty that he got mental things. They seemed not so much to be shown to him. Yet he had a lively interest in religion. What he saw he saw clearly. What he did not see he could not think existed. Being a Unitarian, he was fully satisfied with that point of view, especially as it left him to his own point of view without disparagement or molestation. First and last he wrote a good deal about religion. In one of his forth-givings about it, included in *A Late Harvest* (the volume of his papers written between eighty and ninety) he said: "No single personality born in Christendom—and no class of persons—can reach his best without accepting as guides in life the fundamental teachings of Jesus Christ—love God and thy neighbor, have compassion on the wronged and the desolate, seek the truth that frees, and worship God in spirit and in truth. To live in this way, it is not necessary to accept any of the dogmas of the great churches, or any part of their symbolism or ritualism. Indeed, much of their symbolism, ritualism, dogmatism, and ecclesiasticism is inconsistent with essential obedience to the precepts of Jesus Christ."

That is very positive testimony and will seem to most readers to entitle him to standing as a Christian, albeit in the next essay in the same volume he recommends as an item in the creed

of an imagined Free Christian Church: "We believe that mankind would get along better than they do now if it were positively known that the heaven of Revelation had been burned and Hell quenched."

He did not like the Heaven of Revelation and perhaps feared he might go there. About hell he seems to have had no anxieties, but he disapproved of it as depicted. There must be some medication of bad cases in the hereafter, but it need not be done with fire and brimstone, nor go on eternally.

In his latest years he got interested more or less in what was going to happen to him next. One hears that two or three years ago he went to visit a Buddhist friend in Boston to learn what his expectations were. What information he got does not appear, but he was entirely dissatisfied with the picture of the life in the *au delà* described by the orthodox churches. "The usual conception of heaven," he said, "is a place of refuge from pain, a rest from monotonous drudgery. To me such a heaven is unthinkable. My greatest happiness is in pleasurable activity. Joy in work is my ideal of existence, here or hereafter. An existence of idleness, or relief from work, would be wholly unbearable." No wonder he thought that the advance in knowledge had "made it harder than it used to be for an intelligent man to be a mystic." All the same, the expectation of the spiritualists of this generation, who are mystics of a sort, matched very accurately these thoughts of Doctor Eliot. Their information is that we go on in the after life from the point at which our labors cease here, and proceed to learn and develop as we can. Nevertheless, when an effort was made to bring this conception to Doctor Eliot's notice he shied at the spiritualists as Harvard College has done invariably for eighty years or more. He approved of the doctrine of John Robinson of the *Mayflower* that more light and truth were still to break forth from God's word, but not as applied to communication with the dead nor as to healing. He approved and heartily supported and advanced medical experiment and the use of animals in it, and approved and encouraged the provision of animals for vivisection; but mental and spiritual medicine, which in his day made enormous advances, was not in his line and got nothing from him. Yet it was in his time that William James, who had so useful a curiosity about those things, ran his beneficent course in Harvard College.

WAS HE consistent?

Probably not, but that would have troubled him as little as it troubled Emerson or Horace Greeley. He saw what a nuisance rum was, was converted to the idea of abating it by legislation, and went in finally for Prohibition, albeit that experiment seems contrary to his philosophy of life as expressed by the slogan of his early years "Education by liberty," and in his approval of "God's way of developing the best and most efffective human character—the way of liberty to sin, in order to further the development of self-control." Observing local prohibitions in Maine and elsewhere for fifty years, he remarked that "unless the strong majority of any government unit in the states where prohibition laws exist was in favor of prohibition, the law would, as matter of fact, not be enforced." But delighted with the success of the war-prohibition for soldiers under discipline and orders, he found it obvious that "you must have national prohibition to make prohibition effective. It must be nation-wide, or it simply cannot be enforced."

Finally it was made nation-wide, but enforcement of it seems still to be so severe a problem that at last accounts Doctor Eliot was considering the expediency of light wines and beer. He was no fanatic about drinks. He wanted regulation that would work and would do good. Some of the methods of the prohibitionists must have been shocking to him. He came to believe that the use

of cheap spirits such as Jamaica rum and whiskey was the great contributing cause of venereal disease and "will kill us unless we kill it." By "us" he meant the white race and particularly the American stock. Probably he made of that more of a bogie than the facts warrant, but whatever the facts are—and there are facts—the cure of them by prohibition is not yet vindicated.

Prohibition, however, has added to knowledge by as much as it has failed to cure rum. It is something to know how not do it. We know more about law, more about men, more about politicians, more about Methodists, capitalists, industrialists, and humanity than we did before Prohibition, and we need not squirm if we have to pay something for all this knowledge.

In his address on December 29, 1914, to the Unitarians in Philadelphia, Doctor Eliot heartily cursed war and reprimanded the Christian Church for not having put an end to it. But in due time he was strong for having the United States go into the World War, and when the time for our entry approached, was one of the staunchest and most influential backers of President Wilson's war policies. The undaunted spirit of him could not tolerate the thought of a world in the throes of dissolution, and the United States merely looking on. By his very nature, the blood in his veins, the conclusions of his mind and the impulses of his spirit, he was pro-ally, and dead against the monstrous German conceptions and purposes of those days. When the Stars and Stripes finally broke out on the Eiffel tower and the Houses of Parliament, I daresay he cried. Our more sedulous debt collectors seem to forget that any tears of relief were shed in these States in 1917.

Was he a great man? People have different notions of what constitutes a great man, but he was indisputably a great figure; a giant of his kind. As the years rolled on and he rode them out, he came to be our leading sage. There is no one yet in sight to sit in the chair he left vacant.

A splendid man; tolerant, generous, bold: not always right, but majestic in the steadiness of his effort to know the truth and teach it, and make it prevail. We all live more or less in mental bonds. To break those bonds and set us free is the highest service of the highest souls. He did his share of that. It took courage and he had it. In the current number of a weekly paper (*The Nation*) is an article entitled "I Believe in Free Speech, But—". The title is a quotation from a recent speech of Mayor Nichols of Boston in reply to a remonstrance from citizens of that town against interference by city officials with the right of free speech and free assemblage. The article makes complaint of similar interference in Fall River and Lawrence. What would Doctor Eliot have had to say about such a matter as that?

We shall not know now. All we know is that whatever he had to say he would have said it.

Other cases will come up as to which, for some time to come, we shall wish we had his outspoken judgment. And when we realize that it is no longer accessible, we shall realize anew how valuable it was, and how rare is the combination of discernment and courage that made it so.

Personal and Otherwise

NO AMERICAN writer excels ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould*** in dealing with topics which require a broad background of knowledge and social experience, a fine discrimination in social values, an acute perception of the subtleties of meaning which give color to our American speech, and a pen under such exact discipline that it can attach to these subtleties their precise significance. Not since our July issue, when Mrs. Gerould wrote for us on "This Vulgarity of Ours," has she been represented in the Magazine; we are glad to say, however, that during the next few months she will follow "Ladies and Gentlemen" with more than one essay of equal penetration. As most of our readers will recall, Mrs. Gerould is the wife of Professor Gordon Hall Gerould of Princeton, and is an able novelist and short-story writer as well as essayist—witness, for example, her novel *Lost Valley* and her stories collected under the title of *Vain Oblations*.

Since 1919, ***James Norman Hall,*** Iowan and war aviator whose accounts of the day-to-day experiences of fighting men on the Western Front (*Kitchener's Mob*, *High Adventure*) attracted wide attention, has been living in Tahiti. In 1921, with his friend Charles Nordhoff, also an ex-aviator, he published the popular *Faery Lands of the South Seas*. Since then he has occasionally contributed to this and other magazines stories and sketches written with a sensitive touch.

Before ***Elmer Davis*** became a novelist and a HARPER contributor, he spent seven years preparing to be a professor of history—which explains his uncommon knowledge of Sparta and Spartans. Mr. Davis's portrait of Bishop Manning in the June issue has been followed by several other contributions, "The White Horse of Sam Parks," "Bride of Quietness" (a story), and "Have Faith in Indiana." He now lives in New York.

Margaret Prescott Montague of White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, author of *Deep Channel* and many excellent essays and short stories (her story "From England to America" won the O. Henry prize in 1920) returns to HARPER'S after a long absence.

Nietzsche may not have been right when he said that a good war hallowed any cause, but at least a good hot argument enlivens any magazine. In his plea for masculism ***John Macy*** defies the champions of present-day feminism. It will be interesting to watch the reaction to his article: will most of the women who read it agree with him? Mr. Macy, formerly literary editor of *The Nation*, is the author of several books, of which the most recent and perhaps the best known is *The Story of the World's Literature*. His observations on feminism will later be expanded into a book.

New light is thrown on the perplexing Philippine problem by ***William H. Gardiner,*** a well-known authority on international problems, particularly those of the Pacific.

In our recent Intercollegiate Contest, ***Mary Lispenard Cooper,*** competing with representatives of more than eighty American colleges and universities, won second prize with "Moth-Mullein." She represented Vassar, from which she graduated last June. In announcing the results of the Contest last August, we incorrectly gave her home as Flushing, Long Island. As a matter of fact, she has lived in Yonkers and in Salisbury, Connecticut, and has been spending the past summer at Brentwood, Long Island.

Ludwig Lewisohn's reflections on "Culture and Barbarism" were sent us from Europe, where he has been living for some time. Mr. Lewisohn (author of *Upstream* and *Don Juan*, editor, translator, critic, and former college professor) contributed to HARPER'S a year ago an exquisite story entitled "The Holy Land."

Born in Russia, ***Dr. Louis I. Dublin*** came to this country at the age of four, studied at the College of the City of New York and Columbia, and after a few years of teaching at City College and in a New York high school, became in 1911 the statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. If all statisticians could make their findings a basis of such readable material as his, there would be greater popular enthusiam for statistics. This is Doctor Dublin's first appearance in HARPER'S.

Every reader of this Magazine has probably sat in on arguments on human progress, and has been alternately assured that the Greek civilization was better than ours and that the age of bath tubs, automobiles, and electric lights is the best ever. ***Will Durant,*** author of the successful *Story of Philosophy,* brings to a subject of perennial interest not only knowledge but wisdom. Last month Doctor Durant wrote for us an appraisal of modern democracy. He is the head of the Labor Temple School in New York.

Many a college community has been divided during the past year over the question of compulsory chapel. As ***Professor Charles A. Bennett*** of Yale points out, all discussions of this subject inevitably lead us back to more general and fundamental issues; with one of these he deals in his article. Mr. Bennett's sketches for the Lion's Mouth (many of which were collected in *At a Venture*) are familiar to friends of the Magazine. One of the most delightful of these, "The Matterhorn," was published last month.

Harold W. Brecht's first HARPER story, "Two Heroes," appeared a year ago last September. It was given high rank among the best American stories of the year by the O. Henry Award Committee and was included in their 1925 collection. A few months later he followed it with another boy story, "Paradise Regained." Mr. Brecht is a Philadelphian.

Drawing here and there from Emerson's own words, ***Van Wyck Brooks,*** author of *America's Coming of Age, The Ordeal of Mark Twain,* and *The Pilgrimage of Henry James,* skillfully sketches the Concord philosopher by showing us Thoreau, the younger Channing, and Concord village as seen through Emersonian eyes. This is Mr. Brooks's first HARPER paper. A later sketch will show Emerson's plight when confronted by the curious and sometimes ridiculous reformers of his generation.

There has been so much talk about the effects of prohibition on school and college life that we recently invited the principal of Phillips-Andover Academy, ***Dr. Alfred E. Stearns,*** to reveal the conditions of the present day exactly as he sees them. His testimony will perhaps surprise some readers; we shall be interested to see whether others in a position to know the facts have arrived at the same conclusion.

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We have three poets this month: ***Alice Brown,*** of Boston, long distinguished as novelist and short-story writer, who occasionally turns to verse; ***Edward Davison,*** former associate editor of the *London Mercury,* whose *Harvest of Youth* was published by the House of Harper last spring and who is now assistant professor of English at Vassar College; and ***Robert Graves,*** an Englishman now serving as professor of English literature at the Egyptian University at Cairo.

❦ ❦ ❦

The Lion is ministered to this month by ***Edward Anthony,*** of New York, an accomplished writer of light verse and humorous sketches; ***Alix,*** whose identity must remain shrouded in mystery; and ***Philip Curtiss,*** of Norfolk, Connecticut, a frequent contributor of stories and Lion's Mouth articles.

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"American Motherhood" is one of ***Charles W. Hawthorne's*** many recent prize-winning paintings; it won the Walter Lippincott Prize at an exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Mr. Hawthorne lives in New York in the winter and at Provincetown in the summer; he owns and teaches at the Cape Cod School of Art. Two other paintings of his have served as HARPER frontispieces during the past year: "The Captain's Daughter" and "The Captain, the Cook and the First Mate."

From our correspondence it would appear that an occasional reader has been disposed to take at its full face value the article entitled "Upholding the Constitution," which appeared in our September issue over the signature of the Reverend Jeremiah Hevenward. It should be made clear to such readers that the signature was a pseudonym and that the article was satirical.

❦ ❦ ❦

Readers of Bishop Fiske's articles on the proper sphere of action for the Church may be entertained to recall that Shakespeare once said something on the subject. William Hard recently called the attention of the Bishop to the fact that in *King Henry the Fourth*, Part II, John of Lancaster encounters the Archbishop of York, who has entered into politics and has proceeded in arms to try to tell the King what to do about statesmanship. Lord John says to him:

My Lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum.
Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in his parliament
To us the imagin'd voice of God himself
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings.
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven
As a false favourite doth his prince's name.

Mr. Hard added to Bishop Fiske, "So, as always, isn't everything in Shakespeare?"

❦ ❦ ❦

Challenged by Mr. Aikman's paper on "The New Decadents" in the September issue, one of our readers calls for a new fictitious character to set over against George F. Babbitt and incidentally speaks in defence of that much abused institution, Rotary:

Don't you think Mr. Babbit has had the field to himself about long enough? This chief exponent of smugness in American life appears to be in need of a little healthy competition, and I have in mind a certain gentleman, as yet unnamed and unsung, who should contend with him for honors. . . . I want a fictitious character to represent the spirit of "mercenary negation," the spirit that condemns and destroys anything and everything, not for the purpose of correcting an evil but for the sake of the financial profit it brings him. "Mr. Jabbit" would be "agin" it all and he would be smart and would say cute things at so much a line. Everything would be grist for his mill.

In my business of building machinery, the raw materials are pig iron, bar steel, and other metallic substances. In the foundry more or less "scrap" is melted up with the pig iron. This scrap consists of worn out parts of machines and sundry cast iron objects for which the junk man is ever on the lookout. The junk man is valuable in the business so long as he confines himself to gathering up old worn-out material, but when he begins wrecking expensive machinery for the mere profit he can get out of it as scrap iron, he becomes a nuisance and a menace. Fortunately, so senseless a thing is rarely done in engineering but it seems to be common practice in literature.

Perhaps, among your contributors, you may be able to find an author who can portray the human jackal who smells out the rotten spots in the social structure and tears down the building for the sake of a decayed morsel on one of the shelves. Are workers in the literary field obliged to specialize to such an extent that destructive criticism is an art in itself regardless of what it feeds upon? Apparently there is no institution sound enough, no set of ideals practical enough, no business useful enough to escape bombardment; and no one expects this. But, to me, the fact is quite clear that a great deal of shooting at targets is going on these days, and shooting at targets is never for the good of the target. It is indulged in for the benefit of the shooters. The smaller the bullseye the greater the skill required to make a hit. The shooter who can hit the smallest mark, show the most style in his cracks and ring up the greatest number of hits, becomes the champion—and that is all the game is for. Nor is the shooting always confined to honest-to-goodness targets. The shooter who can aim a shaft at something no one else ever expected to be taken for a target creates traffic congestion in short order.

I do not doubt for a minute that Mr. Babbitt is a member of the Rotary Club. But, having met him, Mr. Jabbitt, who knows nothing about Rotary but is perfectly at home on the Babbitt stuff, gets out his gun and goes to shooting. There is money in it for him, and fame and a following. Shooting at Babbitt in a Rotary Club is likely more profitable just now than out-of-doors shoot-

ing. It is no concern of his that thousands of people who know scarcely more about Rotary than he does himself thereby get a twisted and distorted conception of it. That is immaterial. It was just one more thing to shoot at and tomorrow he will shoot at something else.

The truth about Rotary should be told by a business man who understands that "service" is not a Sunday School by-product but an economic force in the evolution of business; that "love your neighbor" is not a sex complex but could better be expressed "understand your neighbor"; that to understand one's neighbor, one must first get acquainted with him, hence the luncheon and the club. A Rotary Club is not a public institution but a private business organization into which members are elected by secret ballot. It is not composed of millionaires and captains of industry but it takes in the best and most enlighted members it can select from all trades, professions and businesses. It is not a proselyting society nor a moral censor. It concerns itself with neither politics nor religion. It is a private school for business men.

But why defend Rotary or any other institution against this kind of criticism? Is it not sufficient to understand that most of this smart writing is merely a standardized product from a class of writers who specialize in it? Let a new scientific discovery be announced and a popular writer, with no technical knowledge to speak of, dishes it up for mass consumption. Another class delves into psychic phenomena; another specializes in human triangles and sex geometry. A few young women and old girls are seen smoking cigarettes in cabarets and immediately no story-book heroine is complete without a triangle and a cigarette. It is the way of writers who have fame and fortune to make. It is not strange that there should have arisen a school of scoffers with clever pens and an eye to the main chance. But their writing is not instructive—it is misleading. It is cleverly done and entertaining, but invariably it is too trivial to start a ferment and the net result is a batch of sour dough that eventually finds its way into the garbage can.

In calling for a "Jabbitt" to match our Babbitt, I am open to criticism myself for "knocking the knockers," but then I am not a professional writer—merely a business man, a Rotarian and—a target.

Very truly yours,

L. G. MERRITT,
Vice-President Lockport, N. Y., Rotary Club.

❦ ❦ ❦

We are never certain exactly what the contents of any issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will be until almost the moment of going to press, for we like to leave the door open as long as possible for timely eleventh-hour contributions. But even at this early date our December issue is beginning to take shape; and we venture to give our readers a foretaste of it. Here are some of the features planned for next month:—

Christopher Morley, author of *Thunder on the Left*, will begin a new serial.

Mrs. Gerould will be represented with an article of characteristic brilliance.

The English economist, George Glasgow, will attack the stormy subject of the war debts from a new and startling point of view,—startling above all for an Englishman.

Following up John Macy's broadside at the feminists, we shall permit R. LeClerc Phillips to speak her mind freely on a somewhat delicate subject—the marriage chances of college women and particularly of the scholarly women who are the delight of college faculties.

American business men will find food for sober thought in a discussion by Jesse R. Sprague of the effect of the go-getter and his methods on our business security.

In a "Portrait of an Olympian," R. W. Brown will depict the great Charles William Eliot as he was never depicted before.

Other probable contributors will be Walter Lippman, Van Wyck Brooks, Ada Jack Carver, and William McFee, each adding to the variety and liveliness of the Magazine.

November

Harpers

MAGAZINE

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
By KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

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A Reading in Russian

Notes on the Perfect State — *Elmer Davis*

Occupations: Journalism. *A South Sea Adventure* — *James Norman Hall*

Is Business Dishonest? — *Will Durant*

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Co[illegible] — *Ludwig Lewisohn*

Fr[illegible] on Religion — *Charles A. Beard*

T[illegible] — *Louis J. Bailey*

C[illegible] — *Wilfrid Ward*

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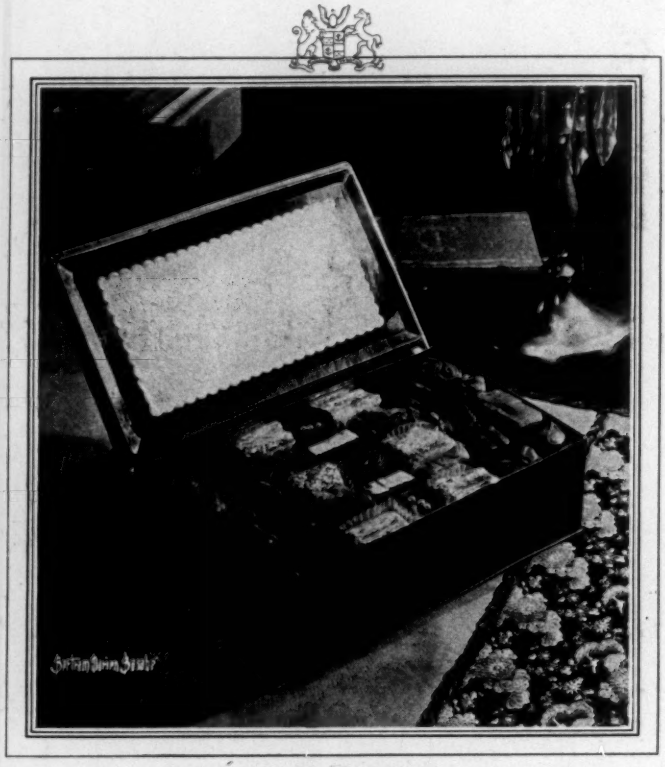

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Harper's Magazine

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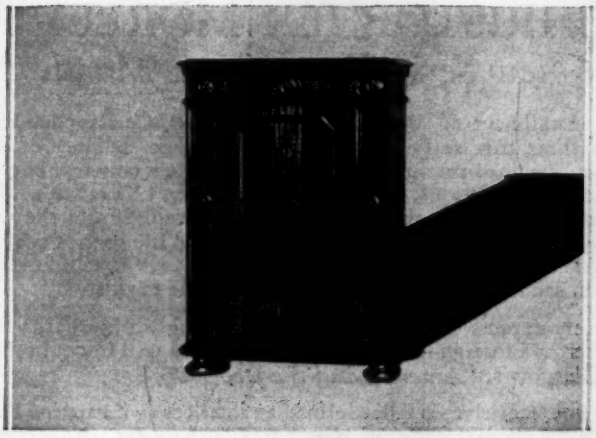

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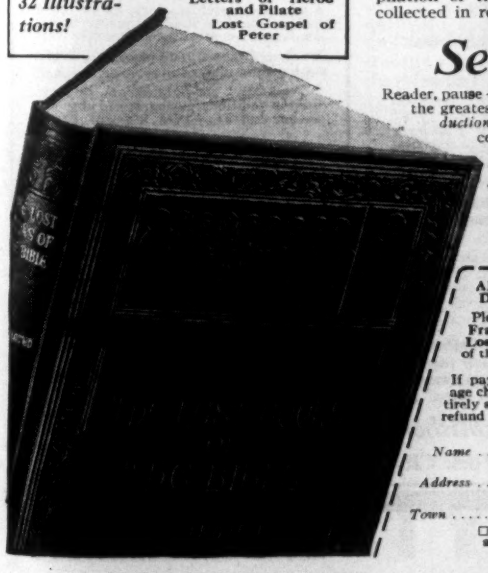

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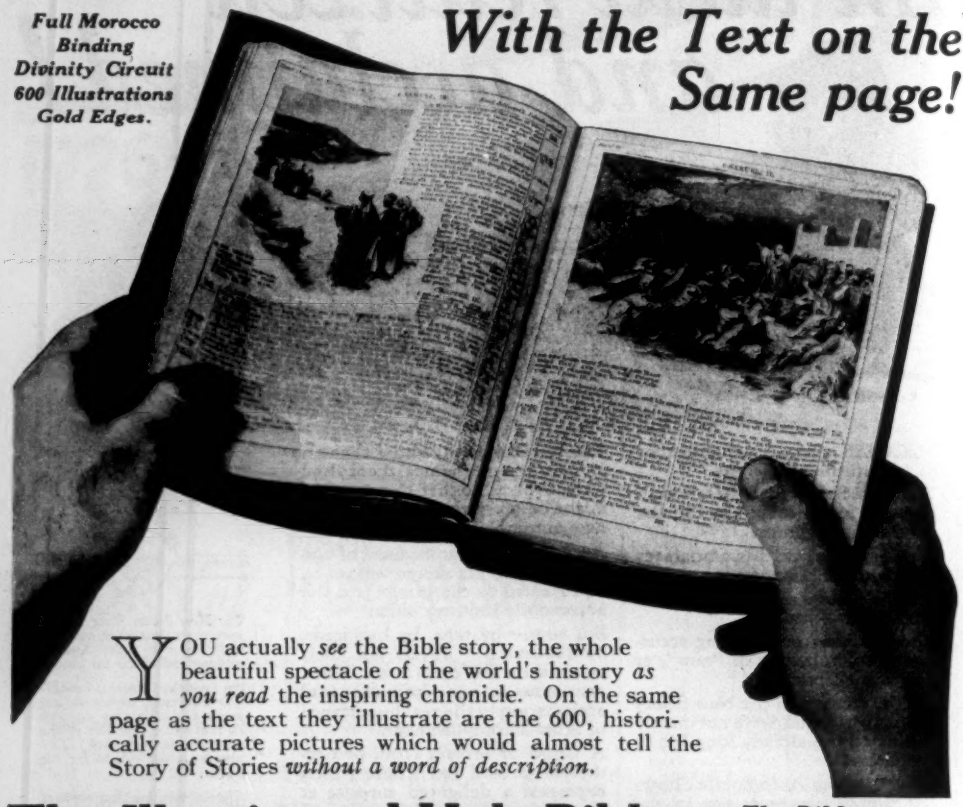

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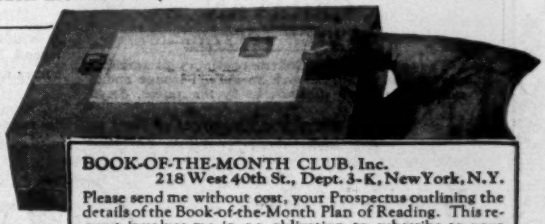

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

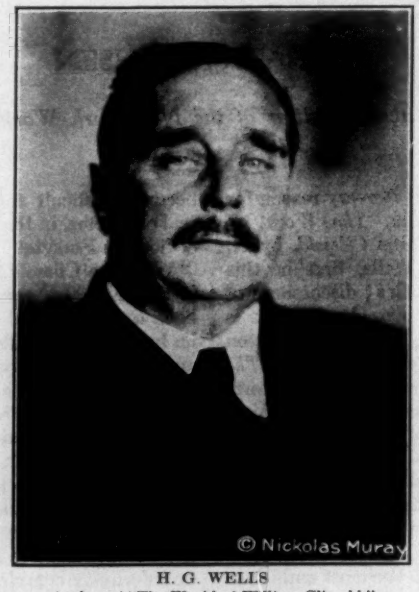
THERE is every reason for placing *The World of William Clissold*, by H. G. Wells, first in this month's discussion of the new books. It is not the best written novel of the season: *The Time of Man* by Elizabeth Madox Roberts is that, and I am not really sure that it is a novel, but it is the sort of writing that makes you sit up nights. Mr. Wells has endeavored to depict the mind of a liberal; he is much concerned with the motives that lead Clissold to do this and that, and he is confident that his character represents the modern thinker. The book is the most ambitious work Mr. Wells has done since *The Outline of History;* it comes in two volumes and although it is easy reading it cannot be read at a sitting, as the phrase goes.

The book bears a preface in which Mr. Wells takes reviewers to task for believing that his characters are merely his mouthpiece. He refuses to be accused of inconsistency because he has given different thoughts and ideas to different men. Clissold, says Mr. Wells, is a character, purely fictitious, and not Mr. Wells himself. We must therefore judge the story as that of a British liberal, but his opinions are so often like those of Mr. Wells, and he meets so many persons already discussed by Mr. Wells in other writings that this becomes difficult. We cannot think of *The World of William Clissold* as a novel comparable to *The Forsyte Saga* of Mr. Galsworthy or *The Old Wives Tale* of Mr. Bennett, and although reviewers should not lay down rules for novelists it becomes difficult to think of Clissold as a real character, in the manner that one thinks of Soames Forsyte.

We make Clissold's acquaintance when he is fifty-nine, an age at which he can look back over his world and reflect on the road he has traveled. He believes that his ideas are progressive, modern, liberal, and of the future. In religion he looks for the complete decay of dogma. The marriage state is anything but perfect and sex expression is necessary to a full life; he looks forward to a state of equality between men and women, and the joys of a rich companionship. He rehearses the history of socialism, which has now lost its creative impulse; Karl Marx had an inferiority complex and a bad liver. "It ceased to be a creative movement and it became an outlet of passionate expression for the inferiority complex of the disinherited. So it remains to this day." He believes royalty to be one of those obstacles to a full life that beset mankind, and he looks for the abolition of flags and national loyalties. The world republic is on the way; wide education will help it along, and a break down of the barriers of prejudice will speed its coming. He goes over much of the ground covered in the *Outline of History* on the subject of man's emergence from a savage state, and the fact that he lives in the Provence part of the time gives him a chance to refer to the prehistoric remains in the Dordogne. Life has always been a spectacle, a show; today ideas are more easily absorbed than ever. "Ideas trickled then," he writes, speaking of Victorian times; "in our day they jet." He believes that the growing mental being has no limitations yet imaginable.

Among the New Books

If I devote more attention to the opinions of William Clissold than to his conduct it is because this is a novel of opinions and ideas. Some of the ideas change with the years. What Clissold does somehow moulds his thought and at the end of this life, when he has experienced life with a number of different women, he is able to generalize about marriage on the basis of his experience. The second volume is concerned more fully with his emotions than the first, and reaches certain important conclusions, especially on the "old-fashioned marriage." Moreover he is always concerned with government and affairs; he sees a great metamorphosis coming; we are ill prepared for it because education conceals and distorts, religion discourages inquiry and the world resents rearrangements. But he does not believe that man will stay as he is. He must go on.



H. G. WELLS
Author of "The World of William Clissold."

The odd thing about this book is that it is a novel. Mr. Wells says that he could have written an autobiography but did not intend to, yet how much more effective it would have been! The device of getting rid of different women by disease or accident is a novelist's device, but rather clumsy. At the end Clissold and his inamorata are killed in an automobile accident, which disposes of them, whereas Mr. Wells could hardly have written "the end" to an autobiography. But the book remains important; it starts one thinking about the progress the race has made, and is likely to make in future, and when you differ with Clissold you at least have him to thank for taking you out of the complacent primrose path of least resistance. (Geo. H. Doran Co.)

Two Books of Essays by Stephen Graham

Two fascinating books by Stephen Graham are on my desk, coming almost coincident with the arrival of this English writer in the United States. No doubt many readers recall the trip through the west made a few years ago by Mr. Graham and Vachel Lindsay several years ago and recorded by the former in *Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies*. Mr. Graham has now written *The Gentle Art of Tramping*, one of those fine, discursive books reminding you of innumerable essays by Englishmen on the out of doors, including, of course, Stevenson. Mr. Graham goes tramping with a keen appreciation of the delights nature affords, and of the wholesome effect it has on mind and body. He scorns comforts that may be found under a roof and delights in the canopy of stars. He arranges his bed on a hillside, selecting a depression that will prove kind to the contours of his body. He has written this book simply, taking a topic at a time and exhausting it, and giving at the end the impression that he has treated tramping with great detail. He has an interesting discussion of books to take on a journey, and his choice reflects his own taste. "It is good to have a book full of meat," he writes, "one with broad margins for scribblings and extra pages for thoughts, poems, thumbnail sketches. After a long tramp it is nice to see a book which has been clothed with pencillings. It records in a way the spiritual life of the adventure, and will recall it to you when in later years you turn the page again." In mentioning specific books, he believes that a boy could do no worse than take *The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table*, or Thoreau's *Walden*, and later *Erewhon* or *Eothen*. Surely men will find *Walden* compatible likewise. For eighteen Mr. Graham prescribes *Sartor Resartus* or Carpenter's *Towards Democracy* or Browning's *Paracelsus*. The latter "is a poem of a man seeking life, seeking a way. It ought to move most young men who are on the threshold of life, unless they are dull or have been infected by cynicism."

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Among the New Books

Then Omar Khayyam and Arthur O'Shaughnessy's *Ode*, *Peer Gynt* or *Brand*, Socrates, Horace, Pater's *Plato and Platonism*, and these choice knapsack companions: *The Cloister and the Hearth*, *John Inglesant*, *Wilhelm Meister*, and *The Brothers Karamazoff*. A Shakespeare play or two, the Davies' autobiography, Gorky's story, *The Fellow Traveler*, London, Kipling, Cunninghame Graham, Belloc, Chesterton, Sandburg, Lindsay and Harry Franck—these, according to Mr. Graham, have possibilities for the man about to put a few books into his bag. In the other book, *London Nights*, we have a collection of sketches of London's "vulgar," of those strange human beings still unrewarded by fortune, and some of these articles give portraits of frail human folk, whereas others contain Mr. Graham's earnest comment on how the other half lives. The type of essay done so well by H. M. Tomlinson. *The Gentle Art of Tramping* is published by D. Appleton & Co.; *London Nights* is issued by the Geo. H. Doran Co.

Witter Bynner and Harvey Fergusson in New Mexico, the scene of Mr. Fergusson's novel, "Hot Saturday." "Cake," a satirical play by Witter Bynner, has just been published.

A Short Survey of Religions

Lewis Browne, a rabbi who wrote a short history of the Jews entitled *Stranger Than Fiction* a season ago, has just published *This Believing World*, a survey of the great religions of mankind compressed into one volume. (The Macmillan Co.) He has attempted to get down to the essential elements of religion, stating these vividly and clearly, but naturally he could not give a full historical sketch. In the preliminary chapters he describes the religious beliefs of the Celts, Babylonians, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans; fuller treatment is given the beliefs of India, China, Persia, Christianity, Islam and Israel, the latter being described most fully and with much justice. The author does not attempt to argue or to refute dogmatic beliefs; he states his convictions simply. The chapter on Christianity discusses the leadership and faith of Jesus without recognizing any of the divine attributes believed by most Christian sects. Mr. Browne has illustrated his own book after the manner first used by Hendrik van Loon.

The Story of a Mother

A small book called *A Child is Born* has been translated from the French of Raymonde Machard by Madeleine Boyd and published by Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. It sets down the emotions of a prospective mother from the time she first dreams of her child until its birth. It is a truthful, conservative account, and as it deals with France and a French mother it has certain local revelations that will interest the American reader. It has been written by Madame Machard that no mother has ever set down her feelings and thoughts during the coming of a child. There are numerous repulsive stories of childbirth in various novels, but this account is excellent. We are told that the book was warmly received in France and honored with attentions from official bodies. Perhaps so—it commends itself to a nation suffering from a lack of children.

New Books for Children

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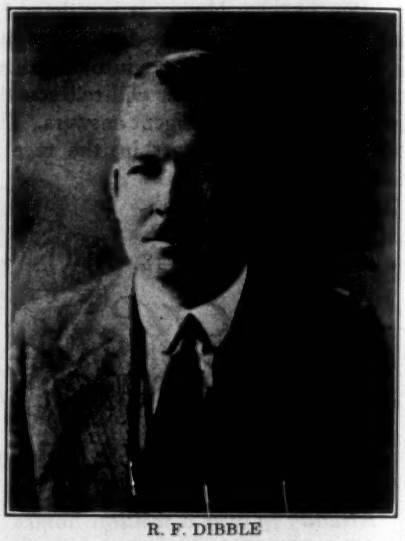
women last year was *The Flying Carpet*. This year's book under the same auspices is called *The Treasure Ship*. It has been edited by Lady Cynthia Asquith. Some of the contributions have never appeared before; others, like "Sneezles" by A. A. Milne, are welcome repetitions. Here we find "The Two 'Bob Cats'" by John Galsworthy; "Round the Bird Shops" by Viscountess Grey of Fallodon; "The Lion," by Herbert Asquith; "Fat King Melon and Princess Caraway" by A. P. Herbert and "The Blot on Peter Pan" by James M. Barrie. Other writers are Edward Marsh, Denis Mackail,



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Walter de la Mare, P. G. Wodehouse, Compton Mackenzie, Algernon Blackwood, Mary Webb, Lord David Cecil and Katherine Tynan. (Scribner, $2.50.) In this connection we might direct attention to one or two other books of this nature. A large edition of *The Holly Tree and Other Christmas Stories* by Charles Dickens has just been issued by Scribner ($2.50); this is illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard, who did the drawings for Mr. Milne's poems. Then two of the large "classics for younger readers" have arrived—*The Last Days of Pompeii* by Bulwer Lytton, illustrated by F. C. Yohn (Scribner, $2.50) and *Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates* by Mary Mapes Dodge, illustrated by George Wharton Edwards, who has often sketched scenes in Flanders and Holland generally. (Scribner, $2.50.) Another book

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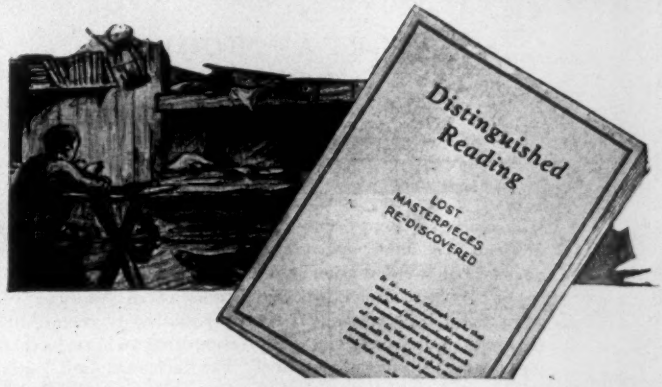

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The favorite of the critics thus far is Ellen Glasgow's witty novel of a Virginia gentleman THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS ($2.50). It is the novelist's novel of the year, though Ada and Julian Street's magnificent story of our times TIDES ($2.00), to be published soon, will win wide praise. Robert E. McClure's story of youth, love, and war, SOME FOUND ADVENTURE ($2.00), is receiving fine praise as is a new novel by the author of "An American Idyll," Cornelia Stratton-Parker's A DAUGHTER OF PAN ($2.00).

By far the finest and most sympathetic picture we have of Woodrow Wilson is to be found in David F. Houston's EIGHT YEARS WITH WILSON'S CABINET (2 vols. $10.00). The former Secretary of the Treasury was a trained literary observer in Washington as Ambassador Page was in London. His book should stand beside "The Page Letters" everywhere.

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[ONE]

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Fillmore Folk Tales

Folk tales out of Parker Fillmore's *Mighty Mikko* and *The Laughing Prince* have been placed in a book called *Fillmore Folk Tales*, edited by Wilhelmina Harper, supervisor of children's work, Kent county library, California. There are illustrations by Jay van Everen. (Harcourt, Brace.)

Joseph Hergesheimer's Novel of Oil and Intrigue

When I read *Tampico*, the new novel by Joseph Hergesheimer, I wondered whether it would pass as just another piece of fiction or be regarded as a terrible revelation of commercial greed in a foreign land. Govett Bradier, the hero depicted by Mr. Hergesheimer, is a predatory oil man who has fought for oil profits in the Tampico field by every method known to unscrupulous pioneers, not stopping at murder. Mr. Hergesheimer is always very careful with his backgrounds, and there is every reason to believe that he has given, in the form of fiction, a fairly accurate reflection of what has happened in the Tampico field within the last ten or fifteen years. He becomes, therefore, a novelist of the American commercial expansion, and reading these pages we can no longer look with horror upon the commercial crimes committed by the men of other nations when they go after rubber, ivory, diamonds and products of great richness in territory not exactly their own. Bradier acts according to a certain unscrupulous code, and in this book we have him pictured not only as a great oil man, but also as a lover who is about to steal the wife of one of his subordinates. But Bradier's day is done; already, upon his arrival in Tampico, after a long absence, he is a mere shell; malaria has taken its toll, and he has lived out most of his vitality. He is persuaded that he still loves Vida Presby, and that her husband is nothing to him, but as

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the story unfolds he is put into a position of protecting Presby and fighting Lenz, the man who is trying to undermine all his works. Things move swiftly toward a crisis in which Presby is killed by the machinations of Lenz and Bradier finds himself unable to continue his love affair with Vida. The book is written in that calm, flowing style characteristic of Mr. Hergesheimer, but I do not think that it deserves a place beside *The Three Black Pennys* or *Balisand*. As a portrait of a man and his times it is a capable piece of work, but it lacks something of the glamor of *Balisand*, which, to my mind, is almost his best achievement. I say "almost" because in thinking back over the Hergesheimer novels the enthusiasm with which I read *The Three Black Pennys* persists. *Tampico* will involve your emotions; more than that, it will give you a strange feeling of unrest, especially when you realize that these conditions are almost at America's doorstep, and that Americans have had a great share in creating them. (Alfred A. Knopf, publisher.)

Two Poets in "Selected" Editions

Poets who bear no resemblance to each other are Arthur Davison Ficke and Carl Sandburg, and it is a token of the richness of American life that both have done their best writing within the last decade. Two books of poems by these Americans have just been published; they are *The Selected Poems of Arthur Davison Ficke*, issued by the Geo. H. Doran Company, and *Selected Poems of Carl Sandburg*, edited by Rebecca West, and issued by Harcourt, Brace & Co. Mr. Ficke's beautiful lyrics have long been admired by readers of magazines; moreover he has published, since 1907, fourteen books of poems, plays and chats on art, one of them, *Spectra*, a burlesque on certain tendencies in poetry conceived under a nom de plume with Witter Bynner. The new book contains many of the sonnets that Mr. Ficke writes with such ease and grace, including the "Sonnets of a Portrait Painter"; here also are his longer poems, "Nocturne in a Library," "Beauty in Exile," "An April Elegy," "The Middle Years," and "At St. Stephanos." Mr. Ficke looks beyond a world of vain subterfuges and unrealities, remembering that "nothing in the world is wholly fair and nothing wholly foul," and finding in the revealing experiences among men much to put into rich patterns of verse.

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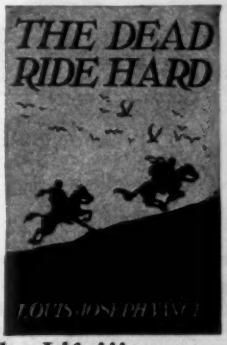

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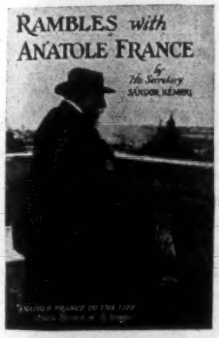

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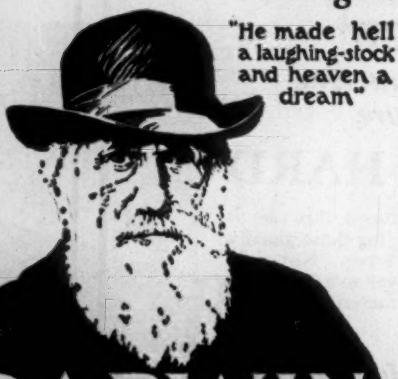

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I viewed, as one beholds a gathered flower,
Man's life, and its strange pitifulness, so sweet
That memory makes the heart to overflow:
So bitter that men turn from it, as turned
This soul beside me, to the world of dreams:
So fleeting, that the darkness hovers close
Even while the seeker pauses to debate
The better path, or turns to mourn in vain
A choice regretted, and the days go by
Bearing what still remains. . . .

Always alive to beauty, Mr. Ficke has found it despite his awareness of realities; disillusion has never blunted his lyricism, nor stayed his hand. One is always conscious in these poems that the poet is saying:

I am in love with all unveiléd faces.
I seek the wonder at the heart of man.

In a preface Mr. Ficke contends that poets deal with the emotions, that they approach each emotion as a thing neither good nor evil, "but as a phenomenon that is curious, glittering, inexplicable, worthy of wonder or joy or terror." "There comes to every man a moment when he grows infinitely weary of the pompous confusion and cruel ignorance which is so elaborately organized to constitute human society—a moment when the heart is aware that the collective judgment of mankind is merely the brutal roaring of the loudest voices, and that this corrupt oracle can never by any chance be as wise as the whispers of the individual soul. At such a moment, in a profound repudiation of all the intricacies of forms and faiths, the heart quietly turns back to its own intuitions as to a guide more trustworthy than all the parliaments of man. It is at this level of solitary experience that poetry may be born."

When we come to the *Selected Poems of Carl Sandburg* we have to deal with a poet whose approach is very different from that of Mr. Ficke. Mr. Sandburg is perhaps the most vigorous and robust of the poets who developed during our late renaissance, and he fashioned rough-hewn lines. Their beauty is of a different nature. The best of his writings are here, chosen from the four books of poems that he has published, and reflecting his social indignation, his impatience with oppression, especially of the laborer; his intuitive feeling for justice. Most interesting is the preface in which Miss Rebecca West has undertaken to analyze the middle west and its influence on American writing, and especially Mr. Sandburg's

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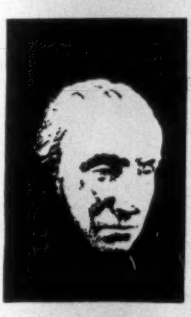

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The Story of an Old House

A season or two ago Joseph Hergesheimer wrote some delightful essays around his

LARRY BARRETTO
Author of a new novel, "Walls of Glass."

home in West Chester, Pa., known as "The Dower House"; these were first published in the *Saturday Evening Post* and then issued in a fine limited edition. They have now been published in a new edition within the reach of the ordinary purse by Alfred A. Knopf and bear the title *From an Old House*. And of course they are delightful. In this book Mr. Hergesheimer is at his best, rambling about the place and writing down leisurely what thoughts come to him; sometimes these deal with details of the remaking of the old house, sometimes with furniture; again with memories and now and then he discusses his writings and how they came about. Few

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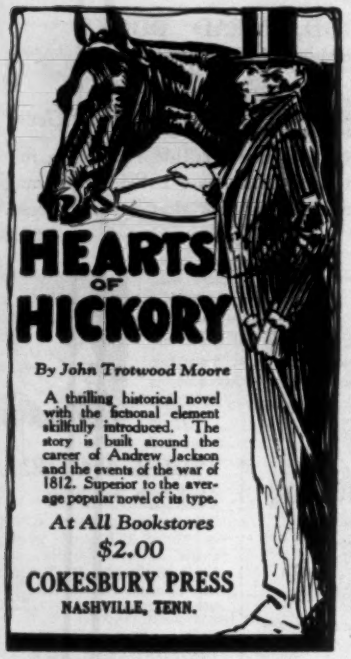
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contemporary authors have done anything better in this informal manner; it is the sort of book that one loves to reread, just as one loves to come back to an examination of fine wood, old glass and spoons of another age. It would be easy to quote, but again it would be to no purpose, for there are many passages in this book that hold the attention, and none taken out of the context can give the flavor of the next. Anyone interested in the evolution of Mr. Hergesheimer's style and his various books will want to place this beside them, for it is a key to his literary development as well as to the house he inhabits.

The Wisdom of Emerson

The quiet man of Concord known as Ralph Waldo Emerson has been rather out of the running these days, because the modern age prides itself on having left the ancients far behind. But the perusal of a book called *The Heart of Emerson's Journals* is likely to subdue our boasting. Bliss Perry has selected from the ten volumes of Emerson's journals certain passages likely to be of interest to the man who cannot give time to a more detailed study. These cover the whole period of the journals, so that we have here Emerson's comment on affairs in the best part of the nineteenth century. Out of it comes the conviction that Emerson was a profound liberal, with a mind that saw through shams and subterfuges, and his inherent honesty is something to treasure. He applies it to writers, men like Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Bryant, Thoreau and others, and to leaders of public affairs like Lincoln. His literary judgment is remarkably accurate. He is quick to set down his views. Of Thoreau he writes:

"Perhaps his fancy for Walt Whitman grew out of his taste for wild nature, for an otter, a woodchuck or a loon."

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He objected to Dickens's *American Notes*, which he found readable but untrue and not to be considered for one moment as an account of America. "As a picture of American manners nothing could be falser," is his comment. Elsewhere he writes: "It is no easy matter to write a dialogue. Cooper, Ster-

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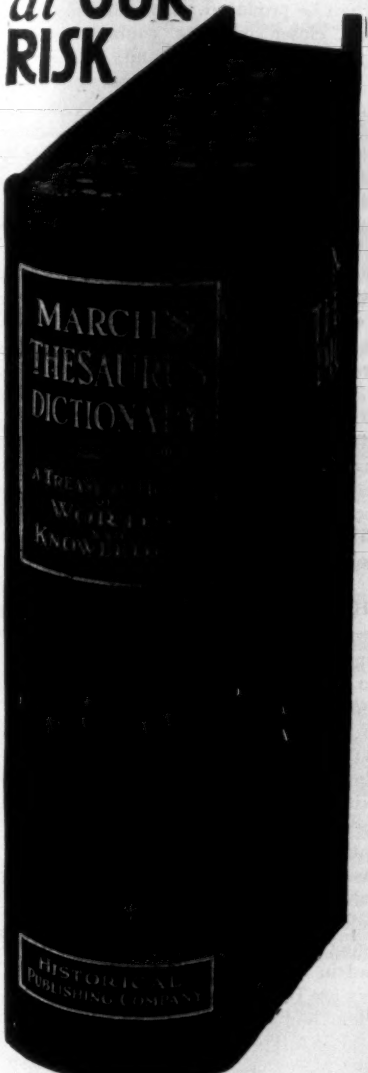

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ling, Dickens and Hawthorne cannot." He did not have a high regard for Hawthorne's work and always felt that the man had more in him than he produced. He would like to have had closer intimate contacts with Hawthorne, but the opportunity did not come. It is curious to find these men so reticent, when we remember that they lived on the same road, within some rods of each other, and that Concord was a very small town after all. Thoreau meant more to Emerson; he enjoyed him even though Henry was always going about with a chip on his shoulder. Of him he writes: "Henry is military. One would say that, as Webster never could speak without an antagonist, so Henry does not feel himself except in opposition. He wants a fallacy to expose, a blunder to pillory; requires a little sense of victory, a roll of the drums, to call his powers into full existence." There is very little about transcendentalism in this book, nor religious controversy, although echoes of Emerson's liberal religious views persist here and there. I should think any first-rate home library would be incomplete without this book. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

A Humorous Novel about Doughboys

Chevrons, by Leonard Nash, is one of those rollicking war stories that none of us would want to do without. It reminds one of *What Price Glory?* which, by the way, is to be issued in book form this fall, and it has a fascination for all who enjoyed the fortunes of the inimitable three in *The Big Parade*. It deals with the escapades of the doughboys in France; its principal character is naturally a sergeant; Eadie belongs to the field artillery and has a hard time escaping detention in hospitals. We meet him first on the road to Vaucouleurs, trying to rejoin his outfit, after recovering from a wound. The soldiers are depicted in their every-day attitudes; their manners are free from the restraint of social contacts; they are profane, masculine, robust, noisy. They have little respect for authority; they hate shave-tails and military police, and are constantly grumbling about the food; in fact the tale opens with a good old-fashioned fight between Sergeant Eadie, Darcy, his side-kick, and a cook who made them split a cord of wood and then fed them tinned "gold-fish"—or salmon. Eadie is more eager to be at the front than anywhere else, and toward the end of the book gets into a thrilling encounter with the Jerries, in which he holds his own with the reader, but

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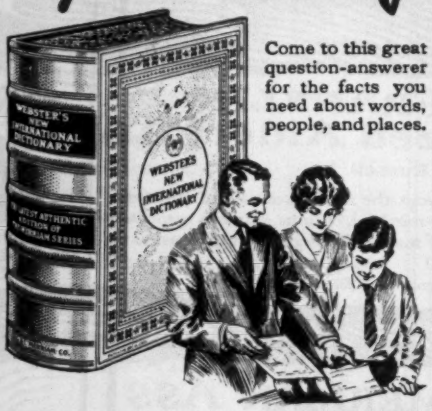

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the men of the army level all distinctions, and in time Eadie finds that wound stripes are an abomination, provoking sarcastic remarks not soothing to a man who has suffered. He strips them off: "All they get you," he remarks, "is conversation." There are so few books that call for chuckles and even loud laughter these days that one has no hesitation in recommending *Chevrons* for that very reason. The humor of the American doughboy, as seen by Laurence Stallings, survives in Leonard Nash's book. (Geo. H. Doran Co.)

The Memories of Charles Hanson Towne

Mr. Charles Hanson Towne has been writing his memoirs, calling them *Adventures in Editing.* There are men in editorial chairs who may well look upon Mr. Towne as a youngster, but his wide range of experience entitles him to a hearing. For he began his career in days when John Brisben Walker was still publishing the *Cosmopolitan,* and much water had flowed down hill since that time. Mr. Towne was associated with Mr. Walker for a spell, but soon found the offices of the *Smart Set* more congenial, and here, to his great joy, discovered new manuscripts signed by Justus Miles Forman, Henry Sydnor Harrison, James Branch Cabell, O. Henry and many others. For the first story by O. Henry that he accepted the *Smart Set* paid $17, and when another story was accepted Porter wrote that he was so eager to get cash that he would be willing to remit $10 of his fee if he did not have to wait for it. In time Mr. Towne became associated with various publishers, and when in the office of the *Delineator* he came to know and admire Theodore Dreiser, who was then in charge. Here he conducted a prize story contest, and the prize would have gone to John M. Oskison, but unfortunately the author had written more than was required, and so the award went to Zona Gale—the first recognition of her talent. He tells delightful anecdotes of Richard LeGallienne, William Dean Howells, George Barr McCutcheon, Sinclair Lewis, S. S. McClure, and many others. Mr. Towne believes that the American magazine prospers because the American people demand something of interest on every page and hate dullness. "We are essentially nervous and energetic; but I think we have a gift for getting at the roots of things, acquiring in the briefest time, the meaning and flavor of a given work of art. . . . It may be that

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In Answer to Inquiries

So many requests for suggestions for readings in psychology come to this department that I have asked Prof. William McDougal to help build a list. He writes me from Cornwall, where he passed the summer, far above the battle of the psychologists giving some excellent advice. William James's *Principles of Psychology* is an old book that he regards as of great value. This is true also of S. F. Stout's *Analytical Psychology*. Then come the following: *The Psychology of Apes*, by W. Koehler; *Analytical Psychology*, by C. G. Jung; *Dream Interpretation* and *Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis*, by Sigmund Freud; *The New Psychology*, by A. G. Tansley; *Psychology of Education*, by R. M. Ogden. Of helpfulness to parents are *Psychology and Morals*, by G. A. Hadfield; *Growth of the Mind*, by W. Koffka; *The Delinquent Child*, by C. Burt and a book that is to appear soon: *The Psychology of Character*, by A. A. Robach. Also do not let us overlook Prof. McDougall's own books, *Social Psychology*, which should interest parents; his *Outline of Psychology* and *Outline of Abnormal Psychology*. Prof. McDougall, it should be remembered, is not a behaviorist. His note of behaviorism is interesting: "As regards behaviorism, Dr. Watson's recent volume of lectures (*Behaviorism*) presents it in all its valued horror in a manner least liable to do harm because it lays bare its ineffectiveness to the least instructed reader." So there you are. . . . There have been several calls for information about the book on marketing manuscripts, the last from J. V. Hightover, Beaumont, Texas. The title is *The Commercial Side of Literature*, by Michael Joseph and Grant Overton, is published by Harper & Bro., and may be had at any bookstore for $2.50. It bears the allur-

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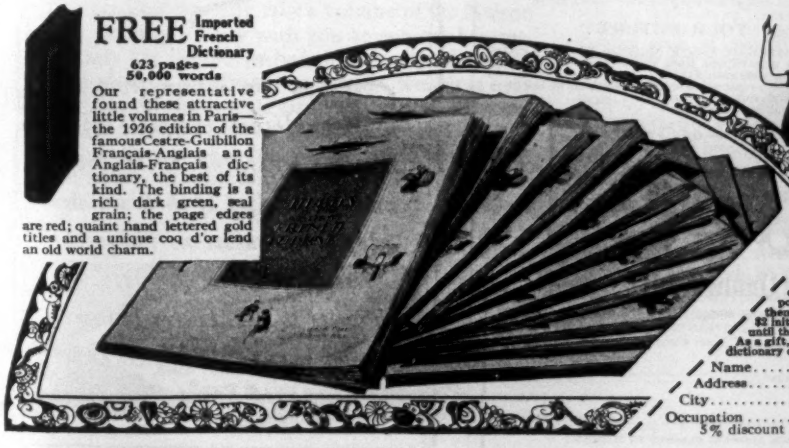

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Information About Books

¶ You can obtain from all publishers complete information regarding their books and authors. If there are any additional questions you might desire to ask, feel perfectly free to write to Mr. Harry Hansen, care of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *49 East 33rd Street, New York*

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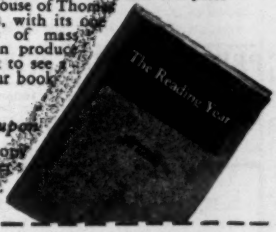

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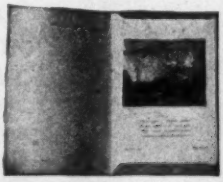

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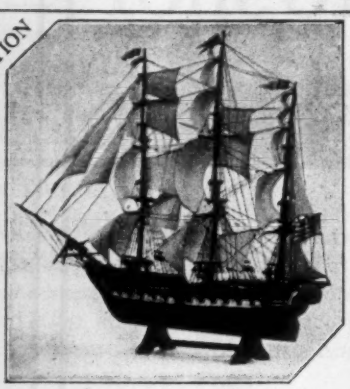

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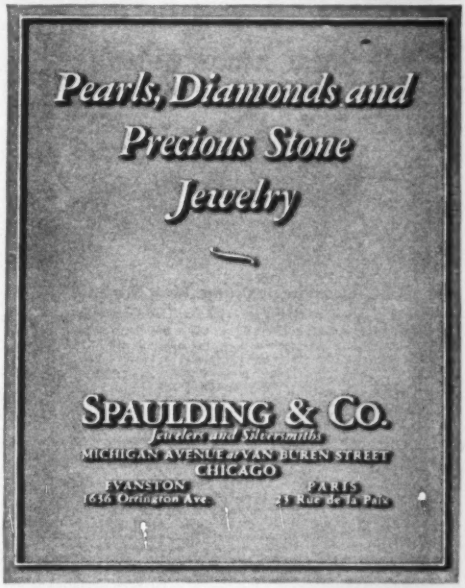
The decorative value of a small bookshelf cannot be overemphasized. The most companionable bit of furniture, it gives, at the same time, a deft accent to a barren corner, the side of a fireplace, the odd space above or below a little window. Use a single shelf, or two or three, as you need. Some decorators line a bookcase with color, just as they treat a cupboard. China is much more effective against a bright background, and the bindings of books come into nice relief against a panel of Chinese red or acid green.

The small wall shelf is frequently used to hold or frame a few particularly lovely ornaments. Figurines are charming placed so, and pieces of pottery or porcelain.

The vogue for colored glass upon the dining table remains long after the novelty has departed because of its sheer prettiness. A piquant effect is achieved by some hostesses who, instead of using a set of one color, combine several tints. Plates of pale green crystal harmonize charmingly with lemon color and milky blue ones. Of course, some restraint is needed, and the gaiety of colored glass looks best with smooth cream pottery, rather than patterned china.

Shyly, ingratiatingly, French provincial furniture has been winning its way into the smartest of shops. And it is an engaging fashion—artless, sturdy but not clumsy, simple but not plain. Of course, for hangings, old toile is more sympathetic than any other fabric (don't, don't put taffeta beside it!) and there is apparently an unending supply of it to be had in ravishing colors. Personally I have a great weakness for the sang de boeuf shades, but the yellow is very fine. I saw a beguiling bed, the head and foot of which were oblong pieces of old toile merely framed in wood.

An agreeable feature of early French furniture is its ability to combine with a decor of



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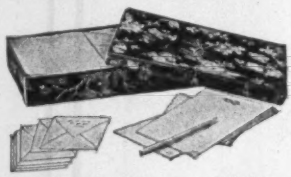

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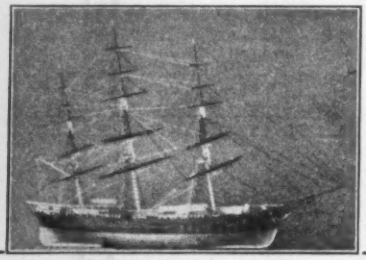

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another period—a quality which is noticeably lacking in some styles. This is especially true of early American. Indeed, the furniture of our own ancestors goes so far as to demand a certain style of house, and even a style of living for its happiest effect. It was once thought that certain Italian furniture was so distinctive that it was impossible to put any other style near it. This fallacy resulted in a number of very handsome, very accurate, *very* tiresome rooms. (Incidentally, the floods of cheap imitation Italian furniture that one sees, do take the edge off all but the finest of the originals.) One way to remedy a too Florentine room is a wall hanging of magnificent bold Spanish appliqué; another is by way of a few small pieces of Venetian furniture, gay and insouciante in their characteristic green and watermelon paint.

❦

The shops are showing a bewildering variety of artificial flowers. They may be had in all manner of materials from semi-precious stones to wax; in all sizes, and for all manner of decorative uses. The trees of jade, amber, turquoise and quartz made by the cunning Orientals are very effective. Tiny ones of crystal beads are most amusing for a boudoir, if one goes in for boudoirs. Very natural looking poppies and tulips bend gracefully on their glass stems, their heads coated with softly modelled wax. Great branches of flowering blossoms may be had in colored crystal, and the other day I saw, with astonishment and pleasure, a huge mass of autumn leaves in glass.

❦

One far-sighted friend of mine, whose example I always mean to follow but forget to, has the excellent habit of keeping her eyes about her when shopping, and whenever she sees some attractive small ornament, or pretty trifle, she buys it. Consequently, whenever a forgotten birthday is upon her, or a friend goes abroad, or when any of the countless occasions come when a small gift is the graceful gesture, she is prepared. All of this leads up to the fact that Christmas is ridiculously near, and it would be a wonderful, wonderful feeling to have all of one's shopping done before Christmas Eve.

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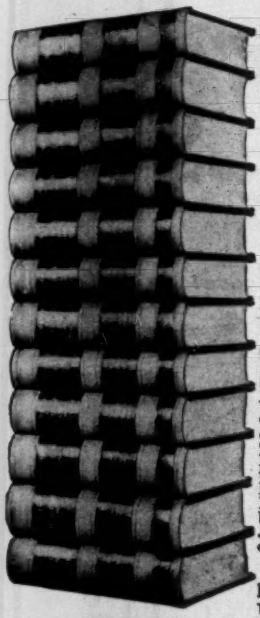

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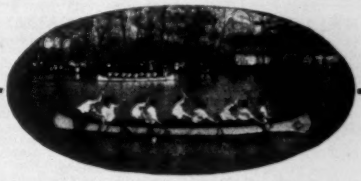

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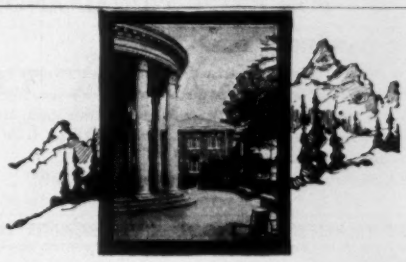

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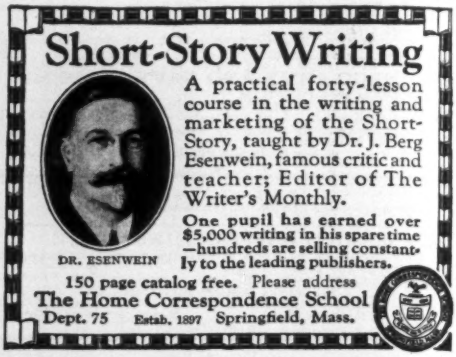
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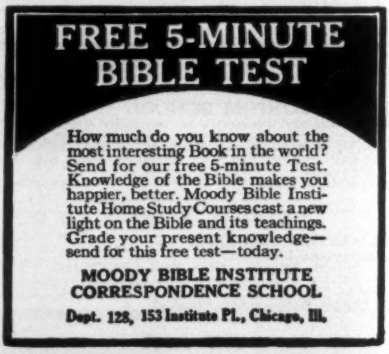
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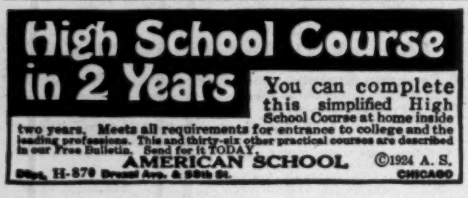
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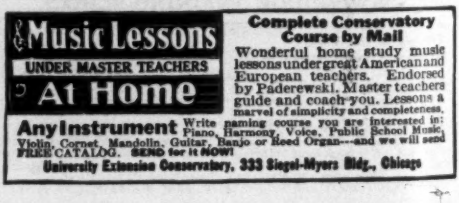
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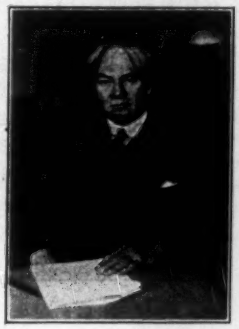

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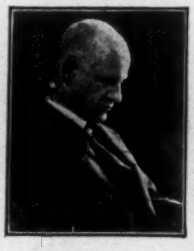

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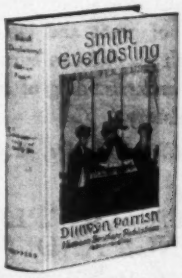

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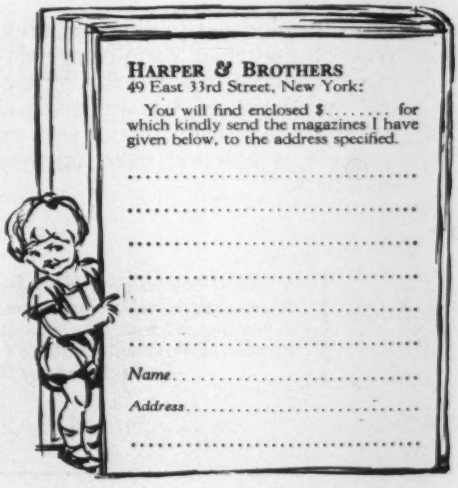

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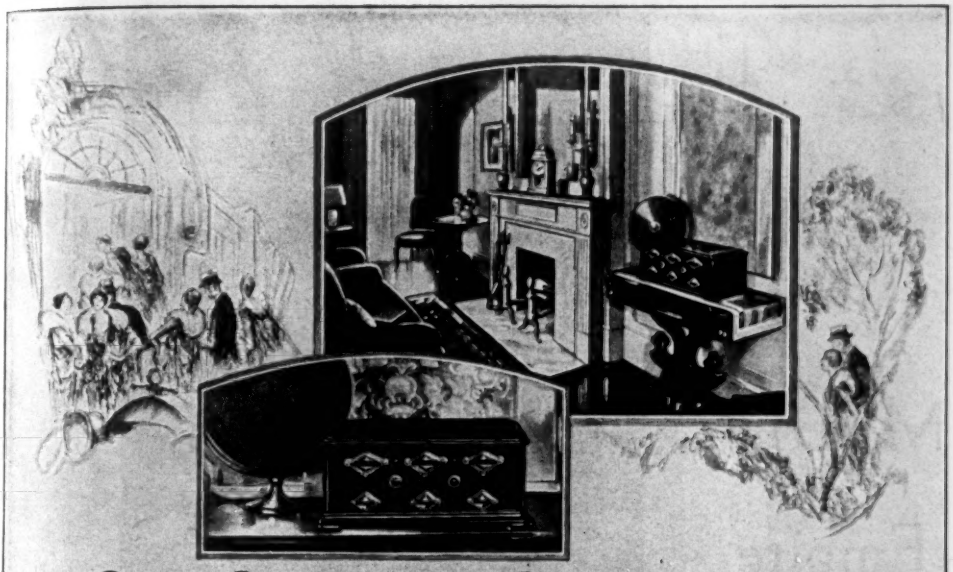

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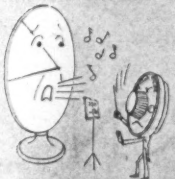

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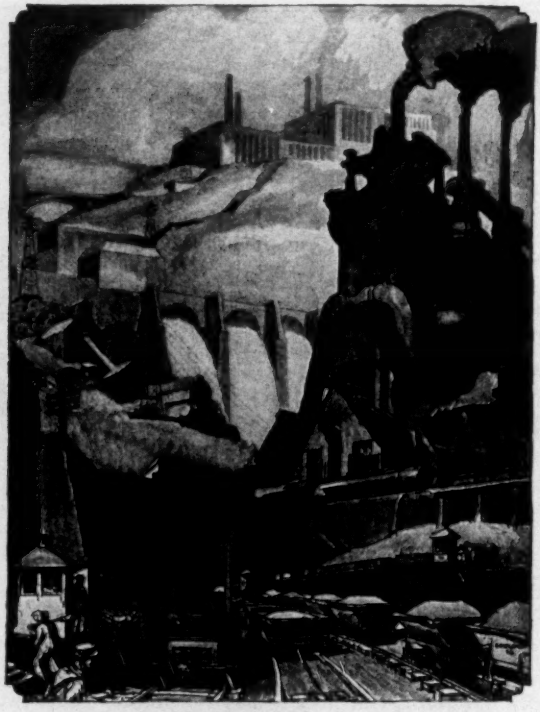

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Let an Atwater Kent dealer show how easily you can make a selection of programs with an Atwater Kent ONE Dial Receiver, and how natural the programs sound through an Atwater Kent Radio Speaker.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING:—The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and concert, in Radio's finest program. Hear it at 9:15 Eastern Time, 8:15 Central Time, through:

WEAF . *New York*	WTAM . *Cleveland*	WCAE . *Pittsburgh*
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The piano is most often a permanent investment—and the length of its life is largely governed by its action. It is only reasonable therefore, that when you buy a piano you insist upon the very best action obtainable. For 37 years, the Standard Piano Action, made at Cambridge, Mass., has been known everywhere as the highest quality action in the world. It gives a new meaning to lightness of touch—a new conception to tone. It is the never-failing vital link between key and string.

To guard your piano investment well, insist upon Standard Piano Actions—found in all better makes.

SEND TODAY for our booklet describing what is essential in a good piano.

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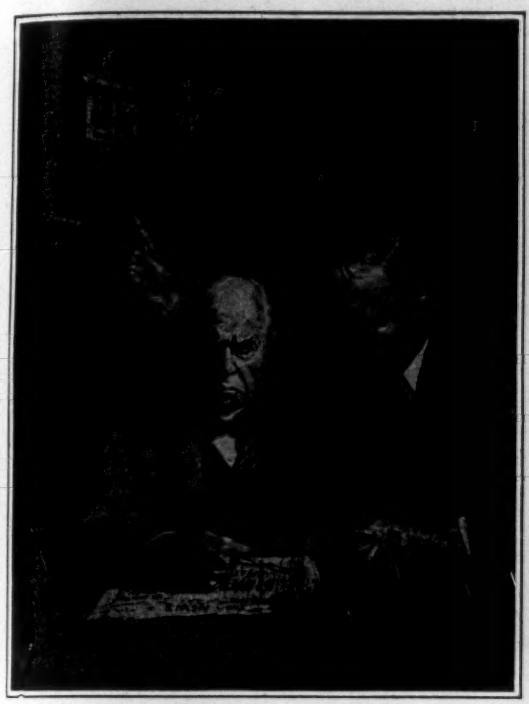
No Diphtheria by 1930!



"I Told You So"

"MONTHS and months ago I presented well-established medical facts about toxin-antitoxin results and begged to have the children of our city immunized against diphtheria. In the towns around us toxin-antitoxin was used and the diphtheria deathrate is practically zero. But here nothing was done and diphtheria is again rampant. Now I appeal again."

REMEMBER what happened in Nome the winter before last? An epidemic of diphtheria swept the little town. Every child was threatened. Mothers were frantic. Then came Balto—that strong-hearted leader of a wonderful dog-team—with the only thing that could check the raging epidemic—antitoxin. Nome would never have needed to send desperate calls for antitoxin treatment if the preventive—toxin-antitoxin—had previously been used.

The same tragedy, without the dramatic setting, is happening in homes all over the country. Needlessly. Do not risk the lives of your children. Take them to your family physician and ask him to inoculate them against diphtheria.

Dangerous at all ages, diphtheria is especially so to children under six years of age. Therefore it is vitally important that babies should be protected with toxin-antitoxin. Most babies are naturally immune during the first few months. But this immunity soon disappears.

If everybody were inoculated, diphtheria would rapidly disappear from the earth.

Despite the fact that there need be no diphtheria, it is still one of the greatest enemies of childhood—causing more than 11,000 deaths a year in the United States—more than 200,000 cases of suffering.

Diphtheria takes more lives than measles, and scarlet fever *combined!* When it does not kill—it frequently leaves its victims with weakened hearts and other serious after-effects.

Write to us for detailed reports showing how some cities organized their successful campaigns for "No More Diphtheria". Where toxin-antitoxin was widely used there began an immediate drop in the deathrate from diphtheria. In one city of nearly 40,000, not a single death from this disease was reported in 1925. In another city of more than 130,000, only one death was reported in the last two years. New York aims to stamp out diphtheria by 1930.

The Metropolitan is eager to cooperate, through its local managers, agents and nurses, with state or city authorities, whenever possible. Send for Diphtheria-Prevention literature. It will be mailed free.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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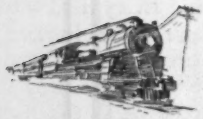
For every man who values time, this accurate watch is made



A TRAIN becomes famous when it makes fast trips—saving time for its passengers.

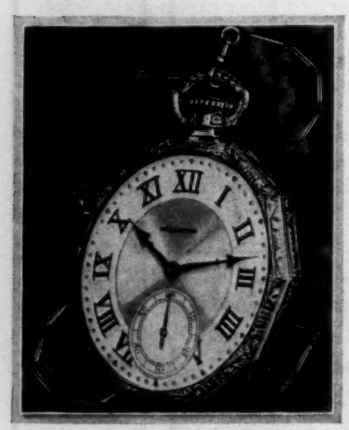
This time is saved by minutes here and seconds there—by a quick change of engines, less time at a division point, by fewer stops.

The men who run the trains must have truly accurate watches—watches that guide them in keeping to the running schedule.

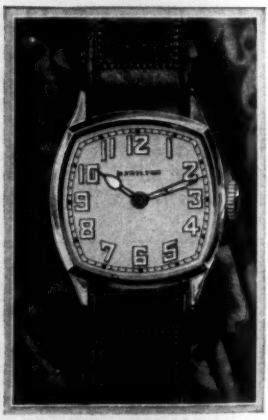
The Hamilton is famous as the watch used by the conductors and engineers of America's famous trains. For more than twenty years it has held a unique prestige among railroad men and among all men who work on close schedules.

Ask your jeweler to show you some of his new and beautiful Hamilton pocket watches and strap watches for men, and wrist watches for women.

We have prepared two very useful booklets, "The Care of Your Watch" and "The Timekeeper." We will gladly send both on request. Address Hamilton Watch Company, 878 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Penna., U. S. A.



The new decagon design Hamilton pocket watch may be had in yellow, white or green gold, 14k or filled, plain or engraved. Prices $48 to $685. You can choose from a wide variety of cases and dials.



The Hamilton Strap Watch for men, cushion model. Great convenience with Hamilton accuracy. Sterling silver, green or white gold filled $50. 14k green or white gold $75.

Hamilton Watch

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

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However storms may interfere with travel, telephone operators are at their posts

An Unfailing Service

AMERICANS rely upon quick communication and prove it by using the telephone seventy million times every twenty-four hours. In each case some one person of a hundred million has been called for by some other person and connected with him by means of telephone wires.

So commonly used is the telephone that it has come to be taken for granted. Like the air they breathe, people do not think of it except when in rare instances they feel the lack of it.

Imagine the seventeen million American telephones dumb, and the wires dead. Many of the every-day activities would be paralyzed. Mails, telegraphs and every means of communication and transportation would be overburdened. The streets and elevators would be crowded with messengers. Newspaper men, doctors, policemen, firemen and business men would find themselves facing conditions more difficult than those of fifty years ago, before the telephone had been invented.

To prevent such a catastrophe is the daily work of three hundred thousand telephone men and women. To maintain an uninterrupted and dependable telephone service is the purpose of the Bell System, and to that purpose all its energy and resources are devoted.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

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CERTAINLY there are new ideas in housekeeping and new ideals in homemaking. But the place of fine silver tea things is traditional. Now, as always, they are prized possessions in the new home and loved belongings in the old.

International Silverplate is worthy to share happy hours at your table and throughout your home. Enjoy for a lifetime the slender beauty of silver candlesticks, the graceful dignity of silver centerpiece, the every-day service of silver platters, pitchers and vegetable dishes. These pieces in International Silverplate endure. So rich and varied are their designs that it will be easy and pleasant to choose a complete silver service to harmonize with your home. Prices are so reasonable that you can well afford to do so.

"The Rediscovery of Silverplate," a free booklet, contains many suggestions along these very lines. Write for booklet H. W. 50, International Silver Company, Dept. E, Meriden, Conn.

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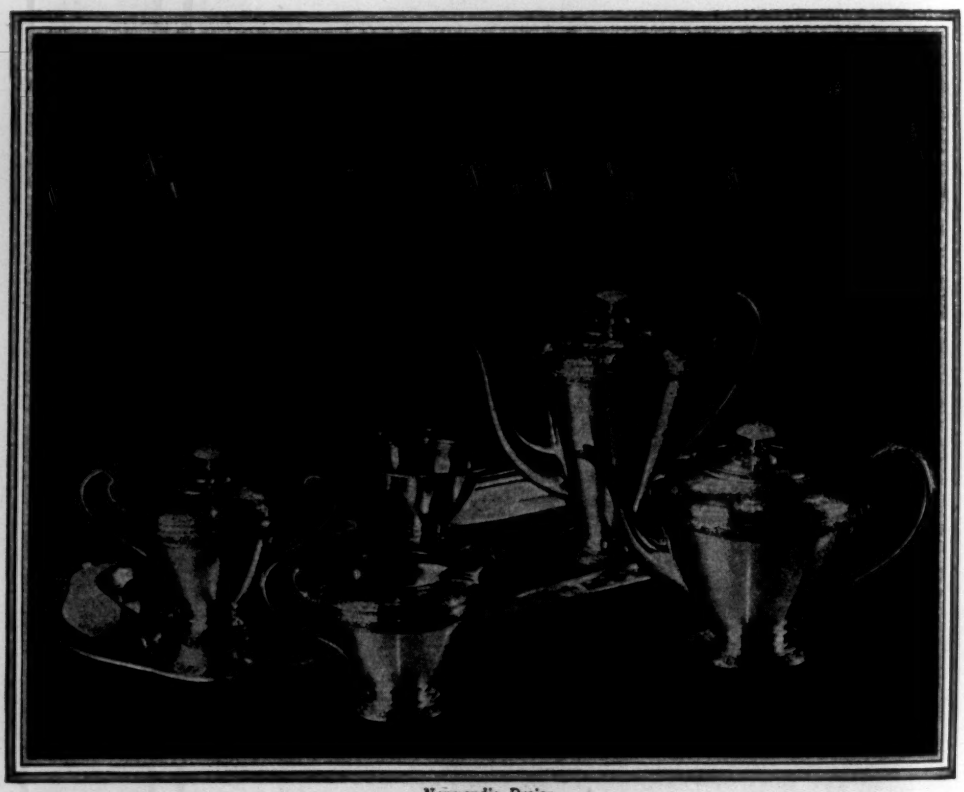
Trade INTERNATIONAL S.CO. Mark



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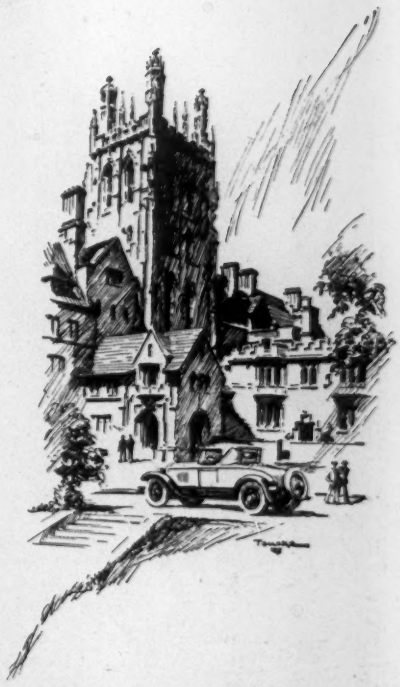
Five hundred color and upholstery combinations — fifty body styles and types

America has greeted Cadillac's individualization of motor car choice with an enthusiasm fully equal to that which accompanied its first realization that in this great new line of Cadillac cars had been achieved a new and sensational advance in motor car performance.

To such chassis features as unexampled smoothness of power, and speed that makes this new Cadillac, by the test of actual comparison, one of America's fastest stock cars is now joined the unique advantage of 50 Body Styles and Types and 500 Color Combinations.

It is precisely because of Cadillac's supremely great performance and dependability that this unprecedented variety in body offerings is regarded as characteristic of Cadillac's consideration for its public, and as important and significant as any of Cadillac's great engineering triumphs.



The even greater success that Cadillac is achieving—

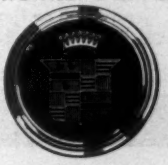
The man who buys a new 90-degree eight-cylinder Cadillac is not especially interested in having his attention called to one or the other examples of Cadillac manufacturing excellence. He knows that every earnest, honest effort to build a good motor car has for its inspiration and example the desire to approach Cadillac fineness of fabrication; that he will never long for deeper motoring satisfaction until and unless a greater Cadillac appears. That is why new hosts of buyers are flocking to the 90-degree Cadillac and surpassing all Cadillac sales records for 24 years.

Priced from $2995 upward, f. o. b. Detroit

NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



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5 O'Clock Tea Spoon
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An unusual investment that pays big dividends

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To get the *facts*, General Motors has invested more than a million dollars in an 1125-acre Proving Ground, about 40 miles from Detroit.

Here cars are driven day and night under constant observation and tested for power, hill climbing, braking power, speed, fuel economy, riding comfort and other qualities.

In a month a car goes more miles than the average owner would drive in a year.

The Proving Ground is an unusual investment which pays big dividends—dividends in facts, quickly ascertained and employed to maintain quality and increase the values in General Motors cars.

An interesting illustrated booklet on The Proving Ground will be mailed if a request is addressed to the Department of Publicity, 224 West 57th Street, New York City.

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Ever notice?

SOONER OR LATER most men reach a point, in everyday matters at least, where price is no longer all-important. They begin to look around for "something better." And it is by no means an accident that just at this point so many men turn to Fatima

F A T I M A

"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make"

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

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LICENSEE reproducing action

Before buying any reproducing piano ascertain whether or not it contains the famous WELTE-MIGNON LICENSEE REPRODUCING ACTION. *Only Welte-Mignon Licensee possesses the secret of perfect reproduction.* Welte-Mignon Licensee brings to your home flawless interpretations by the great geniuses of the pianoforte: De Pachmann, Paderewski, Gieseking, Casella, Pouishnoff and many others.

You can now have Welte-Mignon Licensee in one hundred and fifteen different pianos. The famous Welte-Mignon Licensee Reproducing Action can be installed in your own grand piano. There are Welte-Mignon Licensee dealers everywhere. Send for copy of our beautiful brochure containing portraits of the great artists.

AUTO PNEUMATIC ACTION COMPANY, W. C. Heaton, *Pres.*
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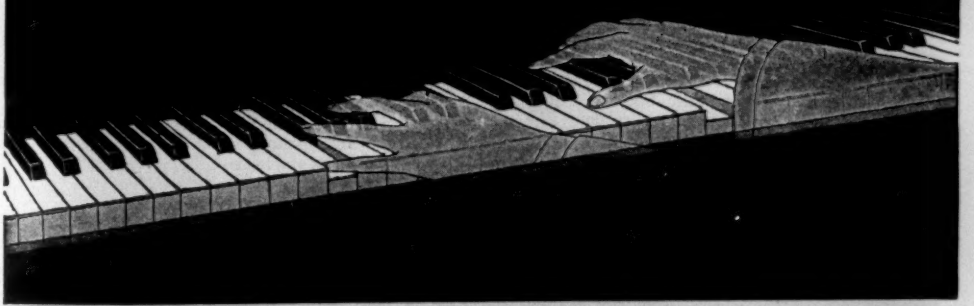
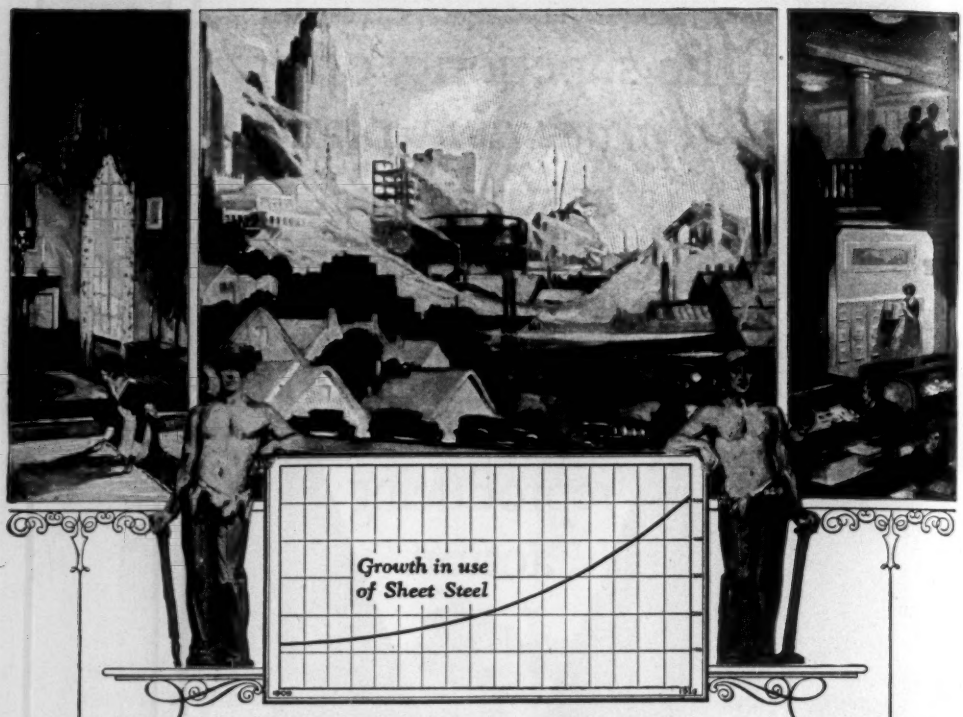


THE MASTER'S FINGERS ON YOUR PIANO



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From 1909 to 1926 the demand for Sheet Steel increased more than 400 per cent—a striking tribute to the quality of service rendered by this modern material.

We travel today in rugged Sheet Steel trains or motor cars which insure maximum safety.

The buildings we occupy are being made fire safe through Sheet Steel construction and equipment—files, desks, cabinets, doors, window sash and trim. Fires cannot gain headway where combustibles are broken up into small quantities and confined in Sheet Steel.

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It is natural that this superior service of Sheet Steel is leading to an ever widening range of uses, for industry, for schools and institutions, for mines, for farms and homes. Information regarding any specific application on request. SHEET STEEL TRADE EXTENSION COMMITTEE, OLIVER BLDG., PITTSBURGH, PA.

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Including
TREASURE CHEST

When it's hunters' day at the horse

land are soaring over the

No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest—made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes is concentrated the experience and skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.

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show—and the best jumpers in the hedges—have a Camel!

WHEN it's the most exciting day at the horse show. When the famous jumpers take water jump, wall and rail in faultless performance. When in the tense moment the judges award the coveted silver trophy—*have a Camel!*

For, all the world over, no other cigarette cheers and satisfies like a Camel. The golden enjoyment of Camels makes every happy holiday happier, adds the sense of well-being to every friendly occasion. Camels are made of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown—they never tire the taste. Camels are the cigarettes that did away with cigaretty after-taste. Millions who could well afford to pay more will smoke only Camels.

So as you join the gay throngs at the horse show. After each thrilling event—know then the enjoyment of the finest in cigarettes.

Have a Camel!

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
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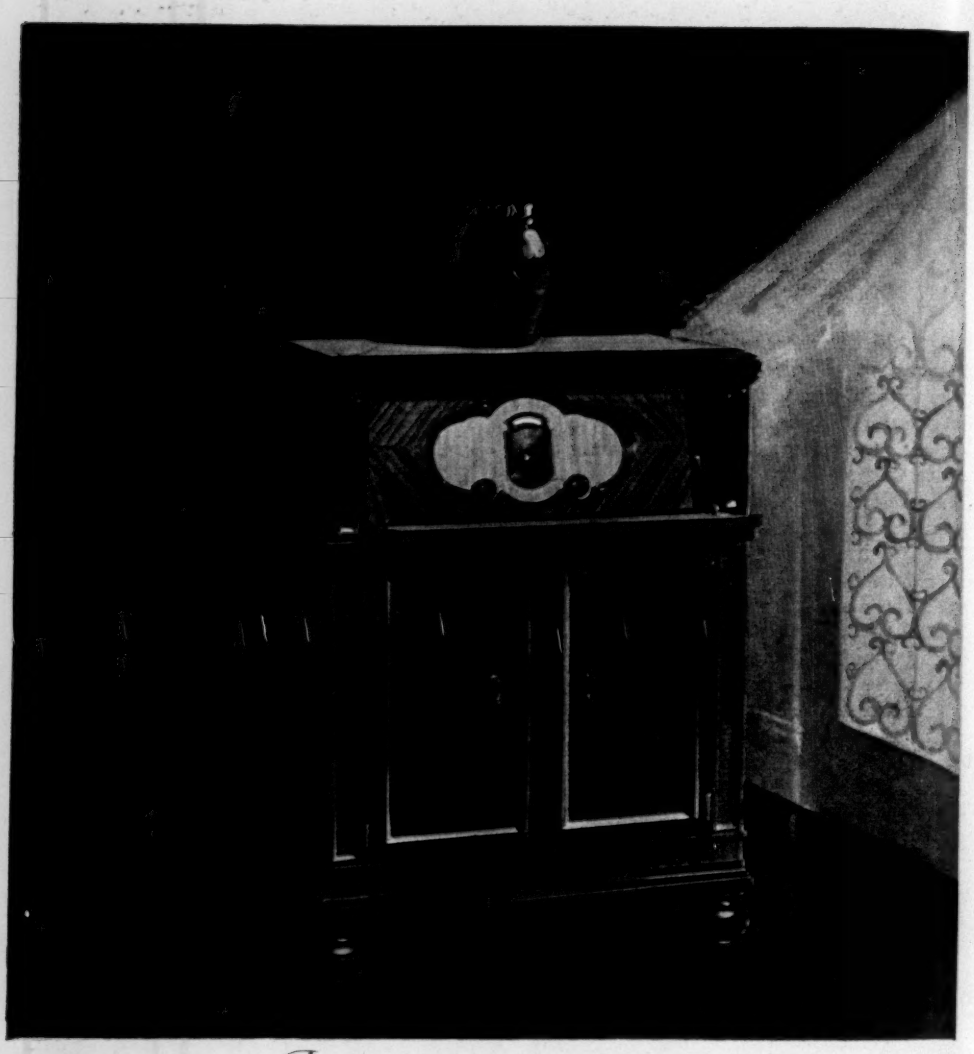

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Erla (R.F.L.) "Sextet"... the most notable radio advancement of the year . . . completely revising all former standards of reception, reproduction and beauty. *True* single dial operation, unmarred by squeals or howls, thanks to a new discovery. Super-sensitive yet simple for *anyone* to tune. Perfect tone through built-in Erla Omnitonic reproducer with seven-foot folding horn. Adapted for loop or short antennae. Italian Venitian Console in dark American walnut with matched walnut and satinwood panel, $285. Table cabinet, $210. Write for brochure giving complete information.

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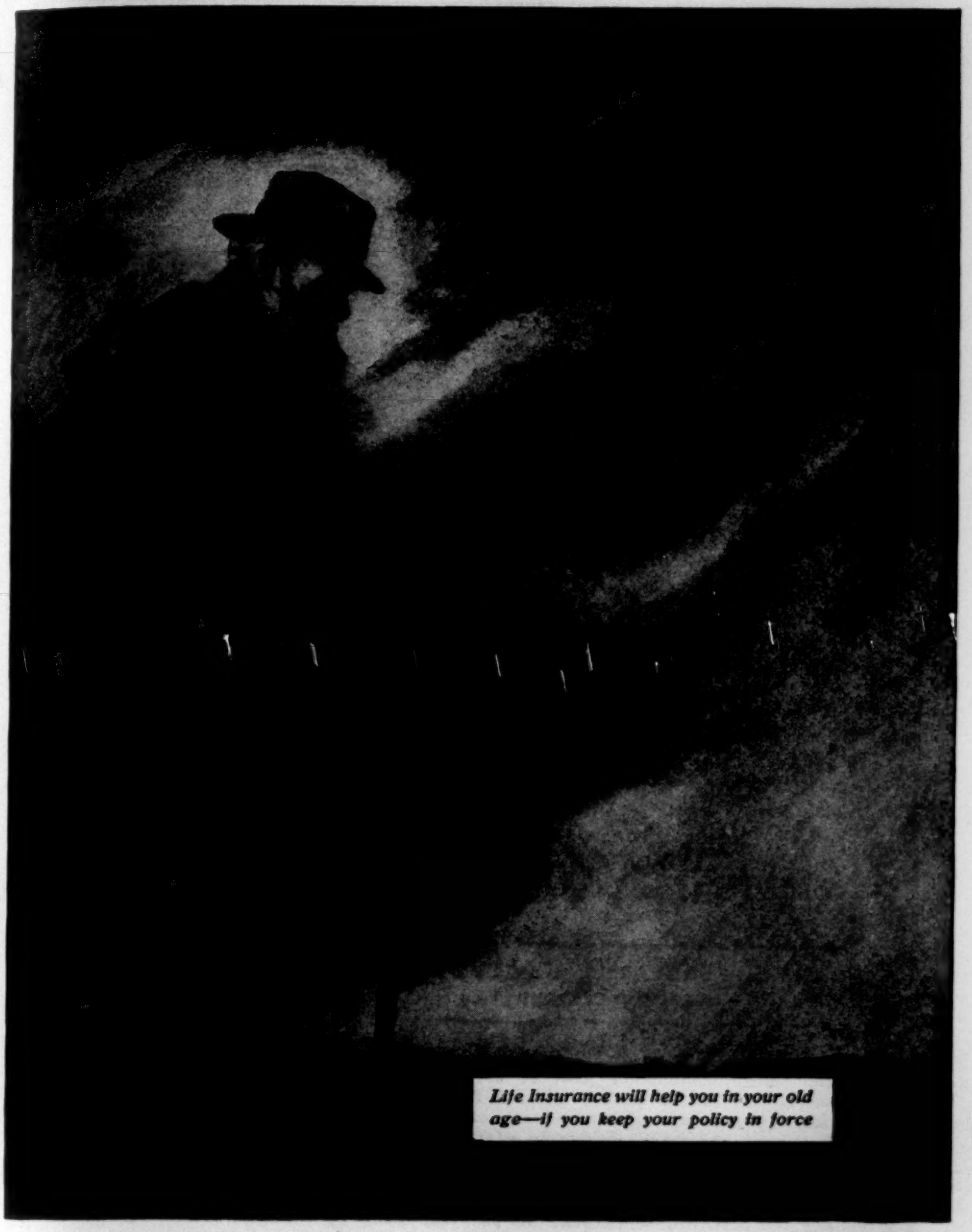

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The Best Advice on Books

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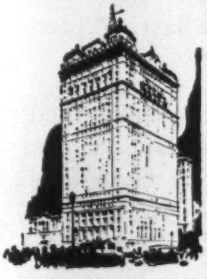
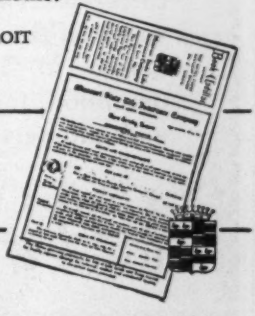


THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL COMPANY, DETROIT
Roy Carruthers, *President*



To each guest as he pays his bill is given a receipt and attached is an insurance policy valid for 48 hours. It is an extension of Book-Cadillac service to see you safely home. Indemnity: $5,000.00 in case of accidental death; $2,500.00 for loss of limb; and $25.00 weekly for wholly disabling injuries.

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THIS enthralling life story of the man whom Howells called "the Lincoln of our literature" is one of the classic autobiographies of our time — a book with a lasting place in the heart and the imagination of America.

Mark Van Doren, writing in the *Nation*, said: "Unclothed, his genius seeks the company of Fielding, Shakespeare, and Rabelais and is accepted there. He shares with those men their vast riches in the mine that is so indispensable to a writer of the first rank, the mine of eloquence." And Cameron Rogers, in the *World's Work:* "It is as if his passing were a deception, for he is here, infinitely to be honored once again, and infinitely to be loved."

In two volumes, boxed, $10.00

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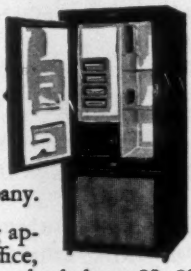
for office, home or bachelor apartment

Your own club or the best hotel could serve you no better than a buffet Kelvinator in your bachelor apartment.

The buffet Kelvinator in your den or study makes you independent of the distant refrigerator and pantry.

A NEW companion for you, gentlemen;—another good fellow soon to be a familiar and welcome addition to the best masculine social or business company.



A Kelvinator in stag apparel—for your office, your den, your study or bachelor apartment.

Outwardly a handsome, adaptable piece of furniture of fine mahogany or walnut—take your choice.

Inwardly—a Kelvinator. A gleaming white, intensely cold compartment, with plenty of shelf-room for foods and an abundance of ice cubes for beverages. There's a humidor, too, to care for your good cigars.

With your beautiful new Kelvinator in your office your light noonday luncheon, your mineral water or other beverages will come to you cold and delicious. In your den or apartment your midnight "snack" or the refreshments for your guests will rival those you'd order in your club.

You can meet the new arrival at the nearest Kelvinator display room.

Just a phone call will do

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Better Always Better

Eight Million Dollars

Is Spent in One State Alone for the Care of the Insane and Feeble-minded — Sixteen Cents on Every Dollar Raised for All Purposes

The menace of mental disease is as great today as that of Tuberculosis fifteen years ago, yet through preventive work the Great White Plague has been reduced from first to fifth place.

Research into the complex vagaries of mental disorders has aroused a growing interest in Psychiatry—the study of mental health.

THE INDEPENDENT presents a series of six startlingly clear and analytical discussions of this present-day social problem, by

Dr. Abraham Myerson

Professor of Neurology at
Tufts College Medical School

The first of these articles will appear in
THE INDEPENDENT *for October 30*

To new readers, THE INDEPENDENT will be available for the next six months at the special rate of two dollars. Each issue contains an intelligent summary of current affairs, vigorous, fearless editorials, and special articles from contributors and correspondents in every news centre.

PIN TWO DOLLARS TO THIS COUPON, *and mail to*

THE INDEPENDENT, 10 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

Please send me THE INDEPENDENT for six months at your reduced introductory rate of two dollars.

Name.....

Address.....

H-11-26

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

She doesn't fear the dentist

Wise men and women go to the dentist at least twice a year for a thorough mouth inspection. They don't put off the dental appointment until forced to seek relief from pain and the dentist has to hurt. If you see your dentist in time he can keep your teeth and gums healthy and may prevent serious illness.

Neglect Punishes 4 out of 5

Failure to take a few simple precautions lets pyorrhea, dread disease of the gums, become entrenched in the mouths of four out of five at forty, and many younger, according to dental statistics.

Start today to brush teeth and gums night and morning with Forhan's if you would be with the lucky who escape pyorrhea's ravages. Forhan's firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It doesn't give this insidious infection chance to steal upon you.

If you have tender bleeding gums go to your dentist immediately for treatment and use Forhan's regularly. The chances are your own dentist will recommend it. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid dentists use to combat pyorrhea.

Besides safeguarding your health, Forhan's is a pleasant tasting dentifrice that gives the teeth perfect cleansing; and forestalls decay.

Include Forhan's in your daily hygiene for your health's sake. Pyorrhea is no respecter of persons. Four out of five is its grim count. At all druggists', 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

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The Masterpiece of Masterpieces!

New and Improved FRESHMAN MASTERPIECE

The thing that makes it wonderful is its tone quality. The large cone speaker has been designed to exactly match Freshman's new QUALITY radio receiver. This special cone speaker easily handles the full power that this new set delivers.

Its ease of operation, with three distinct controls, allows any novice to tune in the station wanted day after day at the same points on the dials. This efficient means of operation eliminates the overlapping of wave lengths, assuring distinct separation of one broadcasting station from the others.

Complete descriptive literature free. Write for it.

Chas. Freshman Co. Inc.
Freshman Bldg., New York
2626 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago

Model 6-F-11 **$119.50**
Slightly higher Denver and West

THE most perfect radio ever designed. It is massive—it is beautiful. It is just what you want for your home. For no matter how exquisite your furnishings are, this artistic genuine mahogany upright console will lend additional beauty.

GENUINE R. C. A. RADIOTRONS
are recommended for use with Freshman Masterpiece Receivers.

A special package containing—1 UX 112 power tube, 1 UX 200A detector tube and 3 UX 201A amplifying tubes—matched and tested for the set in which they are shipped, is sold by Authorized Freshman Dealers.

Sold on Convenient Terms by Authorized Freshman Dealers

The Most Perfectly Toned Radio Ever Produced

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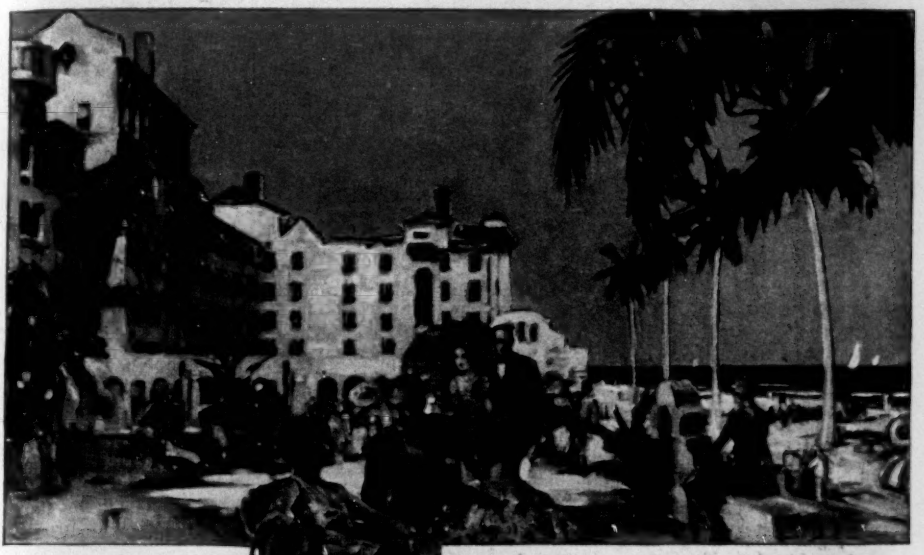
Follow the Sun — to Hollywood —

Golden Days and Glorious Nights at Florida's Most Beautiful Hotel



DOWN where winter is summer—on the coral shore 'twixt Palm Beach and Miami—rising like a palace out of fairyland, is Florida's most entrancing retreat from the snow and freezing winds of the north—Hollywood Beach Hotel.

Right on the ocean, looking forth on tropical beach and sea, it is the center of life as you dream it. Balmy breezes blow through your rooms. You don bathing suit and go straight to the broad beach with its gently rolling surf.

Spacious chambers with gorgeous decorations and furnishings — conveniences and refinements, matchless amidst the most luxurious appointments, single out this magnificent hotel for your comfort and delight. Delicious tablefare, freshened with vegetables, fruits, butter, milk, and eggs from the hotel's own farms, intrigues your appetite.

Every outdoor sport and recreation invites you—golf on two excellent courses, horseback riding, tennis, motor boating, aquaplaning, deep sea fishing, and bathing on the peerless beach. Every night dances, recitals, concerts make it a favorite rendezvous in Florida's brilliant social playground.

Florida Enchantment at its best is here. Turn your back on winter and catch up with the sun at Hollywood. Write, and complete information and rates will be sent promptly.

Hollywood Beach Hotel, Hollywood, Fla., *New York Office, Canadian Pacific Bldg., 342 Madison Ave.*

On Dixie Highway — Two Railroads — and Inland Waterway

HOLLYWOOD *Florida*

Florida's all-year seaside city . . A place to live

JOSEPH W. YOUNG
Founder

There's a smart informality about Shur-on Shelltex rimmed eyeglasses for everyday occasions.

With formal evening dress, Shur-on eyeglasses, white gold mounted, are dainty and nearly invisible.

For outdoor recreation, Shur-on Shelltex rimmed spectacles offer the necessary comfort and security.

What others see in your Glasses

GLASSES are a conspicuous detail of your appearance. They reveal your good taste—as do your clothes—in selecting styles becoming to you and appropriate for different occasions.

Shur-on glasses are always in perfect taste. Special materials, superior lenses, expert workmanship in every pair insure permanent good fit, comfort and optical precision.

You will find, in their complete line, Shur-on Styles designed for *you* and *your* needs.

Let us send you the authoritative booklet, "Style in Glasses".

Shur-on Twintex spectacles have a patented double-strength joint that maintains the delicate original adjustment and thus saves eyestrain.

All types of **SPECTACLES** *and* **EYEGLASSES**

Shur-on

SHUR-ON STANDARD OPTICAL COMPANY, ***Geneva, N. Y.***

Artistically, this new Amplion Cabinet Cone graces the most exquisitely appointed drawing room—acoustically, it sets a new standard in radio reception.

AC12 . . . . $30

HERALDING~ a New Radio Voice

AMPLION PATRICIAN

A new model of the air column type—as pleasing to the eye as to the musical ear. Non-directional general diffusion of sound. 48-inch air column in an 18″ x 12″ x 9″ cabinet.

AA18 . . . . $45

AMPLION DRAGON

The world's "best seller"—adopted as the standard among leading radio engineers for experimental and comparative tests. Famous for its sensitivity to speech and musical signals, and for volume without distortion.

AR19 . . . . $42.50

When genius sings or speaks or plays—a breathless silence follows. When the new Amplion Cone reproduces vocal or instrumental tones—an awed hush ensues.

For this new type of cone, designed by the engineering genius of the world's largest makers of sound reproducing devices, sets an entirely new standard in radio reception.

A precision of sound-values—a mellow clarity—an utter absence of distortion or "chattering"—characterize the new Amplion.

Built on an entirely new principle of *balanced* construction and exceptionally responsive to the weakest signals, the new Amplion reproduces the entire vocal and musical range with an astonishing purity, combined with the utmost volume.

Sensitive as a deer to the faintest sounds, this Amplion sets a new standard of reception for every set. It is the last link in the chain of quality broadcasting.

As you listen in—to classical music or jazz—to symphony concert or brass band—to speakers or singers—it becomes increasingly difficult to tell the difference between the actual performance and *the new radio voice!*

Write for the interesting Amplion Booklet

AMPLION

THE AMPLION CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Suite AA2, 280 Madison Avenue, New York City

THE AMPLION CORPORATION OF CANADA Ltd., Toronto

"The House of Graham" is known throughout the world, through its associated companies

From 1887 . . . . . A Path of Brilliant Achievement . . . . . to 1927

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RADIO NEWS AND NOTES

Fine Entertainment for Fall and Winter Months

THE past month has been full of interesting developments in connection with the fall and winter radio season.

In the realm of music alone one announcement after another has been made of special programs to be broadcast that will feature great symphony orchestras, grand opera stars, and hundreds of other noted singers and musicians.

The New York Philharmonic Orchestra, whose summer concerts brought delight to so many thousands over the radio, has consented to the installation of microphones for their series of winter concerts.

The Boston Symphony will likewise be heard over a chain of stations and the New York Symphony, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, will offer a series of performances. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra and other great symphonic organizations throughout the country are perfecting plans for broadcasting of winter programs on an extensive scale.

By special arrangement with the Metropolitan Opera Company, artists of that great organization have been secured for the new series of Atwater Kent programs to be broadcast from fifteen stations each Sunday evening.

This one series of concerts alone will present Mme. Schumann-Heink, Josef Hofman, Frances Alda, Lucrezia Bori, Freda Hempel, Edward Johnson, Albert Spalding, Louise Homer, Margaret Matzenauer, Mary Lewis, Reinald Werrenrath, Rosa Ponselle, Charles Hackett, and many others.

Yet these are but a few of the many high-class programs embracing every form of vocal and instrumental music that will help feature the winter radio season and make it possible for the owner of a dependable radio receiver to choose that which most appeals and best suits the occasion.

But music is only a part of the entertainment assured. Leaders of thought in the religious, educational and business life of the nation, stars of the stage, and outstanding figures in all walks of life, will make interesting contributions, as will many occurrences of great national interest.

The past month has done much more, however, than to emphasize the wealth of entertainment ahead.

It has shown all but a comparatively few of our five hundred or more broadcasting stations voluntarily doing the right thing to avoid confusion in the air pending the action which Congress is sure to take this fall to still further insure well-regulated broadcasting.

There has been but little confusion compared to what might have been, had not the broadcasters as a body recognized the rights of the public and of each other.

And the great radio show weeks of the past month throughout the country have been giving hundreds of thousands of prospective purchasers the opportunity to see how easily operated, how dependable in performance, how durably made, and how attractive in appearance are receiving sets now obtainable.

Of equal concern to the initiated are the superior types of loud speakers that now help to insure to the listener the best that radio has to offer. And radio is offering more to-day to young and old than ever before.

Interesting announcements of dependable radio equipment may be found throughout the advertising section

This remarkable Radiola
operates directly from your Lighting Socket

RCA Loudspeaker 104, complete, $275

Radiola 28, with eight Radiotrons, $260

A. C. Package, for adapting Radiola 28 for use without batteries, $35

Single finger tuning. Full orchestra volume. And lighting socket operation.

THESE are new things—but not too new to be thoroughly *tried*, for the latest developments of radio have had a twelve months' *road-test* in RCA Radiolas. And now, where others are taking their first trial steps, RCA Radiolas have had time to be tested for a year—perfected.

In radio, it is *reality* that counts. Tune in a Radiola 28 with a Loudspeaker 104. They are playing a symphony—a famous guest conductor wielding a frenzied baton. Turn up the volume—thirty violins are playing together. Hear the high sweetness of the piccolo—the deep melody of the cellos—the zoom of the big bass drums.

Straight through the concert program, every number comes in with true spirit, capturing the brilliance of the Scheherazade—or the vivid symbolism of a Strauss symphony.

You need never fear that a sudden climax will come with a crash. That day is past, for the Loudspeaker 104 has a reserve of power to handle full orchestral volume!

Unless you have heard the new Radiolas, you can have no conception of what radio is today. When you hear them, you will turn in your old set for a Radiola that you will *keep*.

RCA

RCA Radiola

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOTRON

Authorized Dealer RCA

Buy with confidence where you see this sign

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MAGNAVOX
SINGLE DIAL Radio

Piedmont Model, shown in illustration. Two tone mahogany cabinet, built-in Magnavox cone speaker. Without accessories $175.

—to hear, to see, to operate it is a new adventure in radio

RADIO entertainment and ownership take on new meaning with a *Magnavox* single dial set. First you are surprised by the simplicity of operation. Turn one dial to any available station and the program starts. There is no tedious tuning.

Next you are amazed by the power, the clearness, the sheer lifelikeness of the incoming sound. Perhaps for the first time you are hearing a perfectly tuned set—for every *Magnavox* is pre-tuned at the factory by a tuning meter. You can't begin to match its accuracy when tuning with two or three dials "by ear."

And then the simple beauty of *Magnavox* sets! That also is a result of single dial control. As the feminine influence is felt more and more the set with a formidable array of dials, switches and panels becomes more and more obsolete in style. Today's *Magnavox* will endure and grow in your esteem.

Magnavox models range from $75 to $260—the $75 model fits right into your phonograph. . . . Let the *Magnavox* dealer demonstrate.

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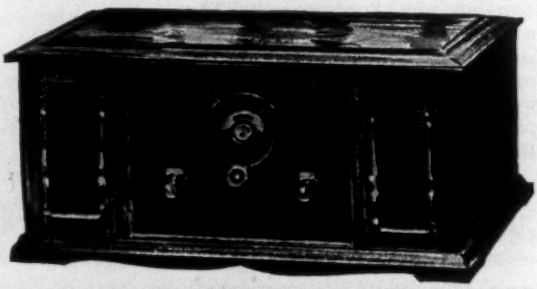
THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY • *Oakland, California*
R. S. Williams & Sons Co., Ltd., Toronto, Distrs. for Canada [not including B.C.]



Model 10, shown in illustration. Mahogany cabinet, compartment for "B" batteries. Without accessories $110.

FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF MAGNAVOX PROGRESS IN RADIO

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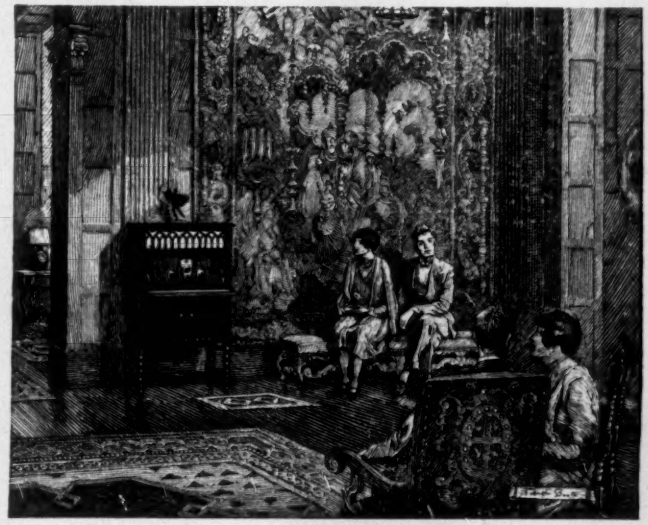
FREED-EISEMANN

THE RADIO OF AMERICA'S FINEST HOMES



ALWAYS FIRST IN SOCIAL PRESTIGE

Now at prices everyone can afford

EVERYWHERE throughout the land—in the homes of the leaders of finance, society and the arts—you will find the FREED-EISEMANN. Among other distinctions, it was selected by government experts and purchased by the Navy for installation on the President's yacht.

Now, after two years of planning and experiment, we are able to announce FREED-EISEMANN *quality unchanged—but at new, low prices that have amazed the radio public.*

Think of it! Sets made with the same micrometer precision; the same devotion to high technical ideals, for which FREED-EISEMANN is famous, now priced as low as $60!

FREED-EISEMANN OFFERS REVOLUTIONARY RADIO IMPROVEMENTS AT NEW LOW PRICES

$60 *and up for table sets*

$95 *and up for console sets*

Prices slightly higher in Canada and West of the Rockies

And this year, FREED-EISEMANN embodies revolutionary radio improvements: Complete metal shielding from outside interference. One tuning control instead of three. Steel Chassis construction. Superb cabinets. Sets can be run from house current with FREED-EISEMANN power units.

No wonder that within a week after the new FREED-EISEMANN was announced, our vast, new plant had to go into full production in order to meet the great demand.

Shown above, Model 40*—C40, $155.

**Licensed under a group of the Latour Patents*

You may have a demonstration in your home without obligation, and pay on convenient terms.

FREED-EISEMANN RADIO CORPORATION
Freed-Eisemann Building, Brooklyn

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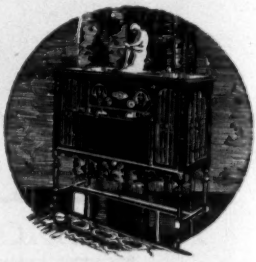
Thorola

—the Last Word in Advanced Radio Circles

When your Radio Dealer says, "*Thorola* 1927 Model," he is pointing the safest, surest way to radio satisfaction.

The sweeping advances recently scored in sound recording have for some time been available in radio broadcasting. It remained for *Thorola* to make them available in radio reception. This is accomplished by the combination of both Horn and Cone—an exclusive *Thorola* feature. Elusive, delightful tonal qualities that have long been waiting to be brought out, are now made audible through *Thorola*.



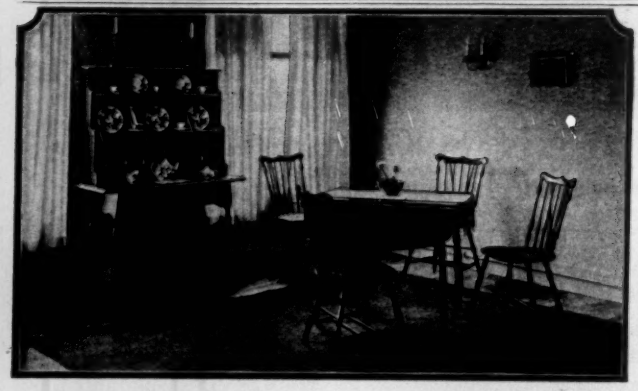
Thorola Model 59
DeLuxe Console $185

Power operated at low additional cost. The Cabinet, in Antique High-Lighted Walnut, is one of the masterpieces of the *Thorola* line.

Other models $60 up. Prices slightly higher West of Rockies.

REICHMANN COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.

MEMBER R.M.A.



Painted or stained any color. Special Price, $64.50

Colonial BREAKFAST SET

THIS attractive six piece breakfast set is typical of Leavens' offerings. Individuality, so highly prized by discriminating women, is reflected in the quaint Welsh dresser and early American style of workmanship. The delicate turning of the legs, the comfortable Windsor chair backs and the substantial dropleaf table, make this set particularly desirable.

Made in birch, you may have this set stained or painted any color at the special price of $64.50. Decorations and stripings are extra. All lovers of beautiful furniture will be interested in our booklet explaining the famous Leavens' "finished-to-your-order" plan in detail and showing the popular pieces and colors. May we send you a copy?

WILLIAM LEAVENS & CO., Inc.
32 Canal St., Boston, Mass. (Dept. T-11)
Please send your illustrated catalog and price list of Finished-to-order Furniture.

Name_____

Address_____

LEAVENS *Furniture*

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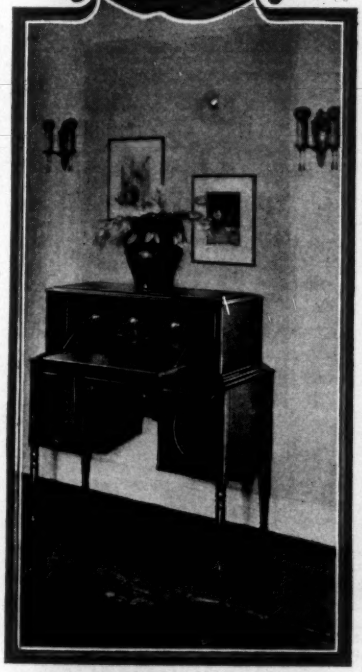
The EAGLE

All That is Best in Radio

SHIELDED BY ITS REPUTATION FOR PERMANENCE



Pioneers — with a deep-rooted sense of obligation to the public

THE discriminating public has come to regard the Eagle Receiver as the final word in radio achievement.

This preference has been soundly established, not through chance, but because of an unrelaxing adherence to the highest standards of radio production—standards which Eagle itself created!

From the pioneering days of radio's yesteryear, until the present hour, Eagle has felt that this widespread tribute to its supremacy carried with it an obligation to maintain these self-established high standards under any and all circumstances. To fittingly discharge that obligation, Eagle has never sought to lead in quantity production. Instead, it has kept faith with the public by bestowing upon every Eagle Receiver the necessary time, genius and quality of materials to make each individual product a masterpiece of permanence, beauty, and satisfactory performance.

Eagle Radio Receivers
$95 $175 $185 $220

MODEL K3 Receiver with Console Cabinet as illustrated, $250

EAGLE RADIO COMPANY

NEWARK, N. J.

Licensed by ... NEUTRODYNE ...

THE BOARD ABOVE — EAGLE RADIO COMPANY — NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

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"What is thinking?"

asked Mr. Urp and would not stay for an answer

Don't blame him! Mr. Urp can't do long division without sticking out his tongue. Confronted with a decision, he wriggles like an eel. To converse intelligently would be as easy for him as to wipe his neck with his elbow. But don't blame him!

Poor Urp! He's missing the thrill of controversy, the back-tickling, hair-raising excitement of reading both sides of a question. His mind is as slow as a Delaware and Raritan canal boat and as single track as a one-way Nevada railroad. Politics, religion, economics — they mean nothing to him. He doesn't read THE FORUM. He should, though. He should read the November issue. Look Mr. Urp:

SHALL WE DEFLATE FOOTBALL?

A Debate between William T. Roper and Alfred S. Dashiell

Two Princeton alumni, separated by twenty years, rise against each other in terrifying combat. The famous football coach, representing the last generation, holds a steady lance for America's popular autumn spectacle. The younger generation mounts for an attack in defiance of an institution that has become almost sacred.

HAS MAN AN IMMORTAL SOUL? by Thomas A. Edison. The "Wizard of Orange" has secretly been making an exhaustive study of the problem of the human soul. In this startling interview with Edward Marshall he completely reverses his former view of the future life.

SOCIALISM DEFENDED, by Bernard Shaw. On his seventieth birthday, THE FORUM asked the dramatist *eleven* pointed questions about socialism, to which he replies with a biting Shavian razor edge.

METHODIST RIGHTS IN POLITICS, by Clarance True Wilson. The Secretary of the Methodist Board of Public Morals in Washington calls a halt to the "baiting" of Catholics and Methodists about politics. The Church, he says, does and will and has a right to admonish the State.

THE STUDENTS PRESCRIBE, by Edward Aswell. Last year a Harvard senior drafted a revolutionary recommendation for reform in education that made the Harvard Corporation sit up and call a special meeting. This article is from the pen of the same disturbing gentleman.

ACQUIRED CHARACTERS, by H. S. Jennings. Can we humans pass on anything essential in brain or brawn which we ourselves have acquired? Professor Jennings says the last word in this post-Darwinian controversy.

WHY I AM A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST, by Clifford P. Smith. One of THE FORUM "Confessions of Faith" series.

And many other informing articles; a short story; the word "Highbrow" defined by readers; the usual FORUM departments.

What is thinking? The November FORUM brings you plenty of it.

FORUM

NOVEMBER

Edited by Henry Goddard Leach

35c

At any good news-stand

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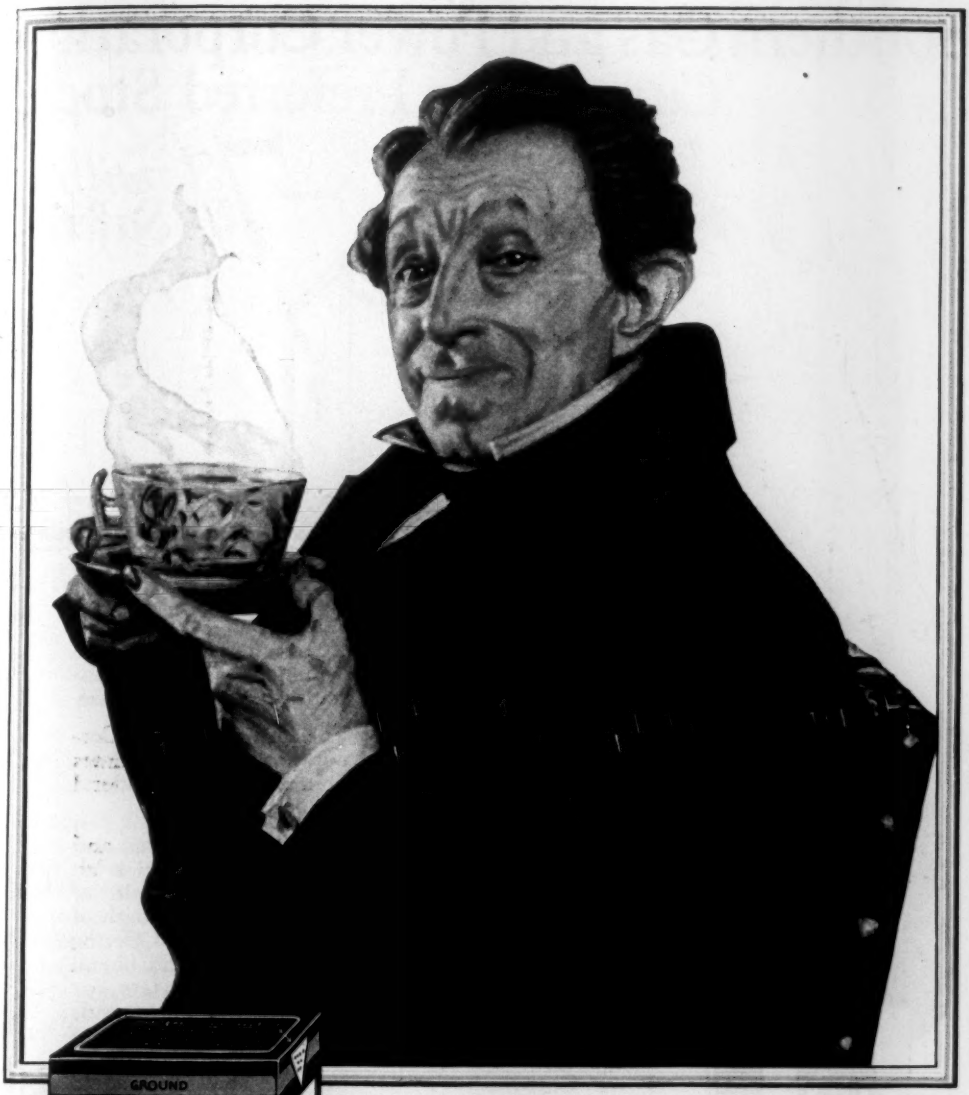


SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH *used to say that he believed the difference between one man and another was produced by the quality of coffee he drank.*

WHITE HOUSE COFFEE is quality through and through — a blend of the world's best coffees, rich with aroma and real coffee taste — because *the flavor is roasted in.* Tell your grocer you want White House.

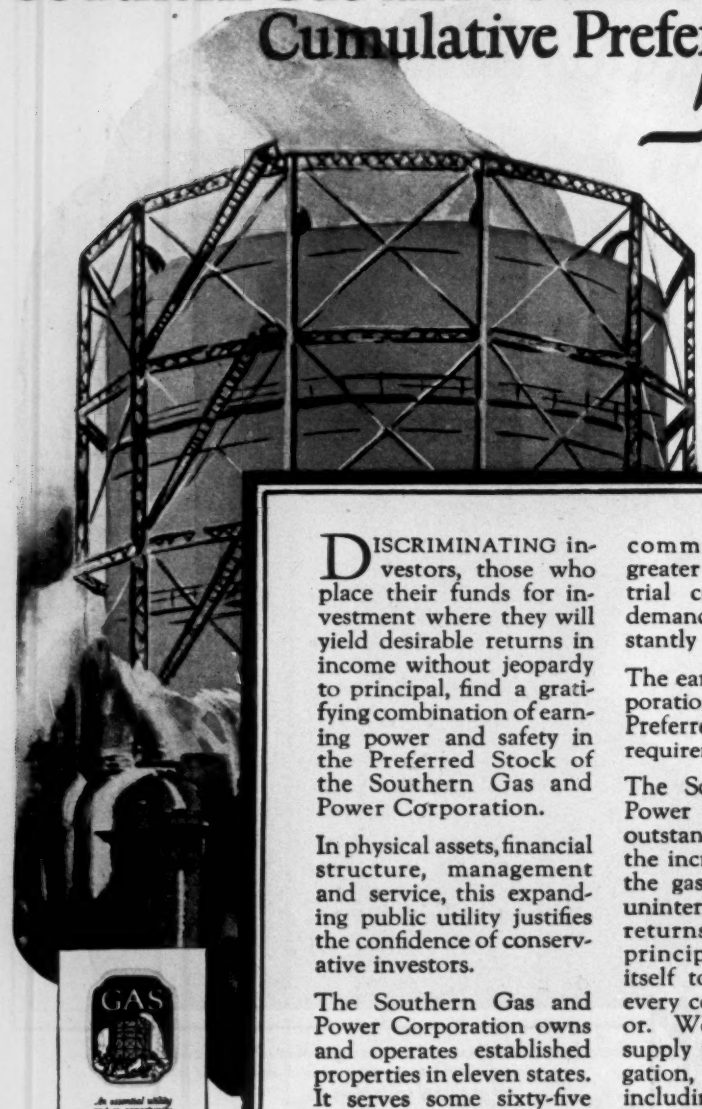
"The Flavor is Roasted In!"

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY

Boston **Chicago** **Portsmouth, Va.**

Southern Gas and Power Corporation
Cumulative Preferred Stock

—7% with Safety



DISCRIMINATING investors, those who place their funds for investment where they will yield desirable returns in income without jeopardy to principal, find a gratifying combination of earning power and safety in the Preferred Stock of the Southern Gas and Power Corporation.

In physical assets, financial structure, management and service, this expanding public utility justifies the confidence of conservative investors.

The Southern Gas and Power Corporation owns and operates established properties in eleven states. It serves some sixty-five communities, for the greater part active industrial centers where the demand for gas is constantly on the increase.

The earnings of the Corporation are many times Preferred Stock dividend requirements.

The Southern Gas and Power Corporation is an outstanding example of the increasing strength of the gas utility. Offering uninterrupted and liberal returns, and safety for principal, it commends itself to the attention of every conservative investor. We shall be glad to supply you, without obligation, with full details, including price.

Let us send you this booklet of facts about the gas industry. It will tell you why securities of gas companies are selected for investments by many discriminating investors.

HAMBLETON and COMPANY
Investment Bankers
ESTABLISHED 1865
NEW YORK *and* BALTIMORE
43 Exchange Place, New York

The Mark of Quality

It works like a charm Faseal GAITER

No wonder women everywhere are welcoming this new Firestone *Faseal Gaiter!* It gives them—at last—a practical, automatic fastening—one that pulls up or down in an instant—no stubborn sticking, nothing to get out of order.

The high quality of material and the shapely grace and smart tailoring finish of the Firestone *Faseal* also appeals to fastidious women. They like the trim appearance and the Multi-fit Sole which shapes itself to whatever shoe they happen to wear.

Be sure your dealer shows you the genuine Firestone *Faseal.*

Firestone Footwear Company
Chicago HUDSON, MASS. Boston

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER Harvey S. Firestone

Is your chimney a fire menace?

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Founded 1792

The cost of repairing a chimney is infinitesimal when compared with the cost of rebuilding a home. Yet more homes are damaged or destroyed every year by fires originating in defective chimneys and flues than by any other single cause of fire.

Have your chimney cleaned at least once a year. A fire in the chimney proper is usually caused by accumulations of soot. If it smokes heavily and continuously, imperfect combustion, due to faulty heating equipment or methods of firing, may be causing undue soot deposits. Have your chimney, flues and heating pipes regularly inspected, kept clean and in good repair, and you will have little cause to fear a chimney fire.

The North America Agent can give you valuable advice and assistance on practical Fire Prevention.

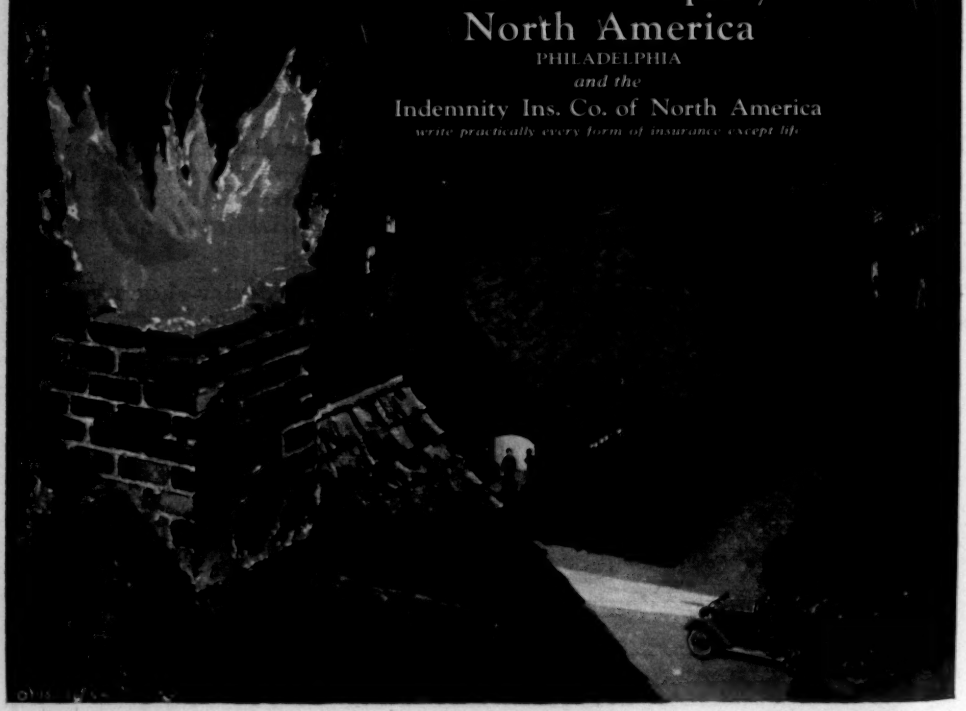
Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and the

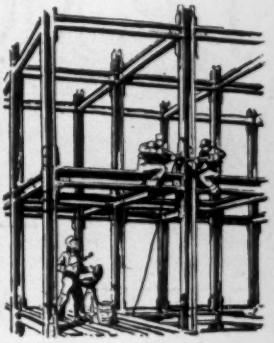
Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life



MASTERS OF ACHIEVEMENT

Andrew Carnegie



The tense, steel silhouette stretching high against the sky; the mighty network bridge that binds two distant shores; glistening, ribbon-like rails stretching across the continent; monster steam-belching steeds whose racing wheels pound out their rhythmic song of achievement; all acclaim the reign of steel, and mark the vision of men whose foresight and enterprise gave it birth and development. Among these, the humble bobbin-boy who fought his way up to "iron-master," captain of industry and benefactor, ever will rank commandingly as a master of achievement.

James Crossley Eno

He, too, was a man endowed with a great vision. His doctrine of Health for Success, and his well-known preparation ENO, for over half a century have been powerful influences in the promotion of health and happiness, ambition and energy in the civilized world.

"The fight always goes to the fit."

Sayings of JAMES CROSSLEY ENO

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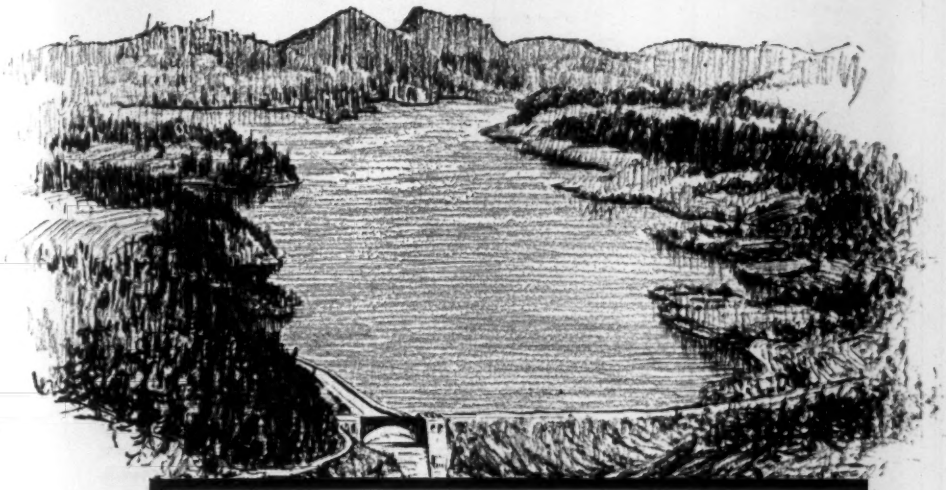

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THE individual seldom has the necessary experience to fully deal with his own investment problems. Good judgment prompts him to draw on seasoned knowledge.

WITH a background of one hundred and fourteen years' financial experience, The National City Company has equipped itself to study and meet individual investment problems.

ELEVEN thousand miles of private wires keep us in direct touch with the investment centers of the country. We maintain offices in 50 leading American cities. We supplement this close touch with domestic conditions by world-wide foreign connections.

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BONDS · SHORT TERM NOTES · ACCEPTANCES

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

The Value of an Investment

By PAUL TOMLINSON

MOST people have attended auction sales, watched the auctioneer bring various articles to the attention of the people gathered there, listened to him call for bids, and effect sales to the person making the best offer. An auction is an almost perfect illustration of the workings of the law of supply and demand, and it serves to emphasize most effectively the basic principal that a thing is worth as much as it can be sold for. There may be, of course, sentimental values attached to certain commodities which cannot be translated into dollars and cents, but in the field of investments,—and investments are commodities,—a cash value is all that counts. Witness the New York Stock Exchange, which is really nothing more or less than a big auction room; brokers with orders to sell call for bids, and brokers with orders to buy make offers, and the selling broker knocks down the security he is handling to the broker who offers the highest price for it. There are approximately twenty-five hundred stock and bond issues listed on the New York exchange, and every buying and selling operation is carried out on this basis.

WHAT are the factors which lead purchasers of securities to bid a certain price for them? Why should people be willing to pay $80 a share for one issue of stock paying $4 a year in dividends, and only $60 a share for another also paying $4 annually? Why should a 4% bond of the United States Government sell regularly at par and a 4% railroad bond fifteen points lower? Why should one stock with a par value of $100 sell for $25 a share and another stock of $20 par sell at $80? Why should a stock of no par value at all frequently sell higher than an issue of shares with a par of $50 or $100? These things are not hit or miss, they don't just "happen"; there are reasons for all these apparent discrepancies, and it would be well if everyone had some idea of what they are and on what they are predicated.

IT MUST be admitted that just as people at auctions will sometimes lose their heads, and bid without judgment or consideration, so do investors become hysterical and at times pay either unreasonable prices for securities or sell them on other occasions at unjustifiable sacrifices. The human element must always be taken into consideration, although it is frequently difficult to account for human behavior.

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A Universal Investment

You can invest your funds in large or small amounts in these Federal Bonds and enjoy steady uninterrupted income without the slightest risk or worry.

The principal will be safe and all interest coupons will be paid promptly as they fall due.

This assured safety and freedom from worry is made possible because of the fact that Federal Home Mortgage Company Bonds are secured by First Mortgages on owner-occupied homes and small business properties which constitute as good security as can be found for a conservative loan.

These Bonds are the direct obligation of the Federal Home Mortgage Company, and are further protected by the unconditional guarantee of the National Surety Company, the largest Surety Company in the world.

All mortgages and accompanying papers are held in trust by the Trustee, the Empire Trust Company, New York City.

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A MOMENT'S thought will convince anyone that the figure printed on the face of a bond or a stock certificate has little or no bearing on the value of that bond or stock as an investment. A bond is not worth $1000 merely because that amount is stated to be its value, nor is the value of a share of stock fixed at $100 by establishing its par at that figure. Property values, earnings, credit, management, fixed charges, liabilities, volume of business, inventories, the state of the money market, all these and other factors are what determine the value of an investment.

NO MAN would take a mortgage for $10,000 on a house and lot worth $7500. No man should buy a bond of an issue totaling more than the value of the property securing it. On the face of things a bond which is part of an issue of $1,000,000 secured by property worth $2,000,000 is a better investment than a bond of a $1,000,000 issue secured by property worth $1,200,000, and the chances are that the former would bring a higher price in the open market than the latter. It is reasonable to suppose that the bonds of a company which earns its interest charges three times over are worth more than those on which interest is earned only one and one half times. The securities of a company showing a large amount of cash and a small item for "good will" on the asset side of its balance sheet may be expected to command better prices in the open market than the securities of a company which carries its good will item at a large figure, and has a small cash balance on hand with perhaps a large amount of notes payable on the liability side.

STOCK is not secured by a definite pledge of property, but represents a share in what remains after all fixed obligations are provided for. A bondholder is a creditor; a stockholder is a partner, and while a partner can anticipate a share in the profits he has no recourse if no profits are forthcoming. A partner has responsibilities which are

Things That Only Experience Can Teach

NO business ever grew to a position of outstanding leadership in its field, and held that leadership over the years, without slow, natural growth upon a well-defined plan and sound principles of conduct. The imitator can build no better than he knows.

There are things that only experience can teach. Judgment and knowledge, particularly in the field of first mortgage real estate bond financing, are not to be attained offhand.

The Straus Plan, devised and developed by this House out of 44 years in the one business of underwriting and selling sound mortgage investments, is without question the most definite and scientific application of sound banking principles to the protection of invested funds ever known.

Simple, direct and impregnable as The Straus Plan is, however, it is not fool-proof; its form has been widely imitated, but the substance can be applied only by bankers of unquestioned integrity and mature judgment gained from long experience.

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3. The Security Bond & Mortgage Company makes its own appraisal and determines the amount of the loan. The average loan is less than 42% of the value as determined by these three appraisals.
4. The Maryland Casualty Company (resources $39-800,000) examines each mortgage and *guarantees unconditionally* the payment of principal and interest.
5. The Maryland Trust Company (resources $12-600,000) accepts the guaranteed first mortgages as proper collateral for SECURITY BONDS.

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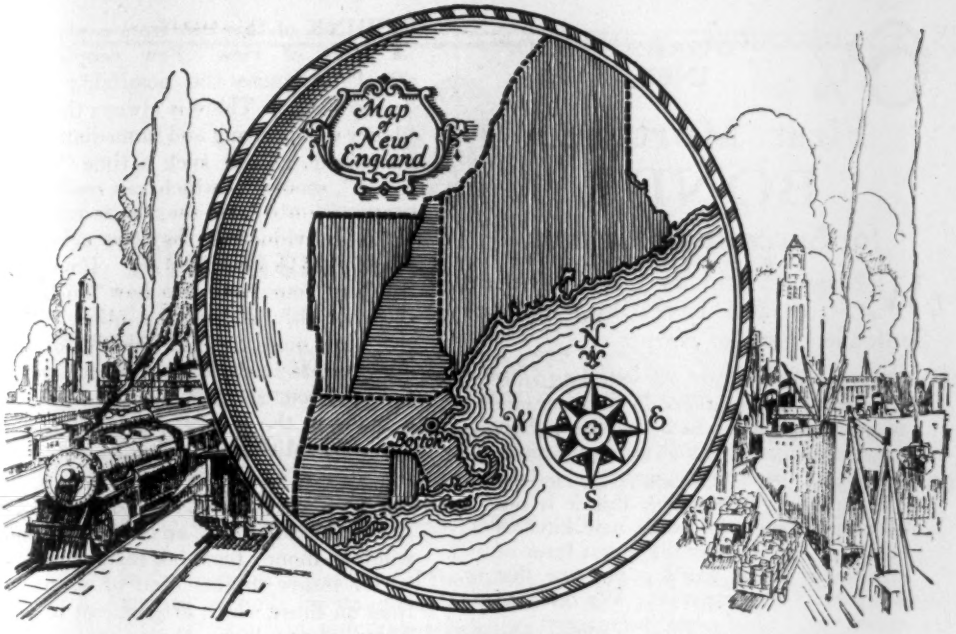
unknown to the bondholder, to whom responsibility is owed, and who has nothing of the sort to worry him at all. The bond buyer and the purchaser of stock have two very different problems to solve, and the value of a bond therefore is not arrived at by the same methods which are employed in fixing the value of stock. The shareholder has more matters to consider than the bondholder, for in a sense it may be said that the stockholder's interest only begins where the bondholder's leaves off. Bonds come ahead of stock in a corporation's scale of liabilities, and a rule for buying bonds that has considerable merit is to consider a company's stock, for if the stock seems safe and dividends are well protected by earnings it is pretty nearly a certainty that there is no question about the bonds.

THE real test of an investment's value is dependent upon one simple factor, however, and from the layman's point of view is possibly the most important of all. Most everyone appreciates the importance of inquiring as to the safety of a contemplated investment, and an increasing number of investors realize that it pays to obtain expert advice from an investment banker. Moreover, the question that interests most people is whether the security they have in mind will advance in price, which is a fair question, and one to be considered, but not to the exclusion of everything else. There is another side to the matter, one which prospective purchasers frequently fail to take into consideration. It is, "Can I sell this security easily?" and a satisfactory answer to this query will go far towards determining the desirability of any investment. In order to sell there must be a demand. There is not much of a demand for a thing that is not worth having. If there is a demand for a certain security therefore it is fairly safe to say that it is valuable. In other words ability to sell, a ready market, is one of the prime tests of a good investment.



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WE quote from an article entitled "Successful Investing," in the September issue of *Harper's:*

"Success in the investment world depends upon being able to select investments safe as to principal and which yield the highest possible returns; by a high return we mean one higher than the average—

"In order to accomplish this it is not necessary to look for some new kind of bond; on the contrary the oldest form of investment in the world is the one that will give us what we want. We refer, of course, to the real estate mortgage—

"If investors have a feeling that real estate bonds are not as safe as they appear to be they can buy bonds guaranteed as to principal and interest, either by a reputable surety company, or in some cases by the real estate bond houses themselves—

"This guarantee is a part of the bond, signed by the mortgage company—"

6½% Adair Guaranteed-Insurable Bonds are guaranteed by Adair Realty & Trust Company, with capital, surplus and profits of $2,500,000; and, in addition, can be guaranteed, at the option of the investor, by one of America's leading surety companies, with resources over $30,000,000.

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THINK of this test from a personal point of view. Few people can afford to ignore the possibility of a "rainy day". There is always the possibility of a pressing and immediate need for money, and at such a time "quick assets", securities which can readily be converted into cash, may be as valuable to an individual as they are acknowledged to be to a corporation. If nobody will buy your securities how much are they worth? If, on the other hand, there are many people bidding for the investments you own the competition for them is keen, and like an auction, a sale is made to the highest bidder and at a generally satisfactory price.

BANKS recognize the advantage of marketability in an investment and will loan money far more readily and on better terms on this kind of securities than on those which are difficult to sell. They must keep their own assets "liquid", that is easily convertible into cash and a large percentage of their funds are always invested in readily marketable securities. If this practice is advantageous for banks why not for individuals? Many a salesman trying to dispose of questionable securities has been utterly confounded when asked about a future market for his wares. He is eager to sell to you, but what assurance can he give that once having purchased you will be able to find anyone else willing to buy in case you yourself wish to sell?

ANYONE who has examined the bid and asked quotations in the financial pages of the newspapers will have observed that sometimes the price at which a certain security is offered for sale is perhaps only an eighth of a point above the price bid for it. In other cases the difference may amount to as much as ten or fifteen or twenty points. Sometimes there may be an "asked" price, but nothing bid. Many securities are not quoted at all; there may be a market for them, but a "narrow" one and one

Maintaining the Faith

in

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None the less, the Unconditional Guarantee of the World's Largest Surety Company is always present, actually endorsed on each Insured Mortgage Bond, to act instantly for the added protection of investors, IF needed.

It is by this constant adherence to the highest practical standards and ideals that implicit faith in Insured Mortgage Bonds will always be maintained.

Insured Mortgage Bonds are sold by a Nation-Wide Group of Investment Bankers, Banks and Trust Companies

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The unusual features of protection, insurance and guarantee are explained in our booklet which will be sent on request.

National Union Mortgage Co.
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which takes time to locate. When a person interested in the purchase of such a security is found the chances are that more or less bargaining will have to be gone through, time will be required, and the final agreement as to purchase price probably a matter of compromise.

LIBERTY bonds are the outstanding example of an easily marketable security. In fact, it is such a simple matter to dispose of them that often it has been said that they are as good as cash, and in this connection it might be mentioned that the value of United States currency as a medium of exchange is based not only upon the credit of the United States Government, but upon the knowledge that everyone is willing to accept it at face value; there is, so to speak, a very ready market for it. Some national currencies have not been so fortunate in recent years.

SUPPOSE that an investor were considering real estate instead of securities. He knows that an improved property is usually better than one boasting of no improvements, and that a lot in the city is worth more than one in the country. An improved property should be income producing, which is not only an asset in itself, but adds to its marketability. A lot situated in the country may contain better soil and intrinsically be worth much more than an urban lot, but there is not the demand for country lots which means they will not bring as much money. In the case of real estate there is no question at all that it is worth what it will bring at a sale. Are securities any different? As a matter of fact few people who buy securities plan to keep them all their lives, as is often the case with a piece of real estate, and yet it seems sometimes as if purchasers paid more attention to the resale value of real estate than of investments.

FREQUENTLY one hears a banker remark that it is not a difficult matter to decide on what security to purchase.

How to tell the difference

BETWEEN THE OLD-FASHIONED MORTGAGE AND A NEW TYPE OF FINANCING . . . . .

SOME investors mistakenly assume that all real estate bonds are simply old-fashioned mortgages in modern form. Some of them are, but not all. And it is the old-fashioned mortgage, of course, which has earned the reputation of being just about the safest investment that money can buy.

The type of mortgage into which so many generations of conservative investors have placed their savings has several characteristics not present in many issues of real estate bonds, chief of which is that, with rare exceptions, it represents a loan of only a few thousand dollars, usually on a residence, invariably on a completed property, and only for approximately half the value of the property.

All of the mortgages securing Real Estate Bonds offered by The Baltimore Trust Company are of this old-fashioned type. The mortgages average less than $5,000 in amount and less than 50% of the value of the properties. Most of the properties are individual residences; all are completed.

The Baltimore Trust Company excludes from its offerings the new type of bond now widely issued to finance the construction of buildings to be erected at some time in the future—large, single-use structures, such as apartments, hotels, theaters, office buildings, etc. Mortgages on such properties are not old-fashioned mortgages in the sense in which that term is generally understood by banks, insurance companies, lawyers and individual investors.

The 300 National Banks, State Banks and Savings Banks, and the thousands of individual investors who have purchased Real Estate Bonds offered by The Baltimore Trust Company, have all the protection of the old-fashioned mortgage, to which has been added the guarantee of principal and interest by one of the largest surety companies in the world.

Write to the Main Office of THE BALTIMORE TRUST COMPANY, 25 East Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md., or to any of the following banks or banking houses for Booklet No. 18

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CAPITAL & SURPLUS $7,000,000 **TOTAL RESOURCES $65,000,000** **75,000 DEPOSITORS**

because there are thousands of them available and the range is wide. One also hears bankers say that it is frequently a very difficult matter indeed to know when to sell, and when to sell presupposes of course ability to sell. In business when the country and the world are prosperous, when plants are busy, products in demand, and prices going up it is a comparatively easy matter to run a successful enterprise. The test of management comes when times are bad, when prices are going down, when public confidence is shaken, and the outlook is dark. Then it is that the sheep are divided from the goats, that businesses which have their houses in order, with inventories at a reasonable figure, plenty of cash on hand, and obligations at a minimum, weather the storm while their weak rivals fall by the wayside. It is at such times that securities are put to the acid test, when the obligations of weak companies can only be disposed of at a sacrifice or cannot be sold at all; then it is that the investor who has purchased only the best sees his judgment vindicated, and reaps the benefit of his good sense.

WHEN times are bad sound investments are the ones which can readily be converted into cash, and at the smallest depreciation in price; at such times the owner of securities may need cash to save his own business, or he may find that the possession of cash may present him with an opportunity for very profitable investment, and he is fortunate if he is the possessor of easily marketable securities. These are the securities of highest value. Indeed, it seems hardly too much to say that the value of an investment is in direct proportion to the owner's ability to sell it.

The Next 5 Years *and* *The* Public Utility Dollar

IN steadiness of growth and in earnings stability the electric power and light industry has established records unequaled by any other industry. Since 1920 the pooling of power resources through interconnection, corporate consolidation and elimination of unprofitable plants has been the distinguishing characteristic of the unparalleled progress already made in this field.

A year ago the estimates of our best scientific and business minds were that in the next five years the output of our electric utilities would be doubled, because, primarily, of the great potential consuming demand as yet only partly met. Present rate of increase in output, addition of customers—domestic and industrial—establish the soundness of this prediction.

Company revenues invariably follow the trend of production; and increased revenues mean that investors in this industry will be the first to appreciate the tremendous economic significance and the first to benefit financially from the sweep of the consolidation movement.

As specialists in public service corporations with a broad experience of many years we would be pleased to offer information and suggestions regarding present and future investment possibilities.

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In the downtown district of Chicago. Each giant structure has from 1,000 to 5,000 "daytime residents." Bonds secured by such profit-earning buildings need no words to trumpet their solid worth. *George M. Forman & Company* own and offer such bonds.

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As populations mount by tens of thousands in the great "key" cities of America, are *you* profiting?

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A list of informative booklets issued by these investment houses is given below. These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or Harper's Magazine, 49 East 33rd St., New York, N. Y.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

MUNICIPAL BONDS: A new booklet issued by The National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City, discussing the essentials of sound Municipal Bonds, is of much interest to individual investors.

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WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds, an improved type of real estate bonds in which all underlying securities are safeguarded through the insurance of both principal and interest by leading surety companies. Offered by National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood St., Baltimore, Md.

UNITED BONDS: A name given to real estate bonds secured by high-grade properties in Detroit, and issued by the United States Mortgage Bond Company, 318 U. S. Mortgage Bond Building, Detroit, Mich. Interesting booklets on request.

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THE SECURITY OF GUARANTEED FIRST MORTGAGES: Describes bonds secured by first mortgages guaranteed by the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company. Offered by The Baltimore Trust Company, 25 East Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

SECURITY BONDS: A booklet describing the Real Estate Bonds secured by first mortgages on which payment of principal and interest is guaranteed by the Maryland Casualty Company. Offered by J. A. W. Iglehart & Company, 102 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md.

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INSURED FIRST MORTGAGE SIXES: Interesting folder descriptive of Insured First Mortgage 6% Gold Certificates. Offered by Mortgage Insurance Corporation, 609 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

8% AND SAFETY: A booklet giving details for safeguarded First Mortgage Bonds. Issued by Filer-Cleveland Co., Bedford Building, Miami, Florida.

"INVESTMENTS THAT ENDURE": is the slogan of the Utility Securities Company, 72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill., and is applied to the various securities offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars will be mailed upon request.

HOW LOANS ARE MADE: This booklet describes how loans are made and gives other information of value to investors. Offered by R. H. Arnold & Company, 120 Broadway, New York City.

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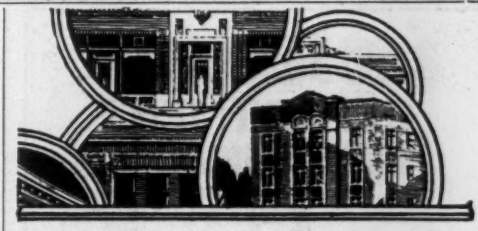

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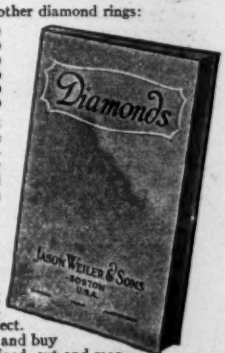

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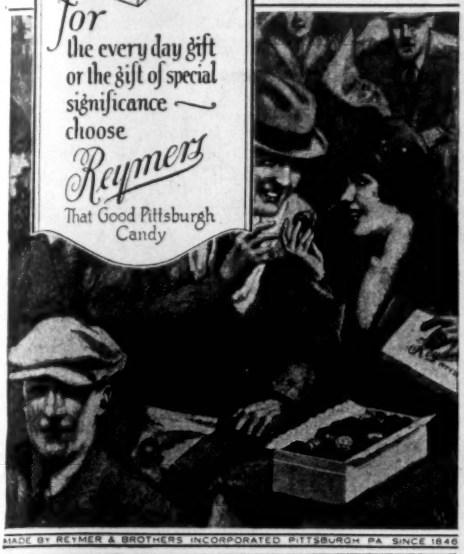

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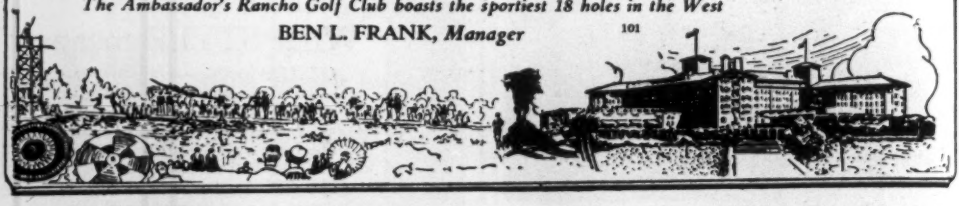

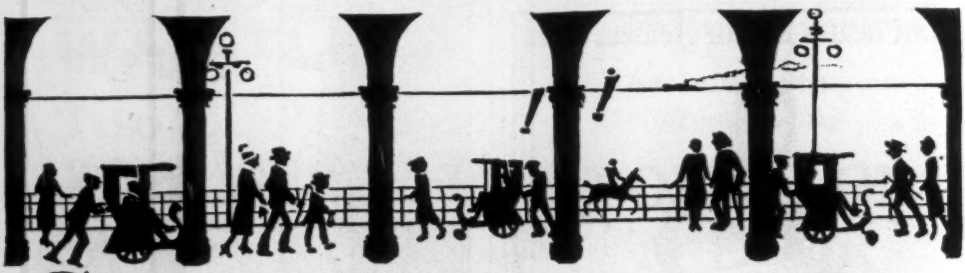

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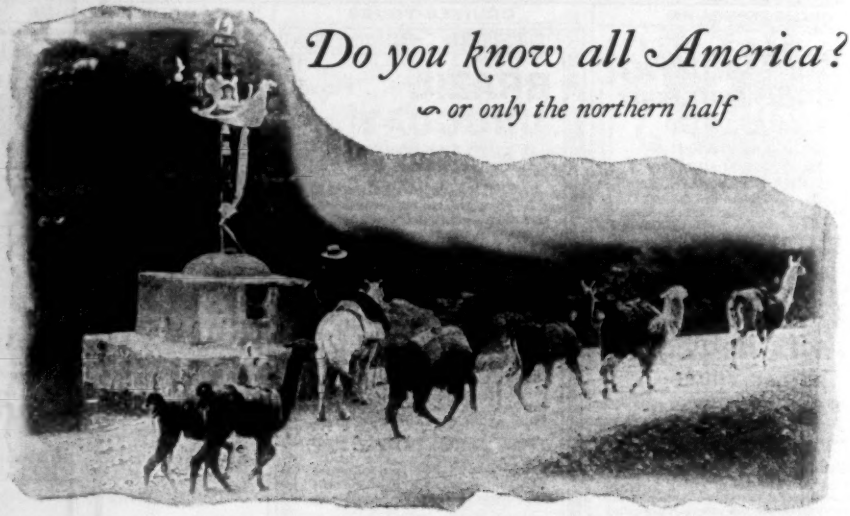

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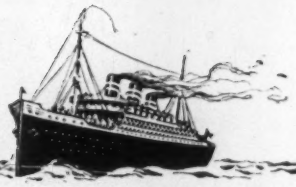

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MINNEKAHDA	†Nov. 13	†Dec. 11
MINNEWASKA	Nov. 20	Dec. 18

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*MONTROYAL	Nov. 5
*METAGAMA	Nov. 12
*MONTCALM	Nov. 19
*MONTCLARE	Nov. 26

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*MELITA	Nov. 3
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BERENGARIA	Nov. 3	Nov. 24	Dec. 15
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*LA SAVOIE	Nov. 3	Dec. 15
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ROCHAMBEAU	Nov. 24	Dec. 28

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HAMBURG	Nov. 25	Jan. 6	Feb. 17
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N. Y. and Boston to Cobh (Queenstown), Hamburg

*WESTPHALIA	Dec. 2	Feb. 24	Apr. 7
*THURINGIA	Nov. 4	Dec. 16	Jan. 27

Holland America Line — 24 State St., N. Y.

N. Y. to Plymouth-Boulogne-sur-Mer, Rotterdam

VEENDAM	Oct. 30	Dec. 24	Apr. 6
VOLENDAM	Nov. 6	Dec. 11	
NEW AMSTERDAM	Nov. 13	Dec. 30	
ROTTERDAM	Nov. 20	Apr. 30	

Italian Line (N. G. I.) — 1 State St., N. Y.

N. Y. to Naples and Genoa

ROMA	Nov. 6	Dec. 11	Jan. 29
*COLOMBO	Nov. 23	Jan. 15	Feb. 23
DUILIO	Dec. 1	Jan. 8	Feb. 17

Italian Lloyd (Sabaudo) — 3 State St., N. Y.

New York to Naples and Genoa

CONTE ROSSO	Oct. 30	Dec. 9	Mar. 1
CONTE BIANCAMANO	Nov. 16	Jan. 5	Feb. 10

Lamport & Holt Line — 42 Broadway, N. Y.

N. Y. to Rio de Janeiro-Montevideo-Buenos Aires

VOLTAIRE	Oct. 30	Jan. 8	Mar. 19
VAUBAN	Nov. 13	Jan. 22	Apr. 2
VANDYCK	Dec. 11	Feb. 5	Apr. 16
VESTRIS	Dec. 24	Feb. 19	Apr. 30

Munson S. S. Lines — 67 Wall St., N. Y.

New York to Rio de Janeiro-Santos Montevideo-Buenos Aires

SOUTHERN CROSS	Nov. 6
AMERICAN LEGION	Nov. 20
PAN AMERICA	Dec. 4
WESTERN WORLD	Dec. 18

North German Lloyd — 32 Broadway, N. Y.

N. Y. Plymouth-Cherbourg-Bremen

COLUMBUS	Oct. 27	Dec. 14	
STUTTGART	†Nov. 20	Jan. 22	
BERLIN	Nov. 27	Dec. 29	

†Calls at Cobh (Queenstown)

New York to Bremen (Direct)

LUETZOW	Oct. 30	
DERFFLINGER	Nov. 9	
BREMEN	Nov. 24	

Pacific Line — 26 Broadway, N. Y.

New York to Havana, Panama, Callao and Valparaiso

ESSEQUIBO	Nov. 4	Dec. 30	Feb. 24
EBRO	Dec. 2	Jan. 27	Mar. 24

Panama Mail S. S. Co. — 10 Hanover Sq., N. Y.

New York to California via Panama

COLUMBIA	Nov. 6	Jan. 15	
VENEZUELA	Nov. 27	Feb. 5	
ECUADOR	Dec. 18	Feb. 26	

Panama-Pacific Line — 1 Broadway, N. Y.

New York to California via Panama

Fortnightly Service	Sailing Thursdays

Red Star Line — 1 Broadway, N. Y.

N. Y. Plymouth-Cherbourg-Antwerp

LAPLAND	Oct. 30	Nov. 27
PENNLAND	Nov. 6	Dec. 4
BELGENLAND	Nov. 13	
*ZEELAND	Nov. 20	

Royal Mail — 26 Broadway, N. Y.

N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton

*ORCA	Nov. 13	Dec. 21

*One class cabin steamers

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS (Continued)

White Star Line — **1 Broadway, N. Y.**

N. Y. Cherbourg-Southampton

MAJESTIC	Oct. 30	Nov. 20	Dec. 11
HOMERIC	Nov. 6	Nov. 27	Dec. 18
OLYMPIC	Nov. 13	Dec. 4	

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown) and Liverpool

ADRIATIC	Oct. 30		Nov. 27
*CEDRIC	†Nov. 6	†Dec.	4
BALTIC	Nov. 13	Dec.	11
*CELTIC	†Nov. 20	Dec.	18

†Via Boston

White Star-Canadian Service — **Montreal, P. Q.**

Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool

*MEGANTIC	Nov. 6
*DORIC	Nov. 13
*CANADA	Nov. 20
*REGINA	Nov. 27

Admiral Oriental Line — **Seattle, Wash.**

Seattle and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila

PRES. JACKSON	Nov. 6	Jan. 5	Mar. 6
PRES. McKINLEY	Nov. 18	Jan. 17	Mar. 18
PRES. JEFFERSON	Nov. 30	Jan. 29	Mar. 30
PRES. GRANT	Dec. 12	Feb. 10	Apr. 11
PRES. MADISON	Dec. 24	Feb. 22	Apr. 23

Canadian-Australasian Line, Vancouver, B. C.

Vancouver and Victoria to Honolulu, Suva, Auckland and Sydney

NIAGARA	Nov. 17	Jan. 12	Mar. 9
AORANGI	Dec. 15	Feb. 9	Apr. 6

Canadian Pacific, Windsor Station, Montreal

Vancouver and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila

EMPRESS OF ASIA	Nov. 11	Feb.	3
EMPRESS OF CANADA	Dec. 2	Feb.	24
EMPRESS OF RUSSIA	Dec. 23	Mar.	17

Dollar Steamship Line — **San Francisco, Cal.**

San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila and Around-the-World

†PRES. HAYES	Nov. 6
PRES. WILSON	Nov. 13
†PRES. POLK	Nov. 20
PRES. LINCOLN	Nov. 27
†PRES. ADAMS	Dec. 4
PRES. CLEVELAND	Dec. 11
†PRES. GARFIELD	Dec. 18

†Sails from Los Angeles four days prior

Los Angeles S. S. Co. — **Los Angeles, Cal.**

Los Angeles to Honolulu

CITY OF LOS ANGELES	Nov. 6	Dec. 4	Jan. 1
CALAWAII	Nov. 20	Dec. 18	Jan. 15

Matson Navigation Co. — **San Francisco, Cal.**

San Francisco to Honolulu

MANOA	Nov. 3	Dec. 1	Dec. 29
MAUI	Nov. 10	Dec. 8	Jan. 5
WILHELMINA	Nov. 17	Dec. 15	Jan. 12
MATSONIA	Nov. 24	Dec. 22	Jan. 19

Seattle to Honolulu

LURLINE	Nov. 6	Dec. 18	Jan. 22

Nippo Yusen Kaisha — **Seattle, Wash.**

Seattle and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki and Shanghai

KAGA MARU	Nov. 18
IYO MARU	Dec. 2
SHIDZUOKA MARU	Dec. 20
YOKOHAMA MARU	Jan. 12

San Francisco via Honolulu to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai and Hongkong

TAIYO MARU	Nov. 9
TENYO MARU	Nov. 23
KOREA MARU	Dec. 7
SHINYO MARU	Dec. 23
SIBERA MARU	Jan. 4

Oceanic S. S. Co. — **San Francisco, Cal.**

San Francisco to Honolulu, Pago Pago and Sydney

SONOMA	Nov. 2	Jan. 4	Mar. 8
VENTURA	Nov. 23	Jan. 25	Mar. 29
SIERRA	Dec. 14	Feb. 15	Apr. 19

Union S. S. Co. of N. Z. — **San Francisco, Cal.**

San Francisco to Papeete, Rarotonga, Wellington and Sydney

TAHITI	Nov. 3
MAKURA	Dec. 1

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S.S. EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND — Dec. 2, 1926

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Hamburg American Line

S.S. RESOLUTE — Jan. 6, 1927

Thos. Cook & Son

S.S. FRANCONIA — Jan. 12, 1927

Frank C. Clark

S.S. CALIFORNIA — Jan. 19, 1927

Great African

Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.

M. V. ASTURIAS — Jan. 15, 1927

South America

Raymond & Whitcomb

S.S. LACONIA — Jan. 29, 1927

Lamport & Holt

S.S. VANDYCK — Feb. 5, 1927

Mediterranean

White Star Line

S.S. ADRIATIC — Jan. 6—Feb. 24, 1927

Navigazione Generale Italiana

S.S. DUILIO	Jan. 8—Feb. 17, 1927
S.S. ROMA	Jan. 29, 1927
S.S. COLOMBO	Jan. 15—Feb. 23, 1927

Red Star Line

S.S. LAPLAND — Jan. 15—Mar. 5, 1927

Thomas Cook & Son

S.S. HOMERIC — Jan. 22, 1927

Cosulich Line

S.S. PRES. WILSON — Jan. 25—Mar. 22, 1927

Frank Tourist Co.

S.S. SCYTHIA — Jan. 26, 1927

Frank C. Clark

S.S. TRANSYLVANIA — Jan. 29, 1927

Holland-America Line

S.S. ROTTERDAM — Feb. 3, 1927

Raymond & Whitcomb

S.S. SAMARIA	Feb. 9, 1927
S.S. CARINTHIA	Mar. 29, 1927

Cunard Line

S.S. MAURITANIA — Feb. 21, 1927

Canadian Pacific

S.S. EMPRESS OF FRANCE — Feb. 12, 1927

Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.

S.S. ORCA — Feb. 26, 1927

West Indies

Hamburg-American Line

S.S. RELIANCE — Dec. 18, Jan. 8-26, Feb. 26, Mar. 30

Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.

S.S. ORCA — Dec. 21, Jan. 8, Feb. 5, 1927

Cunard Line

S.S. FRANCONIA	Dec. 22, 1926
S.S. CALEDONIA	Jan. 22—Feb. 26, 1927

Canadian Pacific

S.S. MONTROYAL — Jan. 26—Feb. 28, 1927

Raymond & Whitcomb

S.S. COLUMBUS — Jan. 27—Feb. 22, 1927

Holland-America Line (See note)

S.S. VEENDAM — Jan. 29, Feb. 17, Mar. 19, 1927

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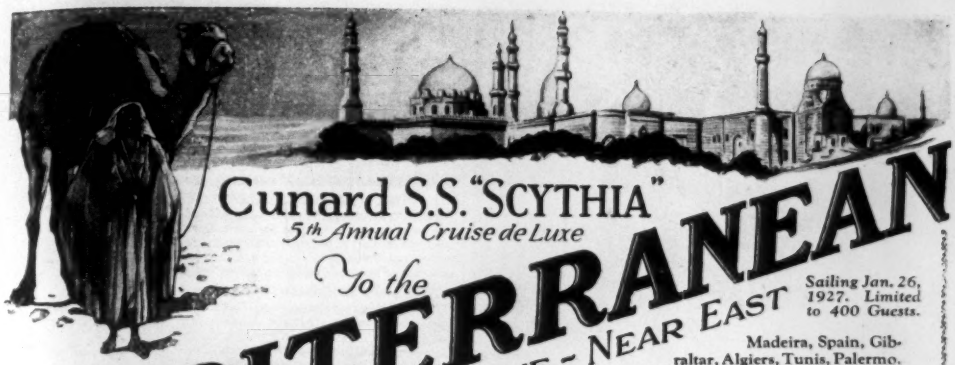

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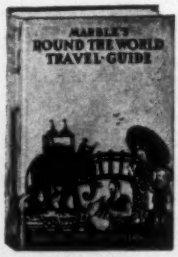

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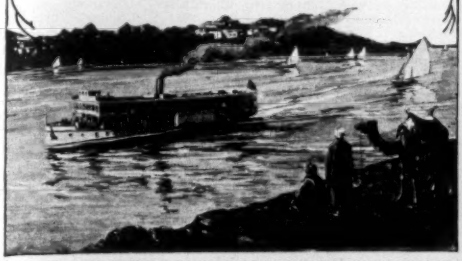

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Route of The Oriental Limited providing direct service from Chicago via St. Paul (also through service from St. Louis and Kansas City via Billings) to Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and other Northwestern points, passing Glacier National Park.

BURLINGTON — NORTHERN PACIFIC

Route of the famous North Coast Limited, first of the northern transcontinentals through the North Dakota Bad Lands across the Montana Rockies with direct service to Yellowstone Park, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Canadian Northwest and California.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC — SUNSET

From New York to New Orleans by direct steamships or rail connections, thence by the Sunset Route to the Pacific Coast. Scenic attractions are Houston, San Antonio, Apache Trail and Roosevelt Dam, Tucson, El Paso and the Carriso Gorge optional route. All Coast and Valley points of California are intersected and connection is made with the Shasta Route to or from the Pacific Northwest.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

From the Ohio and the Potomac to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, the far-flung rails of the Southern reach across twelve states with forty million inhabitants. The Southern Serves The South — from the northern gateways at Washington, Cincinnati and Louisville, and the western gateways at St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans, to the ocean ports of Norfolk, Baltimore, Charleston, Savannah, Brunswick and Jacksonville, and the Gulf ports of Mobile and New Orleans.

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Operates through train service from New England, Middle Atlantic and Middle Western states to Florida, Cuba, and the South. Nineteen through Pullman trains daily during Winter season, serve principal southern resorts.

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Between New York, Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis. Through service between Washington and Boston, Montreal and Quebec via Hell Gate Bridge route; also between New York and Philadelphia and all important Southern Cities. Direct connections at Chicago and St. Louis for all Trans-Continental and Western points.

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From Sydney and Halifax N.S. west to St. John and Moncton N.B. Thence to Quebec, Montreal and Toronto, covering southern Ontario and south to Chicago. West to Port Arthur, Winnipeg, Jasper National Park, Canadian Rockies, and to the two terminals on the Pacific coast, Prince Rupert and Vancouver (which are connected by Canadian National Steamships operating between Vancouver and Alaska). Also operating a transcontinental line from Quebec west to Cochrane, Ont., to Winnipeg. Through services daily from Montreal to Washington, D.C., and direct to Florida during winter tourist season. Also between Montreal and Boston and Montreal and Portland, Me.

ROCK ISLAND — GOLDEN STATE

The Rock Island Route not only provides direct service between Chicago, Kansas City and the Denver-Colorado Rocky Mountain regions, but operates through trains to the Pacific Coast over the Rock Island System to Tucumcari, thence to California via the Southern Pacific System with the Apache Trail and the Roosevelt Dam, as a side trip and Carriso Gorge Route an option.

DENVER and RIO GRANDE WESTERN

Connecting at Denver and Colorado Springs with through service from and to eastern points. Traversing the Trans-Continental Scenic Zone — Pikes Peak region — Royal Gorge — The Continental Divide — Salt Lake City and other scenic points to California via Feather River Canyon.

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The main central route between Chicago and California following the Overland Trail, across the Plains through the Platte Valley. Westward from Ogden it crosses the Great Salt Lake, passes through the Humboldt Valley, Sierras to Sacramento and through the American River Canyon over the route of the gold seekers to San Francisco.

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Over the Santa Fe Trail to the Southwest to Santa Fe Petrified Forest, Grand Canyon, and nearly a score of other national monuments and parks, to Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco. A northern arm terminates at Denver; southern divisions at Galveston and El Paso. Connecting with Gulf Coast Lines at Houston, through service is provided between New Orleans and California.

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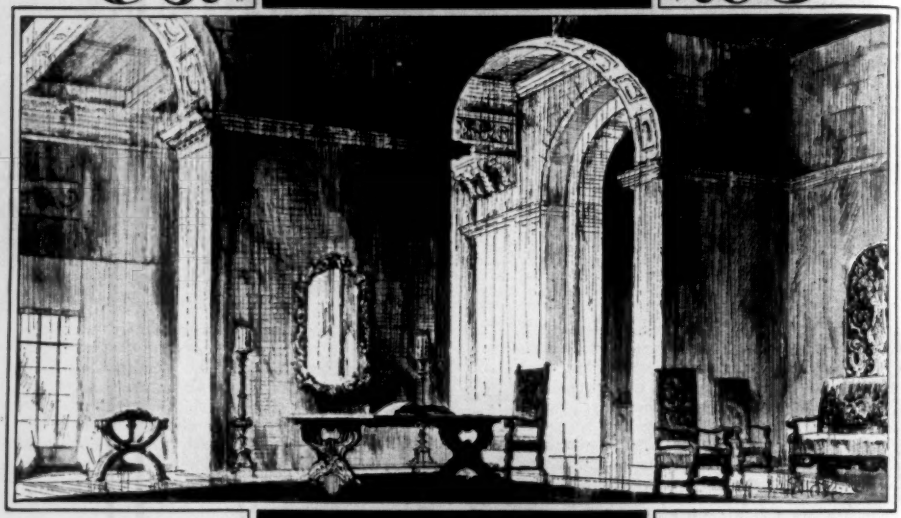

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The architecture, fittings, furnishings and designs of the Carlton Hotel have come largely from the Continent. All rooms have French windows. All hardware is French. In the stately entrance hall, the drawing-room and the library that replace the more usual lobby, are Austrian hand-tufted rugs, Italian renaissance and Louis XVI furniture.

There are only 257 rooms, a few available singly. Accommodations principally are in family, diplomatic and royal suites. It is recommended that you make reservations in advance, by courier or by mail. You thereby will be spared all doubt as to your comfort in Washington, and on arrival will be taken directly to your rooms, where a clerk will register you individually.

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The temper would develop by stages. No sooner would our optimist exert his first strenuous effort at lather-culture than the shy here-and-there soap would flee his grasp and scuttle to the vast uncharted tub-bottom, defying recapture.

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